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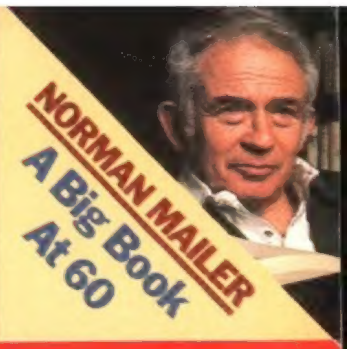

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TIME

APRIL 18, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 16 THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

With the 1984 elections still 19 months away, the quadrennial chorus of complaints about the ever earlier start of presidential campaigns again fills the air. But short campaigns are no longer possible, in the view of Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian, who has reported on presidential politicking since 1956, first for LIFE, then for TIME. "Since 1972," he says, "we have reformed the electoral process, opened it up to more voters. For the candidate, this means in-person, retail politics, drawing voters in, confronting them in primaries, winning over delegates. That takes time. For the voter, sizing up the candidates also takes time: figuring out how they think and decide, their intelligence, temperament, imagination." At the same time, notes Ajemian, "because public life is so battering these days, a candidate's psychological armor has to be very thick. As a result, political image making has reached new levels of skill and manipulation, emphasizing the candidates' strengths and covering their weaknesses. The task is to identify both the candidate and the real person. We can't learn too much about future Presidents."

DIANA WALKER

Bureau Chief Ajemian interviews Walter Mondale

To that end, TIME this week begins a series of profiles on the leading presidential candidates, declared and not yet announced. "Our aim," says Ajemian, "is not to tell how they stack up, one *vs.* another, but to learn what motivates them, to try to peer through the psychological cover that politicians wear so well and sense, as best we can, the essence of these men."

TIME will attempt to uncover and explain these facets of the candidates, beginning in this issue with the current Democratic front runner, former Vice President Walter Mondale. Ajemian followed Mondale around the capital and on the road, listening to his speeches and interviewing him several times on the move and at Mondale's home in Washington. He talked with dozens of people who had known and worked with Mondale, some as far back as 25 years ago in Minnesota. The recurring, almost reluctant question these sources raised about the former Vice President was his willingness to take unpopular stands. Says Ajemian: "People would invariably tell me, 'Fritz is a beautiful human being, but I really don't know if he's tough enough for that job.' " Ajemian's assessment of Mondale's strengths and weaknesses offers TIME's readers an early opportunity to begin that essential citizen responsibility of making up their own minds.

John a. Meyer

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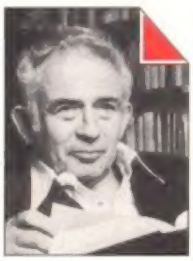

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A 5-part series that may surprise you

Part V.
Time to cry "hard astern" on oil taxes

True or false? Oil companies are too profitable.
True or false? Oil companies don't pay enough in taxes.
In recent weeks, we've shown both statements to be false.

To sum up:

■ Oil companies earn no more than a few pennies at best on each dollar's worth of product they sell. Their return on each shareholder's dollar—a median rate of 14.3% a year since 1968—has trailed behind the median for all manufacturing—behind soap and cosmetics, newspapers, and television.

■ Tax deductions allowed other industries have been whittled away for the oils, and special taxes have been imposed, only on the oils. Percentage depletion has been virtually eliminated. Foreign tax credits have been cut, and cut again. A so-called "windfall profit" tax was slapped on in 1980. In 1982, Congress imposed an additional 5¢ tax on a gallon of gasoline, starting this month. An excise tax or an import fee on oil is being considered. And the states keep adding severance taxes, gross receipts taxes, fuel taxes, and others.

We think it's time to cry "Stop!"—in the national interest, not merely in our own. A company is simply a legal entity that invests stockholders' money in the expectation of making a profit. If that profit is constantly eroded, the business eventually fails and everybody's hurt.

In fact, it is time to cry more than "Stop." It's time for those who direct the ship of state to cry "Hard astern!" on taxes in general, and on oil taxes in particular.

The reasons are clear.

■ Oil companies pay too much in taxes now. That's basically because the politicians have stuck with the old adage "Don't tax you. Don't tax me. Tax the man behind the tree." The oil companies simply cannot go on being everybody's man behind the tree. Especially when their profits are below the average for those companies against which they have to compete for capital.

■ It especially makes no sense to heap on new taxes just as the nation is emerging from a recession. Consumers, not government, need more money in their pockets to spend and speed economic recovery. Taxes on industry are ultimately paid by the consumer. And new taxes on oil will lessen the chance of nurturing the recovery.

■ The federal government is expected to spend 25.7% of the GNP in 1983, the highest percentage since 1946. So government should be spending less, not taxing more.

■ Today's falling oil prices have been hailed as a spur to recovery, and another nail in inflation's coffin. Higher oil taxes would cut into these benefits. They would also weaken an industry which has to spend billions today to provide energy for tomorrow.

It's been said that nothing is certain except death and taxes. We would add a third certainty: unwise tax policy hastens demise, and that's as true for nations as for individual businesses or industries.

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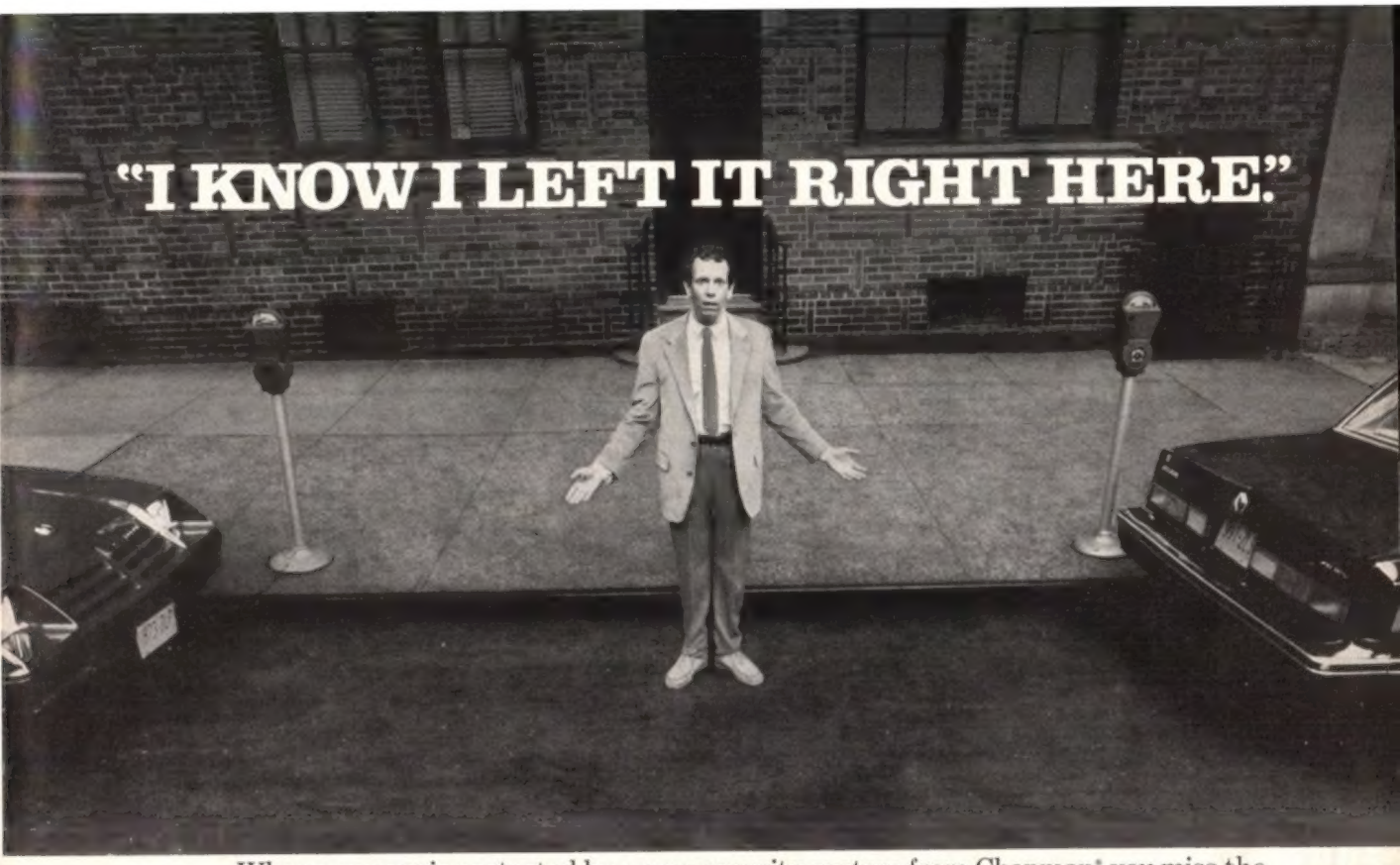

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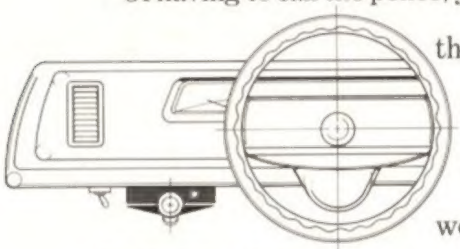

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Another citizen, Clarence Gideon, tried without legal counsel, took his case to the Supreme Court and, virtually single-handedly, won the right for all citizens accused of felonies to be provided with counsel if they can't afford to hire a lawyer.

A housewife, Lois Gibbs, driven by the need to protect her family and her neighbors from poisons in polluted Love Canal, voiced her concerns and brought the attention of the nation to bear on the danger to people and the environment.

The list goes on. A single citizen, a single share, can make a difference.

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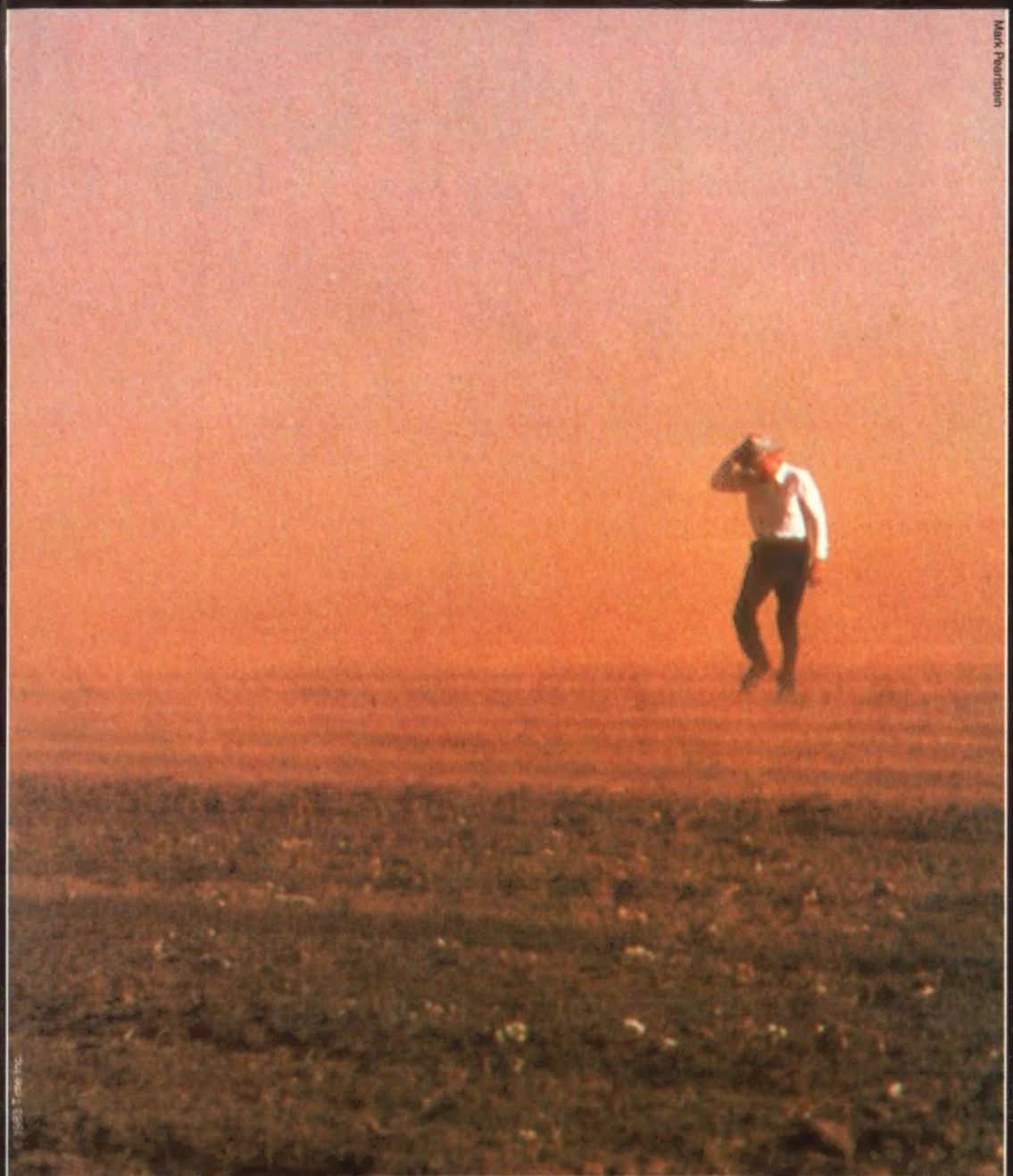

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Letters

Dodging Taxes

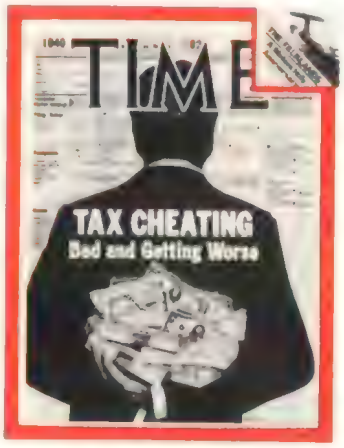
To the Editors

Tax cheating [March 28] would not be increasing if the Government's excessive spending habits were brought under control. If our elected representatives cannot come to grips with Government waste, the citizen's only recourse is to stop giving them money

Will Pearson
West Jordan, Utah

If I could believe that my taxes were indeed going to "families in the slums," as Attorney Philip Weinstein says, I would be happy to pay. Unfortunately, most of my tax dollar is used to finance nuclear weapons, oppressive foreign regimes and other causes of human misery.

Michelle R. Hébert
Gresham, Ore.



Equality and simplicity are what our tax system desperately needs. The flat tax would be the solution. If the poor would suffer undue hardship under this system, their plight could be lightened with benefits such as Medicaid and food stamps.

Andrew Douglas
Portland, Ore.

Am I greedy for wanting to use my earnings as I see fit? Am I greedy for desiring that my wages not be siphoned off by politicians whose policies I abhor? If so, then perhaps "greed" is not so bad after all.

Katie Sibley
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Why is the IRS replacing its IBM computers with Hitachi units made in Japan? It is a gross injustice when the tax collectors in our Government spend our dollars for foreign equipment.

Larry Abramson
Oak Park, Mich.

Filing my federal tax return this year required several hours of work and nine different forms. I was pleased that I detected every legal means of reducing my taxes. But reading your article on cheating, I felt foolish and angry

David Bollig
Monticello, Minn.

To condone tax evasion is to accept stealing as a way of life.

Richard Pette
Represa, Calif.

I went to Viet Nam. I vote. I do not run stop signs. And I report all my income. What a sucker I am!

Edward Kerwin
Syracuse, N.Y.

I am 14 and do not pay taxes yet. But I do intend to pay every last penny when my time comes. Without taxes the U.S. would become unstable.

Daniel J. Pereira
Bloomingburg, N.Y.

High Achievers

TIME's article on the superior performance of Asian students in the U.S. [March 28] is an important reminder that the continuing infusion of highly motivated and intelligent immigrants is a key factor in the American success story.

Alfred E. Davidson
Paris

My children have told me why their Asian-born schoolmates do so well academically. They are allowed to watch television only on Sunday.

Mary L. Stewart
Norwalk, Ohio

Last month I received two notes from parents of students in my class. These letters encapsulate the point made in your article on Asian students

One said: "The homework you gave was too hard. Dick went to bed crying. I never want this to happen again! If it does, I'll send it back signed and undone!" The second read: "Please forgive Hsia for not having his homework. He had a fever last night so we put him to bed. I'll see that he does it tonight."

Linda Mele Johnson
Long Beach, Calif.

Thorny Birds

Dear Mum: Recently TIME ran a note from "Dave" to his "Dad" in the Video section instead of Letters The point of the letter seemed to be that we did not film *The Thorn Birds* [March 28] in Australia and that we did not do our research. Dave certainly did not do his:

1. We did not film in *Northern* California. The Simi Valley and Los Angeles are in Southern California.

2. Hawaii is Queensland, except that it is twelve hours closer to Hollywood.

3. The kangaroo did not die of a heart

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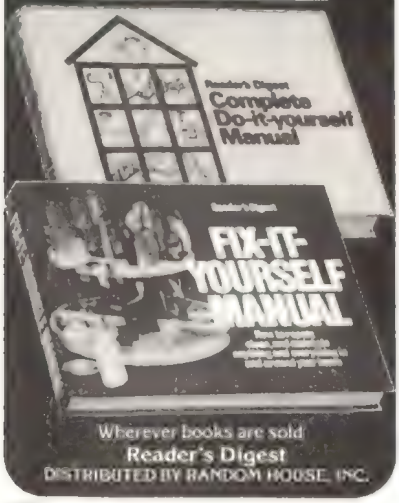

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Letters

attack. It fainted. It probably fainted again when it learned of its premature death.

4. Yes, we had singing shearers. If Dave did a skerrick of research, he would find as many songs about shearing as we did.

5. Dave has not noticed, in attacking us for too few Australian voices, that many of the leading characters are not Australian. When *The Thorn Birds* plays in Japan, France and Italy no one will speak Australian. Everyone will speak Japanese, French and Italian.

6. Dave cannot stand it when we are not faithful; he cannot stand it when we are. He does not like Barbara Stanwyck's last speech and blames it on the writer, Carmen Culver. The words came directly from Colleen McCullough.

Oh, that poor, confused Dave; he even thinks we called you "Mom." Mum you are and Mum you always will be.

And, from now, mum we shall also be.

David L. Wolper, Executive Producer
Stan Margulies, Producer
Warner Bros.
Burbank, Calif.

Band-Aids for AIDS

Re your article on AIDS [March 28]: two sets of statistics support the statement that current levels of federal support for research into the causes of this disease are a "disgrace." The National Institutes of Health has allocated only about $2.6 million to fund the more than $13 million worth of research requests from medical institutions, requests that NIH has been reviewing since last October. NIH claims AIDS research is a priority, but its AIDS budget for 1984 is scheduled to increase by only 18%, while the number of cases is likely to increase by 150% during the next year.

These funding levels are tragically inadequate for a disease that a spokesman for the Centers for Disease Control has called "a relentless epidemic" and "the most important public health problem in the U.S."

Phillip Burton, Representative
Fifth District, California
Washington, D.C.

Churchly Dole

The recent outcry concerning the alleged misuse of collection-plate donations by some Protestant denominations is unfortunate but not surprising [March 28]. Someone always squeals when others decide to take Jesus seriously and clothe the naked or feed the hungry.

(The Rev.) David Reeves
Maggie-Peachtree United Methodist Church
Maggie Valley, N.C.

If the National Council of Churches wants to hold on to the trust of the people in the pews, then there has to be some ac-

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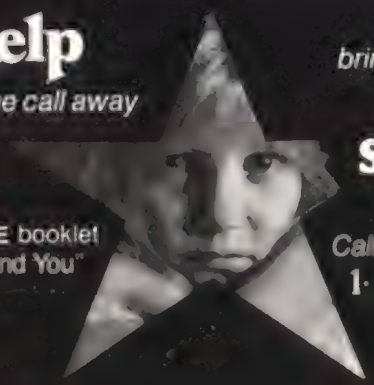

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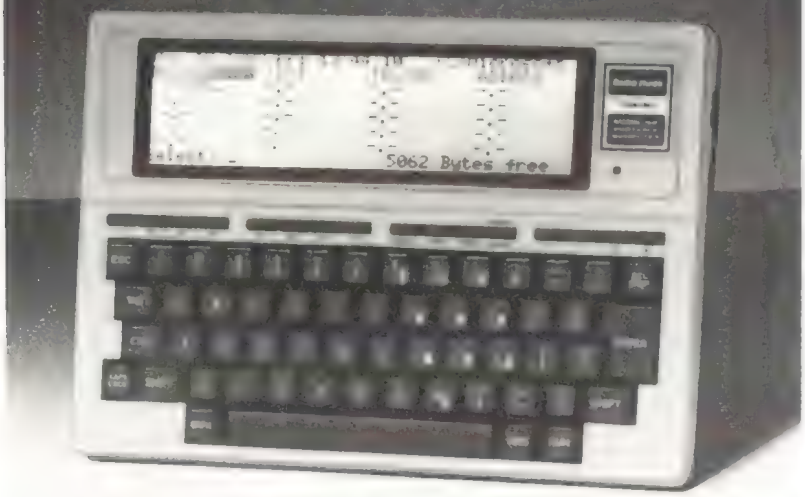

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Letters

countability on their part for donations made in the name of member denominations. Answers must come from the N.C.C. leaders that are clear and precise and not couched in so much "romantic revolutionary rhetoric."

(The Rev.) Merle L. Fisher Jr.
Westview Presbyterian Church
Burlington, N.C.

Re your report on mainline Protestant church leaders being under fire for political partisanship, it is worthy to note that their chief critic, the Institute on Religion and Democracy, receives almost 90% of its funding from foundations that have also given money to dozens of highly conservative political organizations. Rather than being viewed as "The Little Institute Facing Goliath," the matter might more appropriately be described as church leadership struggling against the Goliath-like alliance of America's corporate and private wealth.

Wayne H. Cowan
Editor in Chief, Christianity and Crisis
New York City

Amicable Divorce

I was surprised to read in your People section [March 28] that I divorced my first husband, Martin Scorsese, because he wanted me "to spend my life between the stove and the kids." I never made this statement. We had no kids, and our meals were prepared by a marvelous cook. Martin and I divorced by mutual consent. Our relationship has always been close, and we remain friendly to this day.

Isabella Rossellini
New York City

Suicide Know-How

The rise of suicide manuals [March 21] has occurred only as a reaction to the medical profession's insistence on prolonging life through technology. For those of us who do not want to spend our final days on earth manipulated by machines, it is helpful to know that there is an alternative.

Joan Stillman
New York City

No one would deny the right of people in agony to end their lives. In most cases, however, pain is controllable, and not all cancer patients suffer with severe pain. If the pain is bearable, life continues to have meaning until the end. Suicide is not the only option.

Robert W. Buckingham
Associate Professor
University of Arizona
Tucson

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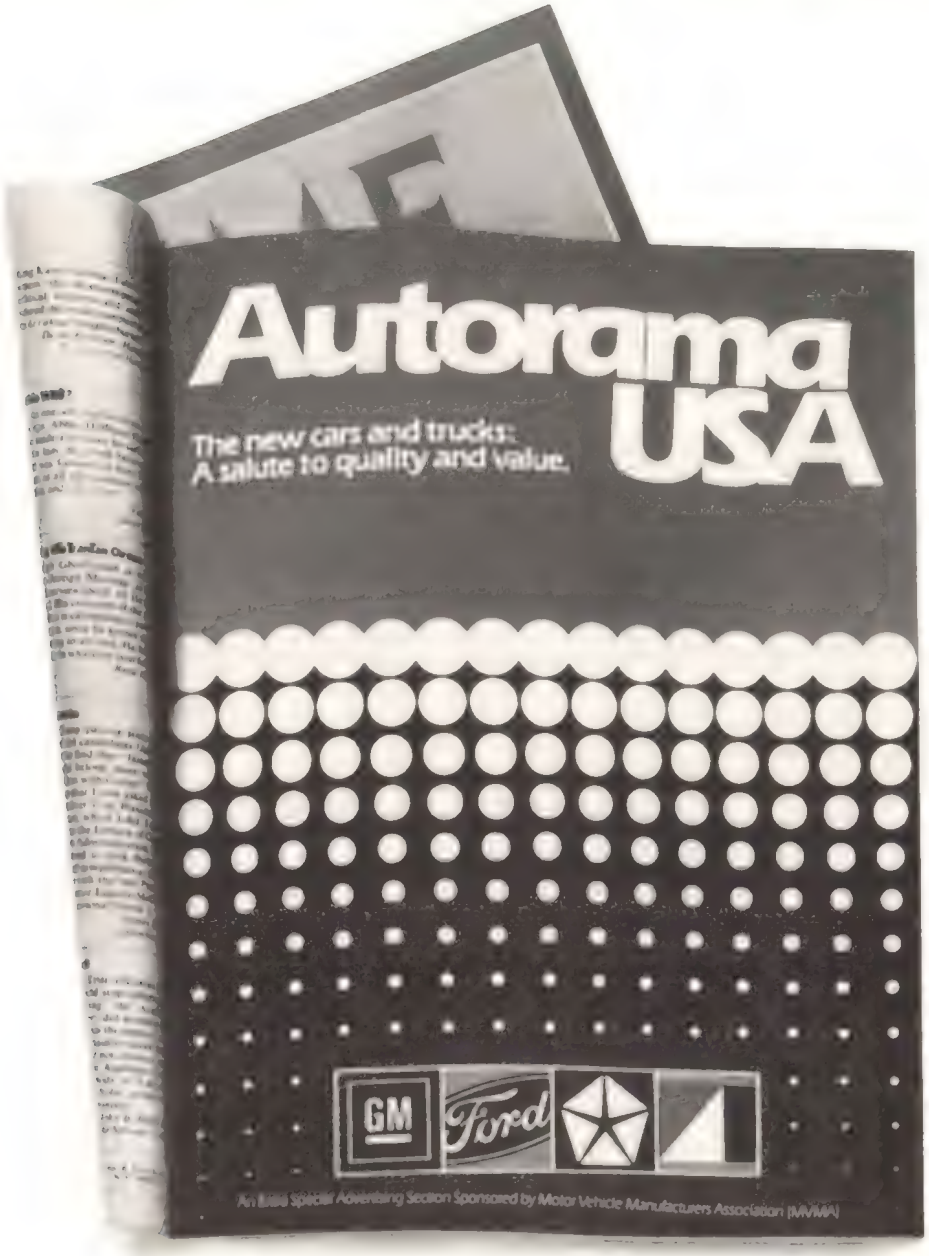

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In North Carolina: Beware of Falling Cows

Joseph Mitchell, a North Carolinian, once wrote a story called *Hit on the Head with a Cow*. The story was not so much about being hit on the head with a cow—although he had as a boy been felled by a beef that slipped its hoist as he prepared to skin it—but rather it was about the disoriented, pleasantly confused sensation that a knockdown blow begets, the same sort of crackbrained feeling that certain cranks, eccentrics, free spirits, if you will, can induce in any listener who truly tries to follow. Listening to Bob Windsor, another North Carolinian, has a lot in common with being hit on the head with a cow.

Windsor is a very large man who publishes a newspaper in Chapel Hill with the assistance of a dwarf, whom Windsor calls his bodyguard. The newspaper is called the *Landmark*, and it is published higgledy-piggledy. Sometimes it is a weekly, and sometimes it is a biweekly, and sometimes it is just, well, tardy. It is always popular, however, and whether the press run is 4,600, as it was for the first issue last June 10, or 20,000, as it was for the most recent issue, there are precious few copies, if any, left over at the office, a casebook study in clutter, standing between a liquor store and a massage parlor.

It is a populist paper, written mostly in the first person, entirely without pretension and utterly without objectivity, by Windsor, who is something of a card. Windsor wears red Camel overalls and chain-chews Tums in between smoking Pall Malls, and the effect of his great heft is stunning: he looks like a denim-wrapped redwood that somebody potted in brogans. What is more, he has a tongue that could not be stilled if you placed it under a brick. "I always wanted me a paper," he was saying the other day, discarding a half-formed opinion that contemporary chickens have no personalities. "I looked into buying one, but they all wanted a fortune. So I started one. I was so green, I thought paste-up was something you did with wallpaper and layout was something you did with a girl."

He was 53 then and feeling solvent. He had been rich two or three times since he took a bachelor's degree in history from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1954, going on to speculate prosperously in land. He speaks wistfully of a period, long ago, when he ran through his money in the sporting houses of Havana. Laying a finger alongside a nose whose veins suggest some past abuse, he allows: "One time, I drank myself broke."

Sober again (and sober still), he made more money, but, as his wife Joyce observes, "Bob and money don't get along. One time we had a Cadillac and an airplane, but I didn't have a cup that matched a saucer."

So it goes with the *Landmark*, a publication whose revenues are as idiosyncratic as the interests of its editor, who does not give out figures except to say he has $100,000 invested in the thing. But what it loses in making money, he offers, it gains in making waves. Last year, for example, Windsor's big campaign was to win accreditation to cover University of North Carolina football games. The university claimed the press box was full. Windsor charged discrimination against small newspapers and covered the games from outside the stadium, until he got an invitation from Chancellor Christopher Fordham to cover the Thanksgiving game from the president's box. In the middle of his account (look up, reader, for a Holstein is about to drop), Windsor wrote: "I was probably the only person at the game that day who had been kissed by a cow. Early that morning I walked to the barn . . . and as I put a bucket of sweet feed over the fence, Chocolate, my big, black and beautiful cow that I used to carry everywhere in my arms, gave me a big lick on the cheek. Jesus don't love souls any more than I love that cow."

WARREN UZZLE

Editor Bob Windsor and his chief ad salesman, Billy Arthur Jr.

When the Chatham County commission refused to let him place his tape recorder on its meeting table, Windsor raced home and fetched in his own little French provincial table and parked the tape recorder there. After that, the machine was allowed to rest on the commission's table.

This year Windsor has gone after the Raleigh *News & Observer* for what he considers to be the paper's efforts to damage Lieutenant Governor James Green politically. When the capital paper pointed out that the state was paying for a private bathroom in the Lieutenant Governor's office, the country paper took a picture of the bathroom and published it. "I was ready to see a 30-ft.-sq. bath with sunken marble tub and gold fixtures, similar to the Roman baths," Windsor wrote. "What I found was a tiny room about 5 ft. by 7 ft. with a plain white lavatory and plain white tub, a toilet paper holder that does not work, and that is all. There is not a filling station in Orange or Chatham County that does not have a better bathroom. It is plainer than an old shoe." Beyond that, the *Landmark* went on to insinuate that the management of the *News & Observer* has been known to "push biddies in the creek." Windsor admits he made up this heinous crime, drowning chicks, but says he was sore.

In the region, these salvos appear to be met by bemusement more than anything else. There are journalism professors here who say the *Landmark* is a personal journal more than a newspaper and should be savored as one man's meat. Brent Hackney, the Governor's press secretary, calls Windsor "Hunter Thompson in bib overalls." And the cable television channel in Chapel Hill has given Windsor a 30-minute talk show on Friday nights, such is his newfound popularity.

But about those overalls: Windsor, 275 lbs., claims he once owned a business suit but split it while praying in church some years ago. He had to get a special dispensation from the state legislature to wear his overalls in the house and the senate, and here he can be seen this time of year, prowling the corridors with a compass dangling from his neck. "There's no sun in the legislature," he explains. "You can't tell where you're going." In this state, as in so many others, the old majestic capitol building has been abandoned by the legislature for a new seat of government that does not suggest democracy so much as cubism. Thus the

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American Scene

compass may sound loony but is, in fact, practical.

Other important tools of his trade can be found in a sagging pocket. There repose a barlow knife and a buck knife for whittling when somebody makes him wait and a hard Arkansas whetstone for sharpening when somebody makes him wait longer. When the subject of an interview at last gives him an audience, Windsor puts away his knives, and when the subject says something that impresses this porcine correspondent, Windsor has been known to gush, "God bless your old heart!"

He whittles chains, swords, canes and slingshots, and claims in the doing that it puts his mind to rest. In his office recently he was asked what one does with a 10-ft.-long wooden chain, and Windsor said, "Hang it on the wall, of course." About that time Windsor's assistant and chief ad salesman, Billy Arthur Jr., who is 3 ft. tall, walked in. The editor introduced him as a reprobate and a womanizer but said he

THE NC LANDMARK LIMITED

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Donald Mann Wine Contest

The way Page One looked on March 10

was a genius. "This boy can make a bomb out of anything," Windsor said. Billy Arthur Jr. was then asked what was the point of his bombs, and he said, "To make a big noise, of course." Anyone within earshot who possessed common sense then gazed heavenward, anticipating a collapsing Taurus.

The *Landmark* itself can make a reader feel beaned, but on a good day, amid its political ravings, and there are plenty of those, all conservative, it can lift the spirits, make you pause to hear the birds. Take, for example, "My Dog Squirt Is Home," the tale of a beagle hound that had been missing five months, only to turn up again.

"Don't tell me stories do not have happy endings," Windsor wrote. "I do not know who has cared for my dog during the time he has been gone, but I am eternally indebted to them and thank them. If I can find out who it was I will be glad to pay them, but I suspect they are just some fine people who would care for an animal or a person who was in need. Whoever you are, I love you."

Windsor shows his heart when he writes this way. As for his head, he says, "The Lord must have vaccinated me with a Victrola needle. You won't never get me to stop talking." —*By Gregory Jaynes*

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TIME APRIL 18, 1983

COVER STORY

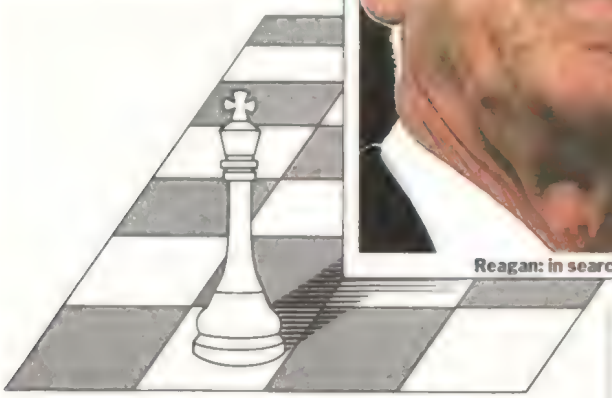
Playing for the Future

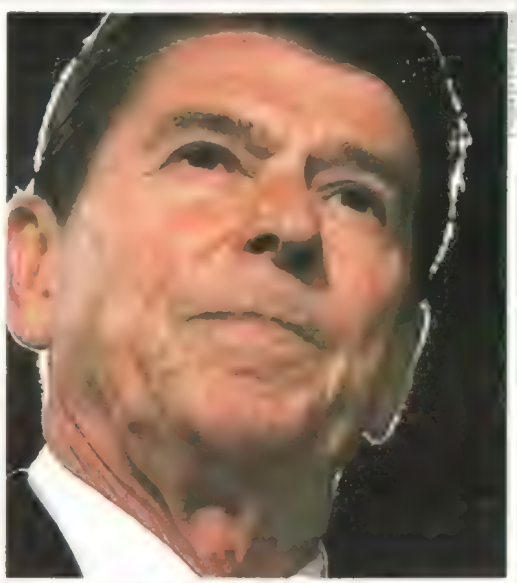
Is the U.S. making the right moves toward Moscow in arms control?

Ronald Reagan had been beset before by political defeats and disarray, but never in such a cherished domain of his Administration. Whatever his struggles and stumbles on the economy and social issues, the President had always managed to press his program for national defense with seemingly unassailable determination and confidence. Yet last week—in Congress, public opinion and international negotiations—it was precisely his efforts to strengthen and protect the nation's military security that were in trouble.

In a stunning repudiation, the Senate Budget Committee cut in half the 10.7% real increase in next year's defense spending on which Reagan had insisted "as a minimum." The rebuff was all the more startling because eight members of the Republican majority on the committee joined the Democrats in voting against the Administration.

Nor did a rescue seem any closer for the beleaguered MX missile, a prime object of congressional skepticism and budget cutting. A blue-ribbon bipartisan presidential commission headed by Brent Scowcroft, who was National Security Adviser to President Gerald Ford, is expected to recommend this week that production and deployment of the MX proceed. But Congressmen briefed on the commission's report predicted a tough fight with no assurance that the President will win. The only slight relief the White House could find in the reaction to the MX was a decision by the nation's Roman Catholic bishops to revise a pastoral letter on the morality of nuclear weapons, dropping a specific objection to the missile and softening their implicit criticism of Administration policy. Meanwhile, a resolution calling for a nuclear arms freeze, which Reagan vehemently opposes, was expected to pass in the House.





Reagan: in search of a strategy

The lawmakers seemed to be representing a growing discontent on the part of their constituents. Public-opinion polls showed that confidence in Reagan's handling of foreign and defense policies had actually fallen during his monthlong hard-sell campaign on behalf of those policies. Some White House officials privately lamented that the President's "Darth Vader" speech of March 8, in which he denounced the U.S.S.R. as an "evil empire," and his star wars speech of March 23, in which he proposed what is widely regarded as a futile campaign to develop antimissile defenses, may have backfired.

The President has sought to reassure the public by pursuing nuclear arms control with the Soviet Union, so far with scant success. Reagan's chief negotiator in the intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF), or Euromissile, talks, Paul Nitze, last week gave the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a nonprogress report. Despite Reagan's proposal for an "interim solution" in INF, Nitze held out little hope for a negotiated settlement before new U.S. missiles are scheduled for installation in Western Europe later this year. Edward Rowny was equally grim in his report to the committee on Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START), for which he is chief negotiator. After sitting through Nitze's and Rowny's back-to-back appearances, Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts pronounced it "the most distressing session" on arms control he had attended in his four years in the Senate.

This week the Administration's arms-control policies will be the focus of intense debate. The immediate question on the Senate's agenda is whether, after 13 weeks of controversy, Kenneth Adelman should be confirmed as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. To many Senators, and to many citizens, Adelman's suitability to head the agency is not the main issue at all. It is symbolic of a cluster of larger and more complicated questions about the wisdom, competence and even the sincerity of President Reagan's conduct of arms control.

The Reagan Administration is by no means the first to find itself under attack on this issue. For decades—but particularly since the Watergate scandal undermined Richard Nixon's presidency and, as a byproduct, aborted the policy of détente—the U.S. has been a superpower in search of a strategy toward its principal rival. It has flailed about for the right combination of inducements and deterrents. Managing Soviet-American relations, particularly in their military dimension, is hard in itself, given the propensity of the U.S.S.R. to bully first and negotiate later, its instinctive stubbornness and its relentless arms buildup. But the task is all the harder, since any U.S. Administration must sustain support for its policies from a democratic society as well as from its politically volatile, sometimes angst-ridden allies.

As Reagan and his men have set about playing the extremely difficult and dangerous game of dealing with Yuri Andropov's Soviet Union, they have correctly insisted on these three vital points:

▸ There is a Soviet military menace to the security of the U.S. and the community of industrialized democracies, and it is growing.

▸ A nuclear arms freeze is not the solution to that problem; indeed, it would make it worse.

▸ There is a need for modernization of the West's arsenal generally and, more particularly, of its missile force in Europe.

But the Administration also deserves much of the criticism that it is getting at home and abroad for its overall strategy, and for its moves to date on the chessboard of nuclear diplomacy.

Arms control is inherently controversial. It always has been. On the one hand, it almost defies common sense for a nation to compromise with adversaries over the composition of its defenses. On the other hand, it comes naturally for Americans and their political leaders to try to keep a rivalry that could destroy the world from getting out of hand. Arms control appeals to a peculiarly Yankee mixture of idealism and realism—a hardheaded faith that despite ideological, political and military tensions between the superpowers, they ought to be able to reach contractual agreements on measures in their mutual interest.

In recent years, the delicate balance between idealism and realism has broken down, giving way to pendulum swings between two fallacies. There was the liberal fallacy of the early Carter Administration, when the imperative of controlling arms was seen as overriding the need for continued acquisition and upgrading of arms, when negotiation and dealmaking became the be-all and end-all of Soviet-American relations.

At the other extreme is the conservative fallacy: the tendency to blame arms-control measures of the past for the military dilemmas of the present, and the attempt to solve those dilemmas with highly unrealistic arms-control proposals aimed at the future. Ronald Reagan personifies that tendency.

The liberal and conservative fallacies have one thing in common: they both exaggerate what arms control can accomplish, loading it down with burdens of hope or blame it cannot bear and expecting it to work wonders by itself.

In fact, arms control cannot work wonders at all, least of all on its own. It can be useful only if it is a component of sound national-security policy and of a larger strategy for managing Soviet-American relations. It is neither a substitute for, nor a competitor of, defense. It is defense conducted by other means.

Andropov: stubborn but realistic

Those means are diplomatic: the pursuit of mutually agreeable rules of the road in the arms race—rules that will make the competition somewhat more predictable, that will set limits on the most dangerous kinds of weapons and help avert the sudden appearance of new weapons systems that might upset the balance. Arms control is a way of bounding the twin threats of Soviet aggression and nuclear war—but not, alas, of ending them. Many skeptics about arms control argue that one cannot trust the Soviets. But it is not a matter of trust or of relying on the good will of the other side. It is a matter of mutual self-interest.

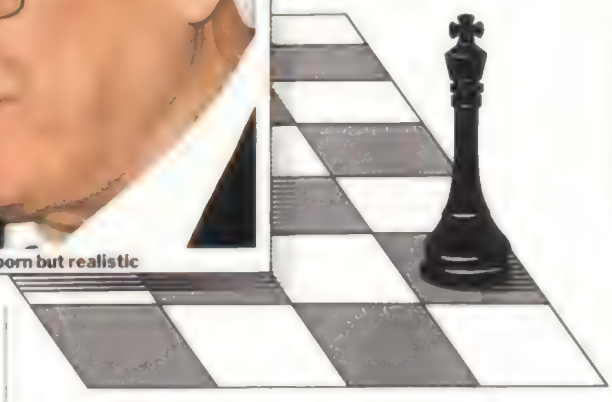
The need to pursue bilateral arms control hand in hand with unilateral defense has been part of the Soviet-American rivalry for at least 20 years. The Cuban missile crisis of October 1962 provided an impetus to both parts of that paradox, and on both sides.

The humiliation of being backed down from the brink of war by an American ultimatum spurred the Soviets to embark on a sustained proliferation of every category of weaponry: conventional and nuclear, battlefield-range and globe-spanning, tanks, aircraft, surface ships, submarines, but most important, rockets. Through history, as the defenders of a land power, Russian generals have worshiped artillery as the god of war. For Soviet generals, ballistic missiles are the artillery of the nuclear age.

One limit on the Soviet acquisition of raw power has been internal. The military-industrial complex of the U.S.S.R. (which is far more pervasive than anything Dwight Eisenhower warned against in the U.S.) is made up of what the Soviets themselves call "metal eaters," which devour resources that might otherwise feed the anemic, crippled economy. Another limit is the fear of the Kremlin leaders that if they go too far, they might even provoke a military reaction by their enemies, particularly the U.S.

But a third restraint on Soviet military programs has been arms control with the U.S. The close call over Cuba spurred the U.S. and U.S.S.R., together with Great Britain, to conclude a limited Test Ban Treaty ten months later, in August 1963. The treaty banned nuclear explosions aboveground, under water or in outer space. It was a fitting, almost mythological metaphor for nuclear weapons themselves: if man insisted on perfecting the things, he would have to confine his experiments to the underworld; before setting them off to make sure they would work, he would have to bury the weapons that could bury him.

On the American side there was another impulse for the Test Ban Treaty. People were growing anxious not only about the threat of a catastrophic war but also about the danger that atmospheric testing was harmful to their health. Partly as a result of living through the suspense over Cuba and worrying about strontium-90, a radioactive isotope in fallout that was poisoning milk, the American body politic acquired a deep, visceral attachment to the idea of arms control. Then as now, public-opinion polls showed a widespread yearning that the leaders in Washington and Moscow keep up the search for ways to regulate military competition.



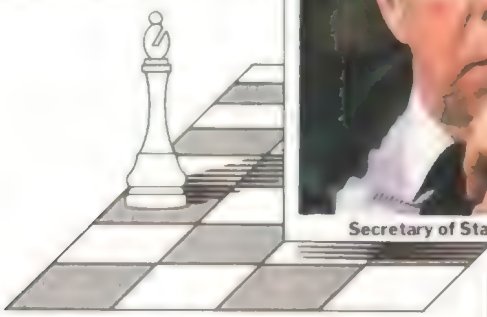
For the White House, such polls are an important gauge of the incumbent Administration's standing with its constituents. For the Kremlin, by contrast, Soviet public opinion is virtually irrelevant, while public opinion in the West is a target of opportunity for propaganda. The Politburo need canvass only itself and listen respectfully to the general staff of the Soviet armed forces. The Soviets are driven only by self-interest, and not always of the most enlightened kind.

Late in the Johnson Administration, at the Glassboro summit, Robert McNamara patiently tried to persuade Premier Alexei Kosygin that it was in the interests of both countries to forswear large-scale antiballistic missile (ABM) defenses, since a defensive arms race would only escalate the offensive one already under way. Each side would feel compelled to increase the number and destructiveness of weapons with which to "penetrate" the defenses of the other. Eventually, in the first round of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT I) during the first Nixon Administration, the Soviets agreed to limit ABMs.

Meaningful limits on offensive weapons proved more elusive.

The Soviets were not about to consider such a thing until they felt they had caught up with the U.S. and "liquidated" the massive inferiority that had exposed them to the humiliation of the Cuban missile crisis. By the early '70s, they finally could, and did, claim military parity with the U.S., and they were ready to negotiate seriously about offensive weapons.

They did so partly for reasons of their own psychology. The Soviet regime is justifiably insecure about its legitimacy, in the eyes of both its own people and the rest of the world. For the men in the Kremlin, the very assertion of equal status with the U.S. was its own reward. Its value increased manyfold when the U.S. was willing to enshrine the magic word equality in the communiqués issued at summits and the prologues to SALT treaties and accords that Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter signed with Leonid Brezhnev between 1972 and 1979.



Secretary of State George Shultz

Arms control made the Soviets feel more secure in concrete ways too. Long before a freeze became fashionable in the U.S., the Soviets were pushing their version of the concept. No wonder. Given their belief that more is better and most is best, since the late '60s they have tended to lead in gross numbers and would naturally like to see their quantitative advantage frozen. The SALT I Interim Agreement on Offensive Weapons, a five-year companion to the ABM Treaty of 1972, held the U.S. to 1,710 launchers for intercontinental and submarine-launched ballistic missiles (ICBMs and SLBMs). That was about 700 fewer than the U.S.S.R. already had in place.

In SALT II, the Soviets relented somewhat and accepted equal ceilings, but they retained a monopoly in the largest category of missiles—the most Olympian of their gods of war—the so-called heavy ICBMs, of which they have just over 300. They also got the U.S. to accept numerical limits on air-launched cruise missiles and the bombers that carry them. Because of their technical sophistication, cruise missiles were an American military advantage and therefore a valuable American bargaining chip. Despite the Soviets' lead in numbers, their advances in the technology of warfare have lagged behind those of the U.S.

In exchange for what they gained at the negotiating table, the Soviets made concessions. In SALT I, they agreed not to count as strategic weapons the European-based nuclear forces of the U.S. and its allies, even though some of those NATO missiles and warplanes could reach the U.S.S.R. Those are some of the weapons that the Soviets are trying to restrict in the INF talks under way in Geneva.

In SALT II, the Kremlin accepted restraints on the number of ICBMs with multiple warheads, or MIRVs, and the number of warheads per type of ICBM. Those combined limits left the Soviets with an approximately 5-to-2 edge in land-based ballistic warheads. They also left them with enough of those warheads to raise the theoretical possibility of a crippling sneak attack against American ICBMs. Land-based missiles are the most menacing of all nuclear weapons because they are the most accurate and the most plausible instruments of a pre-emptive attack.

Stability and deterrence have traditionally depended on each side's having confidence that sufficient numbers of its own land-based weapons would survive an attack and be able to strike back. Each must be exposed to retaliation if it were to strike first, yet at the same time be free from the threat of a

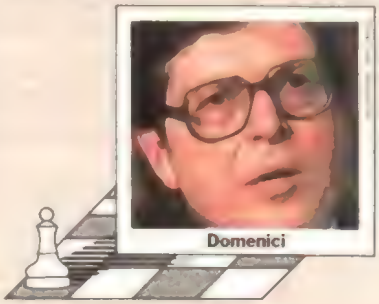
How the Defense Budget Crashed

The President himself led the charge. In a concentrated campaign lasting more than a month, he sought to justify his proposed increase of 10.7% in military spending for fiscal 1984. Republicans in the Senate had agreed to delay considering the budget while he pressed his case on TV, on the road and in private. Some hoped that Reagan would carry the day by rallying voter support for the full range of military needs he endorses. Others hoped he would see the need to modify his stance. In the end he failed to do either. His public crusade backfired badly, and his unyielding position led to a stunning rebuff at the hands of his own party leaders.

Caught in the middle was Republican Pete Domenici, chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, who hoped to be the architect of a face-saving compromise. After House Democrats had passed a budget plan that would raise defense spending approximately 4%, the moderate New Mexico Senator believed that the White House would eventually try to reach a bipartisan accommodation at about 7% real growth. But Domenici's hopes were shattered last Tuesday when G.O.P. members of the Budget Committee were summoned to the White House to hear the President's final offer: a mere $10 billion trim in the Pentagon's nearly $2 trillion five-year spending plan, to be accomplished by using lower figures for inflation, fuel prices and MX basing costs.

These were "non-options," Domenici fumed after the session with Reagan. "There were no significant changes. It was impossible." Said Mark Andrews of North Dakota, who had been elected in the Reagan landslide of 1980: "These great savings turn out to be non-savings." Andrews dismissed the lower fuel costs as "just a windfall from some sheik." Nor did conservative Democrats give any promise of support. Complained James Exon of Nebraska: "Not a single bullet has been cut." Members of both parties remained unconvinced that the nation could afford the buildup Reagan envisions in the face of a fiscal 1983 budget deficit that now approaches $208 billion.

In the meeting, Reagan tried to convince his party colleagues that he had won public backing for large defense increases with his star wars speech nearly three weeks ago outlining the Soviet menace. Dan Quayle of Indiana gaped at the President. "I found it hard to believe he was saying that," Quayle commented later. "My state is conservative, but peo-



Domenici

sneak attack that would deprive it of its own retaliatory forces.

The Soviets are largely to blame for casting doubt on both halves of that proposition and thus upsetting the strategic balance. The U.S. was the first to develop and deploy MIRVs (a breakthrough some of its own authors now regret), but the single most destabilizing development in the recent round of military competition between the superpowers was the seemingly open-ended acquisition of more and more MIRVed ICBMs by the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces from the mid-'70s on.

The principal accomplishment of SALT II was that it slowed that juggernaut down. At the same time, the treaty left the U.S. free to narrow the gap in land-based warheads. When the Joint Chiefs of Staff gave their endorsement to ratification of the SALT II treaty in 1979, they called it a "modest but useful step." Critics on both the left and the right were not willing to go even that far. They stressed what the treaty did not accomplish: it failed to stop, much less reverse, the arms race; it failed to close the "window of vulnerability" by eliminating the hypothetical possibility of a first strike against the U.S. More generally, the treaty entailed no accompanying restraint on Soviet adventurism and mischief making around the world.

But perhaps the greatest liability of SALT II was its sponsorship. The treaty was the fruit of three Administrations' labors. Much of its contents was the handiwork of Henry Kissinger and his colleagues. The remainder was mostly an improvement on that core. But the signature on the bottom of the last page, alongside Leonid Brezhnev's, was Jimmy Carter's. So technical an agreement dealing with such esoteric issues is especially prone to demagoguery. Insofar as SALT II was a symbol of Jimmy Carter's stewardship of American foreign and defense policy, it barely stood a chance. That was the linkage—the "fatal flaw"—that mortally wounded the treaty. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was the *coup de grâce*.

If Carter had been re-elected, he might have been able to use his second honeymoon with Congress to get SALT II ratified, but he would have been under powerful pressure to begin SALT III with a tough proposal that had strings attached to Soviet behavior and was accompanied by major defense programs.

In the parallel negotiations on INF, Carter or anyone else would have faced an even greater problem. (The talks, then under the label of Long-Range Theater Nuclear Forces, began in October 1980, just before the U.S. presidential election.) The U.S. took the firm view that the only weapons in Western Europe eligible for limitation were American ones, not those of Great Britain and France, and there was considerable doubt that the American ones in question would ever make it from test ranges in the U.S. to deployment sites in Europe. In accordance with its so-called two-track decision of 1979, NATO was committed to begin installing 108 Pershing II ballistic and 464 Tomahawk cruise missiles later this year unless the Soviets agreed before then to an arms-control agreement that reduced their arsenal of new SS-20 missiles and thereby obviated the need for NATO countermeasures.

Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko

With the wisdom of hindsight, particularly now that the deadline for deployment is near, the alliance's decision in 1979 to pursue simultaneously disarmament and rearmament looks too clever by half. The leverage of the U.S. in the talks would always

ple don't see the Soviet threat. They just ask, 'Why do we need these expenditures?' " Slade Gorton told the President that the voters in his home state of Washington wanted cuts in the defense budget. Reagan shot back: "When are we going to have enough guts to do what is right instead of what is popular?" But even John Tower of Texas, a staunch hawk, came away insisting that the President's military budget was doomed.

On Thursday, the day of the Budget Committee meeting, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger finally agreed to accept a 7.9% increase. Five minutes before the vote, Reagan called Domenici to ask for more time to negotiate. The conversation was heated. "No, we're too far along," Domenici replied. At Democratic insistence, Reagan's proposal for 10.7% was put to a vote. It failed in the Republican-dominated committee by 19 to 2. The final slap came when the committee passed, by a 17-to-4 majority, an increase of only 5%. That would trim up to $13 billion from the proposed $274 billion defense budget for fiscal 1984, a trim that the various services would have to adjust to, probably by stretching out weapons purchases and cutting back funds for operation and maintenance.

Reagan's rigid approach, both in his negotiations with Congress and in his appeal to the public, was strongly urged by National Security Adviser William Clark, who felt that the President's personal efforts could salvage the dwindling national consensus for more defense spending. The tactic was consistent with Reagan's deepest instincts; he fervently accepted Weinberger's arguments that the buildup proposed was the "bare minimum" needed for national security.

The more pragmatic wing in the White House, led by Chief of Staff James Baker, feared that the President's tough talk about missiles and military threats could resurrect the image lingering in the minds of some voters that Reagan talks too often like a "warmonger." Although they had persuaded Reagan to down-play the defense issue before the 1980 elections, this time these advisers deferred to Clark and Weinberger. Some even saw it as a test between two competing strategies on the best way to implement the Reagan agenda: the "let Reagan be Reagan" hard-liners *vs.* those who prefer to win legislative victories through deft compromises.

The repudiation that Reagan suffered, the pragmatists argue, showed that going public with a tough defense of defense was counterproductive. "It polarized the issue and made a favorable compromise much more difficult," said one White House aide. "We shouldn't put missiles on the TV screen too often," said another senior staffer.

Now the President appears ready to try the other tack. Baker has been authorized to begin quiet negotiations with the Budget Committee to push the defense increase closer to 7%—which is the consensus among moderates in Congress of what a generous level would be—before the final 1984 spending package is approved. What was intended as a campaign to educate the public about defense spending turned out to be an education for the White House on political realities. ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Evan Thomas/Washington***

depend on the credibility of a threat that could be carried out only with the continued support of perishable governments and volatile public opinion in the five West European countries where the new missiles were supposed to be based.

As a result, the Soviet Union was at a distinct and permanent advantage. Its bargaining chips, the SS-20s, were already on the table, and its ability to play them was not subject to the veto of nervous allies. Even if the Soviets fail in their first objective, which is stopping deployment altogether, the episode will be likely to leave the alliance internally traumatized and all the more susceptible to divisive Soviet tactics in the future.

Thus, no matter who took the oath of office on the Capitol steps in January 1981, the prospects were bleak for progress in either strategic or intermediate-range arms control. But Reagan had an opportunity to turn the situation around. Americans, allies and Soviet leaders alike were fed up with the dithering of Carter and were ready for some old-fashioned conservatism, tempered by common sense and self-confidence. Instead, Reagan made a bad situation worse with his rhetoric suggesting implacable hostility to the Soviet Union and his deep mistrust of the very idea of arms control.

The ensuing two years have seen some course correction toward the center. By the end of 1981, political pressures from across the Atlantic nudged a reluctant Administration to come forward with a proposal for INF, and by the spring of 1982 similar pressures, the freeze and antinuclear movements in particular, induced Reagan to offer an initiative on strategic weapons. But the prevailing approach in the Administration to arms-control and defense policies still seems to be guided by eight rather remarkable propositions. The U.S. has never before had a national leadership that espoused any of these ideas individually, let alone as a mutually reinforcing package. Following is an exposition and analysis of those eight underlying principles:

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger

1. The U.S. is now No. 2 and must therefore try harder.

For more than a decade, American military planners and political leaders have worried about the loss of superiority by the U.S., the achievement of parity by the Soviet Union, and the danger that unless the U.S. improves its defenses, the Soviets will pull ahead in the future. There were analysts in the back rooms of the Carter Pentagon and members of the National Security Council staff who feared that the future had already arrived.

Never before, however, has a President made pessimism about the existing state of the military balance a basic tenet of his world view and program. Reagan has said repeatedly, including in his star wars speech last month, that the U.S.S.R. enjoys a "margin of superiority."

Such bad news would be good medicine if it were really justified. But to substantiate his claim, Reagan relies on simplistic charts and selective statistics. His foremost concerns are land-based intercontinental ballistic missile warheads that can reach the U.S. or intermediate-range ones that threaten Western Europe. In neither case is Reagan fantasizing the problem, but he is exaggerating it. The Soviet advantage in ICBMs is offset by an array of American assets: more and better submarine-launched weapons, a superior Navy and Air Force and a cruise-missile program that is much further along.

Reagan rightly attaches the highest priority to proceeding with the new deployments in NATO later this year. But by overstating and oversimplifying the Soviet problem there, he is weakening support for an American solution.

It was politically irresponsible, and factually wrong, for Reagan to say, as he has done twice in press conferences this year, that Western Europe will have "no deterrent" unless the Pershing IIs and Tomahawks are deployed. The British and French have 250-odd long-range nuclear weapons, and the U.S. has hundreds of fighter-bombers that can reach the U.S.S.R. from land bases or aircraft carriers in the European region, as well as its submarine-launched missiles.

Together, those weapons do help inhibit Soviet aggressiveness, although, to be sure, they do not compensate for the Soviet monopoly in one category of weaponry: numerous, highly accurate, land-based missiles that can reach targets throughout Europe in a matter of minutes. Therefore none of the existing Western weapons should be given equal treatment with Soviet SS-20s on the agenda of the INF negotiations. The British and French forces in particular should be left aside entirely. Mostly submarine-based, less accurate and less destructive, they have as their prime purpose to defend Britain and France alone, not the Western alliance as a whole. The U.S. cannot bargain with the independent deterrents of its sovereign allies in a bilateral Soviet-American negotiation. The Soviets, of course, know that. The real reason that they are pressing the issue is that they hope to play on British and French fears that their interests will be compromised in INF.

Some American aircraft in Europe may properly end up on the agenda of INF, but not until the Soviets have acknowledged the core problem, which is that their SS-20 program has tilted that regional balance. NATO must redress the imbalance.

There are other components besides hardware in the military equation. Each side has its political strengths and weaknesses. NATO has to worry about the leftward lurch of the Labor Party in Great Britain and the rise of the Greens in West Germany. The Kremlin has to worry about the kind of challenge represented by Solidarity in Poland. For all the fits that the U.S. and its European partners give each other, they do constitute a genuine alliance of democratic states with mutual security interests. The Warsaw Pact, by contrast, is fundamentally an instrument of imperialism and, as its very name suggests, an increasingly shaky one at that. While the Soviet army must be regarded as a potential aggressor, it must also be recognized for what it really is: a police force that occupies the "fraternal" countries of the East bloc.

As General John Vessey, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, quipped during his confirmation hearings a year ago, "The Soviet Union is the only nation in the world surrounded by hostile Communist neighbors." That is one reason why, speaking of his Soviet counterpart, Vessey said, "Overall, would I trade with General [Nikolai] Ogarkov? Not on your life."

Reagan has frequently stressed the intramural weaknesses in the Soviet empire. Yet, strangely, he has not factored those weaknesses into his net calculation of Soviet strength.

2. As practiced in the past, arms control contributed to American inferiority and, if continued, would lock the U.S. permanently into second place. The U.S. gave up for the sake of disarmament military options that it should have exercised for the sake of rearmament, and it compounded that mistake by letting the Soviets keep open all of their options, and all of their assembly lines.

Neither half of this proposition stands up. The U.S. pre-

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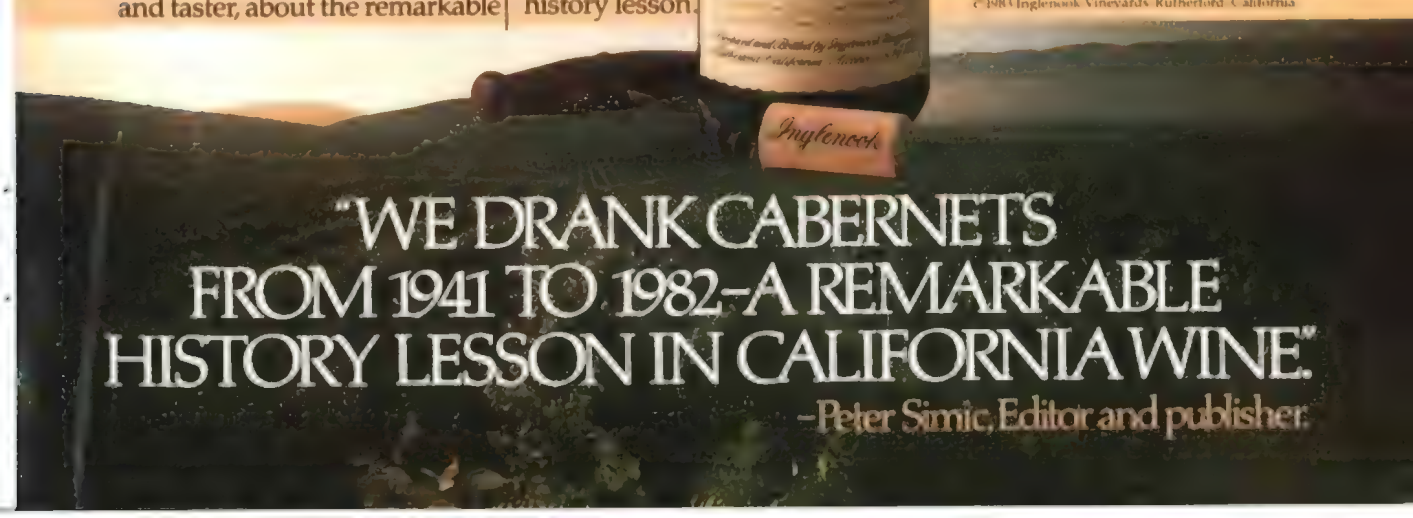

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served, in SALT II, the right to develop a supersonic successor to the B-52 bomber (the B-1, which Carter canceled but Reagan has resurrected), a radar-evading "Stealth" aircraft, a ten-warhead successor (the MX) to the triple-MIRVed Minuteman III ICBM, a new, superaccurate SLBM (the Trident II), and a whole new species of weapons, cruise missiles. Far from "sitting on its hands" during the years of Soviet buildup or, for that matter, the years of SALT, the U.S. MIRVed its ICBMs and SLBMs, outfitted its bombers with short-range attack missiles, started construction of ten new Trident submarines and undertook an array of other steps to "modernize" its deterrent.

For the Soviets' part, in addition to accepting a numerical cap on their MIRVed ICBM force, they gave up in SALT II their only existing mobile ICBM (the SS-16) and agreed to limit themselves to one new type of ICBM. Critics of the treaty, who are well represented from the President on down in the Administration, dismiss those concessions as phony. The SS-16, they say, was technically flawed; the Soviets were probably going to junk it anyway. As for the limit of one new type of ICBM, that is all the Soviets were planning in any event.

However, recent activities at a test site near the White Sea raised fears in Washington that the Soviets may in fact be getting ready both to revive the SS-16 program and to proceed with more than one new type of missile. Some Pentagon officials have privately accused the Soviets of violating SALT II. These are the same officials who denigrated the treaty as imposing no meaningful limits on Soviet programs. What is more, given Reagan's refusal to send SALT II to the Senate for ratification, it is difficult for his Administration to be a stickler about whether the Soviets are complying with its rules.

When challenged about recent missile tests, Soviet diplomats take an obviously smug pleasure in pointing out that they were prepared to be legally bound by the treaty four years ago, and they are not responsible for its being in limbo now. They also claim their latest test involved a modification of an old missile.

Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov

3. Because the U.S. is behind, and because arms control is partly to blame, the best course would be to suspend bilateral bargaining and concentrate on a unilateral American rearmament. Once the U.S. has re-established equality or, better yet, a "margin of safety," it can resume talks and negotiate from strength.

Reagan campaigned on a Republican platform that explicitly called for the restoration of American military superiority. A year after the election, in November 1981, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger still termed a buildup "a necessary prerequisite" to negotiations. The idea of "negotiating from strength" is sound, and there is a superficial logic to the Weinberger position. But aside from its debatable starting premise that the U.S. is now inferior, that position spells trouble on two counts. First, regardless of what "net assessment" he or any military analyst might make about the Soviet-American balance, Weinberger's Soviet counterpart, Dmitri Ustinov, is never going to accept the notion that the Soviets must sit on their hands while the U.S. catches up.

One superpower's margin of safety is the other's sense of being inferior and threatened. There can be no such thing as a one-sided buildup. One way or another, there will be competition. The only question is whether the competition will be ameliorated and regulated by arms control.

If the Soviets keep building, the U.S. must play catch-up to a certain extent, both to prevent the Soviets from monopolizing certain categories of weaponry (as they have with the SS-20) and to remain within what might be called negotiating distance of them. Yet the Kremlin will hardly be in a negotiating mood if the U.S. sets as a precondition for agreement the requirement that the Soviets engage in what to them looks like unilateral disarmament. The middle ground is for the U.S. to show that it is willing to rearm when and where necessary, but to engage in bilateral arms control when and where possible.

In his distaste for bilateral efforts to manage the superpower rivalry and his instinctive predilection for unilateral ones, Reagan is counting on American technological and economic predominance to prevail in the end. The most striking, and questionable, theme in his star wars speech was his apparent belief that the U.S. could mobilize its scientific community and its economic resources in quest of an impenetrable antiballistic-missile shield over the entire nation without triggering perilously destabilizing countermeasures, both offensive and defensive, on the part of the U.S.S.R.

Reagan's views notwithstanding, there is little reason to hope that the many handicaps of the Soviet economy will be decisively advantageous to the U.S. in the long run, allowing the U.S. to "beat" the U.S.S.R. in an arms race. There is no question that the Soviet economy is in crisis, but it is a permanent, institutionalized crisis, with which the U.S.S.R. has learned to live without stinting on the priority of guns over butter. And guns may be bazookas, missiles or space-based antimissile lasers.

There is a second problem with Reagan's and Weinberger's preference for building now and talking later. West European allies tend not to share the American disillusionment with détente, and Americans tend not to share the Administration's distaste for traditional arms control.

4. If forced by political expediency to make proposals and engage in negotiations, the U.S. must insist on drastic cutbacks in the most modern, potent Soviet weapons already deployed; no comparable reductions are required, nor should they be considered, in existing American forces.

The logic of that unabashedly one-sided objective is that if the U.S. is not going to build up to a position of strength from which it can negotiate in the future, then the Soviet Union must build down to a position that the U.S. recognizes as equality.

So far, that approach has failed to convince the Soviets or, more important, West Europeans and Americans, of the Administration's seriousness. Reagan's original zero option for INF, which he unveiled in November 1981, was intended more to score propaganda points with the allies than to win concessions from the Soviets. Not even key officials in Washington who designed the zero option thought there was any chance that the Soviets would ever agree to dismantle their entire SS-20 force, from one end of the U.S.S.R. to the other, in exchange for U.S. cancellation of deployment of its Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe.

The zero option was defensible as an opening move, but Reagan stuck with it far too long. Not until two weeks ago did he advance a vague "interim solution," which also stipulates a trade-off between SS-20s already in place and American missiles not yet deployed. That concept makes sense for arms control in Europe, since the disparity in nuclear missiles there is unquestioned. Even the Soviets cannot deny it; they can only ignore it or try to camouflage it in their propaganda.

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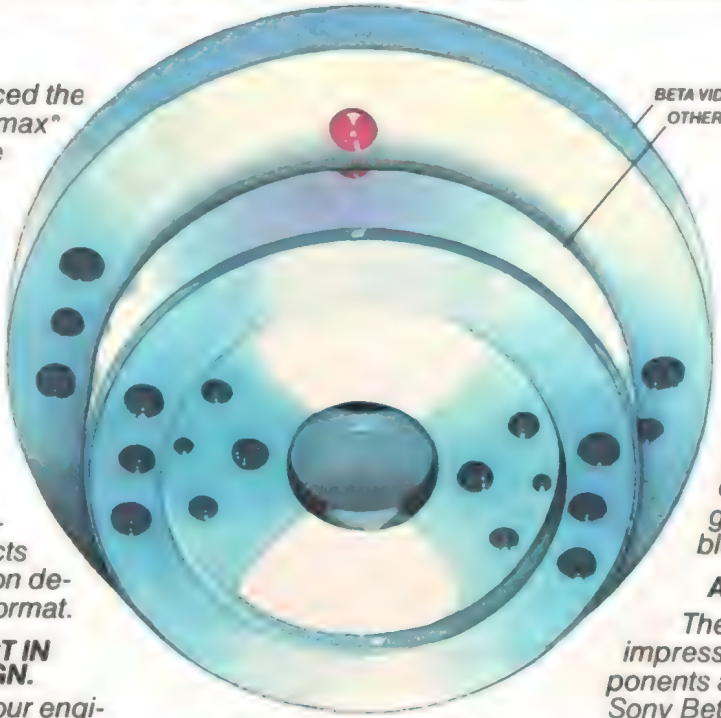

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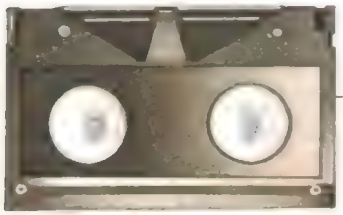

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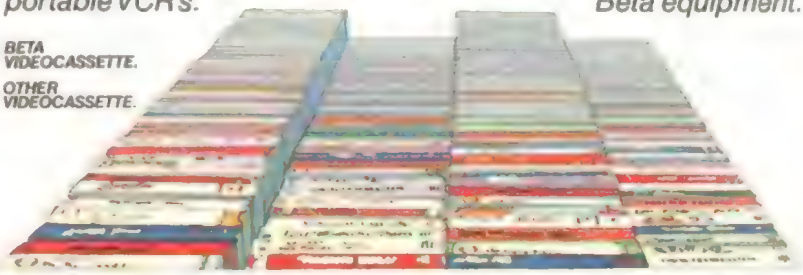

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But whether such a trade-off is feasible is another question. Last year Chief U.S. INF Negotiator Nitze thought he had the makings of a breakthrough in INF as a result of private conversations with his Soviet opposite number, Yuli Kvitsinsky. It would have involved sacrificing deployment of the Pershing II ballistic missiles, and countering a reduced force of SS-20s with slower-flying cruise missiles and with shorter-range but militarily formidable new models of the Pershing Is already in place in West Germany. But Reagan insisted on sticking with the zero option as his preferred position and on including Pershing IIs in any fallback.

No one can tell what would have happened had Reagan backed Nitze. If there is no agreement in INF, the Administration will be able to lay the blame, with some justification, on the existing imbalance in Europe, the shortsightedness of the 1979 NATO two-track decision and Soviet intransigence. But arguments over what mistakes were made and what opportunities were lost should not get in the way of NATO's installing the new missiles.

Whatever the political cost of proceeding with deployment—and it is likely to be high, to judge from the recent wave of demonstrations in Europe—the costs, both political and military, of failing to deploy would be even higher and longer-lasting. If NATO does not follow through on its resolve in this case, its ability ever again to address a common problem with a concrete collective response would be sorely in doubt.

Negotiator Paul Nitze

Counterpart Yuli Kvitsinsky

Reagan's handling of START is harder to excuse. His record is an almost unbroken pattern of self-contradictions, unfair charges against his predecessors and unfulfilled promises. He vowed to correct the "fatal flaws" of SALT II by seeking "significant reductions" in START. Ironically, one obligation of the old treaty that the Soviets would not have to fulfill unless and until the U.S. ratified it was a requirement that they dismantle 450-odd mostly obsolescent, but still operational, bombers and missiles.

In a classic instance of making the best the enemy of the good, Reagan in effect set aside the accomplishments of SALT and sought instead extensive reductions in the Soviet arsenal, particularly in its very latest, most cost-effective and highly valued weapons. Under the terms of the proposal he announced at his alma mater, Eureka College in Peoria, Ill., last May, the U.S.S.R. would have to reduce by one-half its total number of land-based ballistic warheads.

In exchange, the U.S. was offering only the coyest of hints about possible cutbacks in its own future programs. No projected weapon system as such was put forward as a bargaining chip. The MX, Trident II missile, B-1, Stealth and a whole aviary of cruise missiles would go forward.

The proposal was designed to fit neatly around a modernized American deterrent made up of MX's and Trident IIs. Somewhat to the discomfort of the Administration, however, the fit is not so neat if it decides to proceed with numerous Midgetman mobile, single-warhead ICBMs as well as the MX, as the presidential commission chaired by Scowcroft recommends. If adopted, the plan will mean the Administration has to raise, or scrap altogether, the ceiling it has proposed in START of 850 deployed ballistic missiles.

The START proposal is also intended to force nothing less than a top-to-bottom overhaul of the Soviet strategic rocket forces. The Soviets are being told that they upset the balance of power by overbuilding and are now being penalized. Chief START Negotiator Rowny softened the message somewhat in a recent interview with TIME: "What we're asking them to do is pay now and buy later." Whether the plan is a penalty or a down payment, what the Soviets stand to get from it is a reduction in the number of submarine-based warheads deployed against them some years from now. Not much of a bargain, especially given uncertainty over whether this Administration or its successors will be able to sustain the kind of awesome rearmament Reagan wants and Rowny is threatening.

5. No agreement is better than a bad agreement, and a negotiable agreement is, almost by definition, a bad agreement.

The first half of this proposition is correct but the second half is not; and the Administration has practiced the second half even if it did not preach it. Without doubt, if anything like the Eureka College proposal were to be the basis of an agreement, it would be an improvement on SALT; it would lower, if not shut, the "window of vulnerability"; the world would be a safer place. But also without doubt, the U.S. position is utterly nonnegotiable. It asks everything of the other side, gives practically nothing, and shows practically no flexibility.

There is a time-honored tradition—in negotiations over nuclear arms, labor contracts or divorce settlements—that both sides come in with their maximum demands, then eventually settle for something approximately halfway between. START, however, is unique in the history of Soviet-American negotiations in that the American position has become increasingly less negotiable as time has gone by. Rather than introducing sweeteners to the rather sour pot in Geneva, the Administration has added new features to its position that are even less acceptable to the Soviets than those in the original proposal.

Examples: in addition to the general ceilings unveiled at Eureka, there is now a specific requirement that the Soviets dismantle two-thirds of their cherished heavy ICBMs; an insistence that the Backfire bomber, exempted from SALT II, now count as an intercontinental weapon; and a stipulation that the Soviet Union reduce by 64% the total lifting power, or throw weight, of its missile force. This last was originally a goal for the dimly defined second phase of START. Now it has in effect been moved into the first phase.

The Administration has plotted its course in Geneva with two questions in mind, both, in and of themselves, perfectly valid: 1) What is in the military interests of the U.S. and its allies? and 2) What is necessary to satisfy the domestic and allied demand for good-faith American effort in arms control?

In the past, there was a third criterion, "negotiability": Was there any chance that the Soviets could be induced to accept a proposal? Negotiability ought to be a legitimate consideration in arms-control policymaking. It means simply keeping the enterprise within the realm of the possible and not wasting valuable time on mutual stonewalling. But during the first two years of the Reagan Administration, negotiability was almost a dirty word, a

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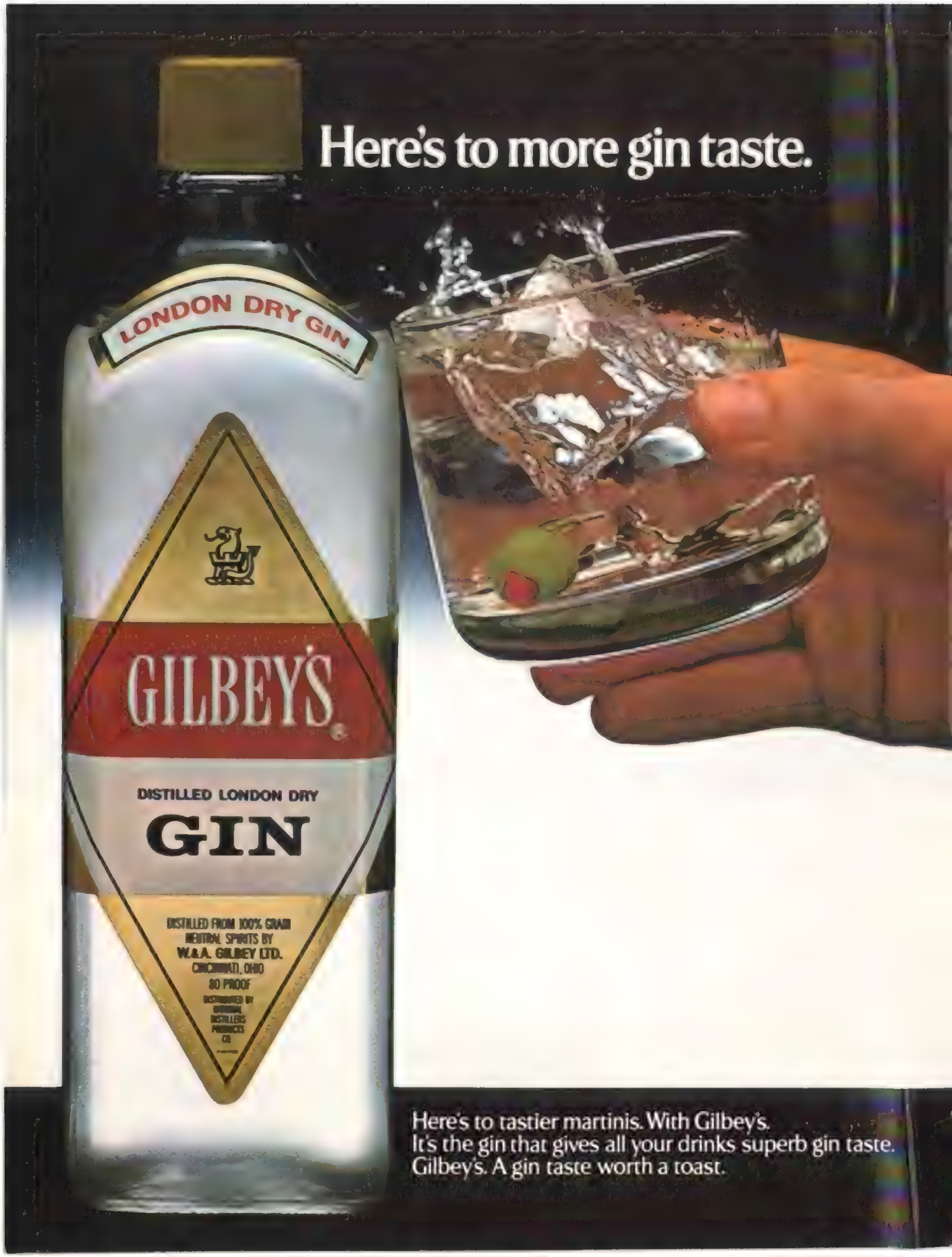
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synonym for accommodation and pre-emptive concessions. Officials were chastised for even mentioning it in meetings.

Excessive American concern with negotiability would indeed encourage, and reward, Soviet stonewalling. But by stubbornly pursuing proposals that seem almost intended to get nowhere, the Administration has touched off a backlash, both at home and abroad, against necessary military programs. It has also, if anything, encouraged the Soviets to crank out even more weapons that will eventually have to be countered militarily or bargained over diplomatically, or both. Just as the U.S. is trying, not very successfully, to punish the Soviets for their accumulation of military power in the past, part of the Soviet strategy right now is to punish the U.S. for its policies by creating "new facts" that American generals and arms controllers alike will have to deal with in the future.

6. If deals must be struck with what Reagan has called an "evil empire," a nation that reserves "the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat," then the U.S. must insist on the most intrusive, comprehensive inspection measures to assure that the Soviets are not violating any new agreement by hiding weapons that are supposed to be limited.

Once again, negotiability be damned. In practice, this principle has meant the pursuit, in INF but more dramatically in START, of the right to carry out on-site inspection within the U.S.S.R. The Soviets have long resisted such measures as a violation of their sovereignty and their own right to protect legitimate military secrets that the U.S. would like to probe under the pretext of arms control. SALT contains only measures that can be verified by "national technical means": spy satellites and remote monitoring stations outside the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.

For years, there have been frequent accusations, particularly from the right wing in the Senate, of flagrant Soviet violations of SALT. While the charges are numerous and persistent, none of them has stuck. The Soviets take full advantage of loopholes, and play as close as they can to the sometimes fuzzy edges of the agreements, but they have been at least as careful to abide by the letter of the nuclear arms pacts as the U.S.

In the past year or so, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and other Soviet officials have hinted at flexibility about permitting some sort of "cooperative measures," perhaps including very limited on-site inspection, in future agreements. But it is virtually inconceivable that the Kremlin would grant the U.S. a carte blanche search warrant to inspect not just launch sites but perhaps storage areas and even production facilities.

Comprehensive, intrusive on-site inspection is not only nonnegotiable, it is unnecessary. The prevailing view of experts on verification is that, thanks to recent technical advances in the U.S.'s ability to monitor Soviet activities from space and from around the periphery of the U.S.S.R., those remote means need

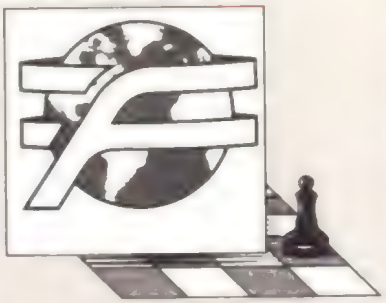
Freeze No, Deployment Yes

In an extraordinary burst of democratic brainstorming, the American political system has generated hundreds of plans for a nuclear arms freeze, including the one that is before the House. While vague in their details and varying in their language, all convey the same message: enough is enough.

The freeze movement reflects a populist impatience both with the arms race and with the traditional arms control that has failed to stop "the madness." Rather than running faster or haggling over rules for the next lap, say the freeze advocates, the superpowers should simply stop where they are. No more new nuclear weapons on either side, period.

The sentiment is understandable, but in the view of many nuclear experts, the proposed solution is impractical and unwise. While most freeze resolutions call for measures that are "mutual and verifiable," a comprehensive freeze, almost by definition, would meet neither of those criteria. If the U.S. agreed to suspend all production of new nuclear weapons, then congressional watchdogs, Pentagon whistle blowers and investigative reporters would make sure that the ban was observed. There would be no similar self-policing in the secrecy-shrouded, security-obsessed U.S.S.R. Also, it would be extremely difficult for American intelligence agencies to monitor Soviet compliance with a ban on production, as opposed to deployment, of new weapons.

But the far greater problem would be reconciling the simplicity of the freeze concept with the complexities of maintaining true mutuality and stability



in the U.S.-Soviet nuclear competition. Despite President Reagan's alarmism about the Soviets' supposed across-the-board "margin of superiority," the U.S. and the Soviet Union are in a relationship variously described as parity, rough equivalence, or "offsetting asymmetries." The Soviets are ahead in some categories, while the U.S. is ahead in others. But parity is not a static condition; it is dynamic. It is subject to shifting trends in areas that on the Soviet side could not, and on the American side should not, be frozen.

For some years, the Soviets have been building up a sizable, potentially destabilizing advantage in land-based, highly accurate, highly destructive ballistic warheads. The U.S. is seeking to preserve a balance by modernizing the land- and sea-based legs of its strategic triad with the MX and the submarine-launched Trident II missiles. The Soviets are constantly improving their formidable antiaircraft defenses. That makes it harder for U.S. bombers, the airborne leg of the triad, to be sure of getting to their targets. That, in turn, makes it all the more important that the U.S. develop two types of weapons: a new, faster, "penetrating" bomber, like the B-1 or Stealth; and cruise missiles, which can sneak in under Soviet air defenses.

Yet the new American weapons—the MX, the Trident II, new bombers and cruise missiles—would all be canceled by a freeze, while the Soviet offensive inventory and defensive network would not be affected.

An even more pertinent flaw in the freeze idea has to do with the prospective deployment of new American missiles in Europe. The Soviet Union brought about an asymmetry with its SS-20 program, and that asymmetry must now be offset by the U.S. NATO has been committed since 1979 to installing 572 Pershing II ballistic and Tomahawk cruise missiles later this year.

There is room for argument over whether the Pershing II and the Tomahawk are the best military answer to the problem, and whether NATO leaders three years ago should have linked their deployment, in carrot-and-stick fashion, to the Geneva arms-control negotiations. But the balance of power includes an element of political resolve as well as military might. The political imperative of following through on the 1979 decision ought to override historical second-guessing, technical quibbles and protest posters in the streets about the deployment. The freeze movement, if it had its way, would probably prevent the Euromissiles from going in—much to the satisfaction of Moscow and to the detriment of East-West stability.

be supplemented by only the sort of limited "cooperative measures" that the U.S.S.R. now seems willing to consider.

7. The U.S. must prepare, even in its agreements with the Soviet Union, for the possibility of a protracted nuclear war.

In START, the Administration is seeking a limit on deployed ballistic missiles (850 ICBMs and SLBMs), which could be verified by spy satellites. But it is also seeking an "inventory limit" on undeployed missiles, a measure that could be verified only by comprehensive on-site inspection, and even then there would be some question about whether the U.S. could know exactly how many excess rockets or warheads the Soviets had.

The concern here is with preventing the Soviets from having hidden caches of "refire" missiles. That is a danger that looks real only to those who believe that a full-scale nuclear war could last over a period of weeks, even months. They fear that after absorbing half a dozen or more American strikes against missile-launching silos, command-and-control bunkers, and other critical "nodes" in the network of their political and military leadership structure, the Soviets would still be able, in the jargon of nuke-speak, to "reconstitute their forces" and "win" the war thanks to their inventory of initially undeployed missiles.

That is a scenario that strikes many experts as a fantasy. It is a considerable additional burden on the already creaking backs of American arms-control negotiators to expect them to achieve agreements that will not only safeguard the nuclear peace, but accommodate the more farfetched hypothetical possibilities of prolonged nuclear war as well. The U.S. can protect itself from even worst-case contingencies by the far more negotiable and verifiable measures banning the storage of refire missiles at operational launch sites and banning the development of techniques that would allow the Soviets to reconstitute their forces in a war. Such measures were already agreed to in SALT II and could be strengthened.

8. Even if a "good" arms-control agreement could be reached—one that lived up to the various desiderata of rolling back Soviet forces and allowing the U.S. to surge forward with its rearmament—there would still be reason for wariness about signing such a thing. Arms control inevitably induces a naive giddiness among Americans about the superpower relationship; it provides an alibi for not spending enough on defense. In that sense, arms control is ipso facto *bad.*

Muted versions of this idea were born before the Reagan Administration. Kissinger feared that détente, if oversold, might undercut support for defense. He oversold it nonetheless, but the result was more the undercutting of détente itself. Jimmy Carter's National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, noted in his jour-

Who's in Charge Here?

Early in 1981, Under Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, a veteran diplomat who had served every President since Eisenhower, commented that the Reagan Administration had the look of a coalition government. He meant an ideological coalition, and it has turned out to be an uneasy one at best, particularly where arms control is concerned.

The State Department, characteristically, is the stronghold of what might be called pragmatic traditionalists and Atlanticists, men like Eagleburger and Assistant Secretary for Europe Richard Burt, a former think-tank strategist and New York *Times* reporter. They believe that it is critically important to maintain close ties with America's allies and that it is still possible for the U.S. to sit down with the Soviets even as it stands up to them.

At the other end of the spectrum are the Pentagon civilians, who put more faith in fortress America than in the Western alliance and who tend to the view that the U.S. cannot really count on its allies and cannot really do business with the Soviet Union. They see it as self-deluding to think the West can compromise in the military rivalry. While committed to the deterrence of nuclear war, they pride themselves on being hard-headed enough to prepare for the possibility that ultimately this planet may not be big enough for both superpowers.

The paragon of this camp is Richard Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense for international security policy. He has had more impact on the substance of U.S. policy in INF and START than any other official in the U.S. Government, an achievement that is all the more remarkable since he holds a third-echelon job. Part of his success is that he is as personally charming, intellectually brilliant, bureaucratically masterful and politically well connected as he is ideologically unyielding. He was for years Senator Henry Jackson's top assistant and the leading congressional staffer in the campaign against SALT. He maintains close ties to the right wing of both parties, and the Administration that Perle serves feels inordinately beholden to the right.

The Pentagon's Perle

But Perle's near dominance of the arms-control process has another explanation as well. He has been able to fill the partial vacuum of experience, expertise and interest in arms control that exists at the highest levels of the Government, including the Oval Office. Not since World War II has American national security policy been presided over by a group with so little grounding and standing in the field. National Security Adviser William Clark is a transplanted California judge and loyal Reagan staffman; Director of Central Intelligence William Casey is a seasoned businessman and an energetic Republican campaigner; Caspar Weinberger does not have the background in defense policy to match his zealous commitment to the goal of rearming America (which is one reason why he has virtually turned over the Pentagon's arms-control portfolio to Perle); if confirmed, Kenneth Adelman, the Deputy U.S. Representative to the United Nations, will be the least qualified director in the 21-year history of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. He is a political scientist whose main prior experience was as an aide to then Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, and as a strategic analyst at SRI International, a private think tank.

During the first year and a half of the Administration, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, all holdovers from the Carter period, found themselves in the uncharacteristic role of the leading moderates on defense policy. In league with the State Department, they blocked various moves to scrap SALT and INF altogether. The new Chiefs of Staff are unenamored of their civilian colleagues in the Pentagon, but they have also been somewhat cowed by them.

The closest thing to an old pro and card-carrying internationalist at the top is Secretary of State George Shultz, but his background is mainly in economics, and he has been preoccupied with other problems besides arms control. Also, he joined the Reagan team late. He does not seem eager to roll up his sleeves and do battle with his old colleague from earlier Administrations and the Bechtel Corp., Weinberger. Nor is it at all certain that he would prevail.

nal in 1978 that he and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown "both worried that SALT will be used to generate such euphoria about American-Soviet relations that it will be difficult to face realistically either the Soviet military or the Soviet regional challenge."

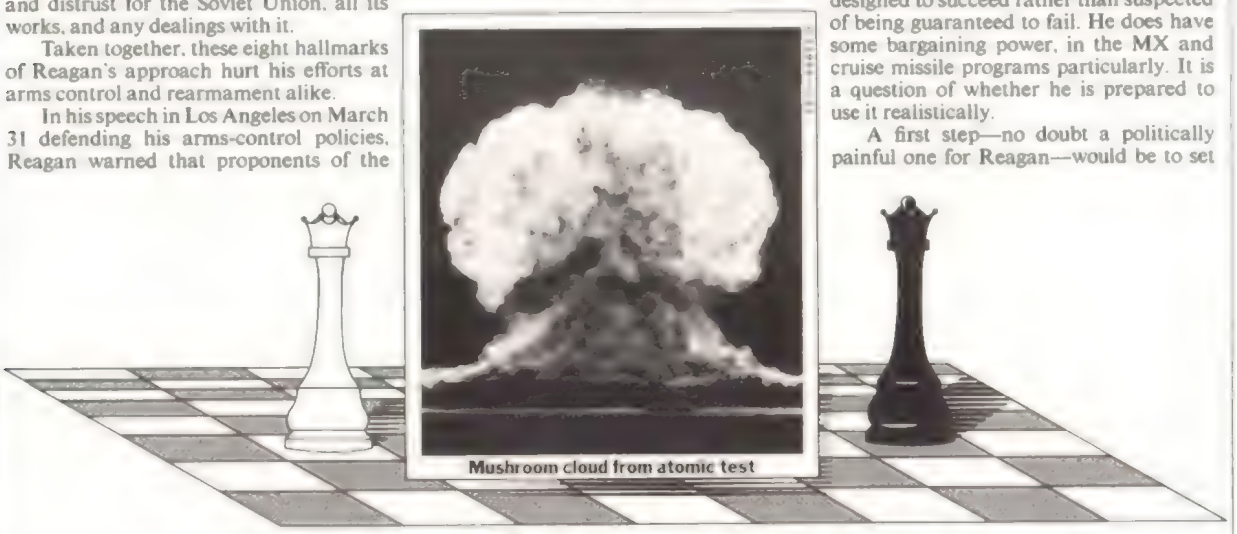
The invidious implication is that the Soviet Union is superior to the U.S. and to the West in another respect besides the purely military: the Soviets are capable of ruthlessly self-interested arms control in a way that the West is not. The U.S. is on the losing side of a toughmindedness gap.

The historical evidence is unconvincing. At the time of the signing of SALT I in 1972, U.S. defense spending was in decline, but that was a function of disillusionment with the war in Viet Nam. During the debate over SALT II in 1979, there was a bipartisan consensus for more, not less, defense spending.

Besides, in the Reagan Administration, concern over the possible lulling effects of arms control, as expressed in closed-door meetings of policymakers, has been elevated from a cautionary anxiety to an institutionalized obsession. It reflects a basic distaste and distrust for the Soviet Union, all its works, and any dealings with it.

Taken together, these eight hallmarks of Reagan's approach hurt his efforts at arms control and rearmament alike.

In his speech in Los Angeles on March 31 defending his arms-control policies, Reagan warned that proponents of the freeze will bear a heavy responsibility if the superpowers fail to achieve an arms-control agreement.



Mushroom cloud from atomic test

Actually, a measure of that responsibility rests with him as well. So does a share of the responsibility for the freeze movement itself. It came about not just in reaction to the threat of nuclear war, but in reaction to Reagan's own policies.

Reagan also warned that the U.S. must not "appear to be divided" on such crucial issues as the deployment and diplomacy of nuclear weapons. Yet Reagan's own Administration is sharply divided between extreme hard-liners and embattled moderates. Policies and proposals have emerged as a result of uneasy truces, and artificial alliances among officials who have dramatically different views of the world.

The resolution of these tensions should be found in the Oval Office. But Reagan has found it extremely difficult to assert himself as either a moderator or a decision maker. A number of decisions he has announced, including the most recent INF initiative, were compromises jerry-rigged from competing options favored by the different agencies.

Reagan is interested in economic and social issues but has trouble following or even getting interested in the complexities of arms control and national security. That is one reason why he has been drawn to appealing but deceptively simple-sounding schemes like the zero option and the idea of defending the U.S. with space-based missile killers. Earlier in the year, he commented to a friend that he "sometimes wished all this nuclear stuff would go away." It will not go away in any event, but will loom all the larger.

Whatever Reagan's convictions on arms control—however sincere, however misguided—they do not amount to a grand obsession with him. That could be a blessing in disguise. It could make it easier for him to modify and moderate the policies that have been pursued in his name. At this late, though not necessarily too late, stage, Reagan could shore up his image as a statesman, and hence his appeal as a politician, by salvaging something from the wreckage of arms control on which he or his successor might be able to build.

He will have to begin right away, starting not just from Square 1, but from farther back than that. Relations with Moscow are poisonous; the Soviets have no desire to help Reagan get re-elected by allowing him to stage a summit with Yuri Andropov. Besides, even with an emergency infusion of high-level political will from both sides, the task of the negotiators in Geneva in reaching even limited compromises would be daunting.

But it would not be impossible. Angry as the Soviets are at Reagan, they are realistic enough to know that he might be around for another term and that he might yet succeed in mustering political support for much of his rearmament program—especially if he adopts an approach to arms control that is seen as designed to succeed rather than suspected of being guaranteed to fail. He does have some bargaining power, in the MX and cruise missile programs particularly. It is a question of whether he is prepared to use it realistically.

A first step—no doubt a politically painful one for Reagan—would be to set his fanciful wish list for START aside and begin negotiating, and ratifying, a quick fix of the SALT II treaty. A mounting chorus, including the voices of moderate Republicans as well as the more predictable Democrats, is trying to persuade the President of the absurdity of leaving the treaty in limbo while trying to enforce its terms in cases of questionable Soviet activity.

Many of those same voices are promoting all sorts of tantalizing new ideas for arms control: "de-MIRVing" schemes that would induce both sides to shift toward more survivable, less threatening, single-warhead missiles; plans that would require trading in two old warheads for every new one added; the notion of merging INF and START. But before bright ideas for the future can have a chance, the accomplishments of the past must be rescued from their current erosion and consolidated by being given the force of law.

The Soviets' own counterproposal in START is largely a recycled version of SALT II, although with the passage of time they have upped the ante on their side of the table. The U.S. would have to accept some new constraints on cruise missiles, but it could keep the MX, B-1 and other programs alive and use them as leverage in some follow-on negotiation later.

The most that can be hoped for in the near term is a series of measures intended first to arrest the current deterioration, then to limit the damage that has been done. Only after that can bold new ideas for arms control begin to be implemented. Even then, those ideas will be viable only if they are pursued as part of a broader strategy that entails the restoration of hardheaded détente with the Soviet Union.

In the meantime, rather than letting the best remain the enemy of the good, the U.S. should concentrate on achieving, and preserving, arms-control measures that are, in that phrase of the Joint Chiefs, modest but useful. ***—By Strobe Talbott***

Arguing About Means and Ends

And U.S. aid to Nicaragua's contra *rebels*

The sporadic clashes in the mountains and jungles of Nicaragua's thinly populated northern provinces so far scarcely deserve to be called a war. The forces involved are minor. On one side are perhaps 2,000 exiles, known as *contras*, who have slipped back into the country from bases in Honduras, where they were trained as guerrillas; on the other are a scattering of militia and border guards of Nicaragua's Marxist Sandinista government. Casualties in the past month total a few hundred, of whom many were peasants killed almost at random. But the political struggle touched off in Washington by this low-level fighting is escalating rapidly, especially in Congress. Said one Administration official last week: "The temperature on Capitol Hill is higher than at any time during the past several months." The issue that is causing all the heat: Does the Reagan Administration's no-longer-secret aid to the *contras* violate U.S. law?

The law in question is the Boland Amendment, a little-noticed rider tacked onto an omnibus Government-spending bill last December. Ironically, it was adopted at the urging of the Administration, as a substitute for a far more restrictive measure proposed by Democrat Thomas Harkin of Iowa. Harkin's rider would have banned U.S. support of any "military activities in or against Nicaragua"; the CIA argued that this would prevent necessary covert actions aimed at reducing the flow of arms supplied by the Nicaraguan government to Marxist-led guerrillas in El Salvador. So the House accepted, 411 to 0, a rider offered by Massachusetts Democrat Edward P. Boland, chairman of the Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, that merely repeated language written into an earlier appropriations bill. It forbade aid to guerrilla groups "for the purpose of overthrowing the government of Nicaragua or provoking a military exchange between Nicaragua and Honduras," presumably in the form of a Nicaraguan counterinvasion of Honduras to destroy the *contras'* bases.

The *contras*, however, loudly if extravagantly proclaim their objective to be precisely the overthrow of Nicaragua's increasingly repressive government. To that end, they have launched a much ballyhooed "invasion"—actually a series of hit-and-run raids by guerrillas operating inside Nicaragua. And a stream of reports by American newsmen who have visited *contra* bases in Honduras has left no doubt that the Administration is assisting them by supplying training, arms, and intelligence on troop movements in Nicaragua's northern provinces gathered by spy plane.

DIANA WALKER
Sol Linowitz

Consequently, growing numbers of Congressmen are questioning whether the Administration is violating at least the spirit of the Boland Amendment, which it had pledged to obey. Thirty-six House Democrats and one Republican, Jim Leach of Iowa, raised the issue in a letter to the White House in late March. Last week Democratic Senators Patrick Leahy of Vermont and Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, both members of the committee that oversees CIA operations, voiced their doubts on the Senate floor. Democrat Wyche Fowler of Georgia, just returned from a fact-finding visit to Nicaragua, declared, "No branch of our Government may pick and choose which statutes it will obey."

Though most of the critics were careful to question only the legality of aid to the *contras*, a few went further to doubt its advisability as well. Said Maryland Democrat Michael Barnes, who has rounded up 40 or 50 cosponsors for a bill to shut off all such aid: "Our policy has strengthened the Sandinistas and rallied the country around them in the face of the external threat." Worries are not confined to Democrats Howard Baker, majority leader of the Republican-controlled Senate, admitted last week that "there is a great concern" about the Administration's activities.

The White House appeared to be caught by surprise and without any strategy for justifying its actions to Congress. The reason: intelligence officials have never briefed the Administration's political op-

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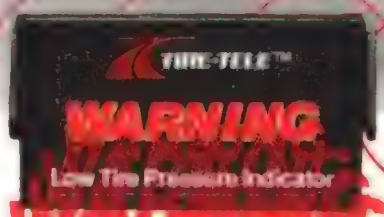

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eratives on just what the CIA is doing in Nicaragua. Said one concerned Reagan aide: "It is a potentially explosive issue for us. So far our policy is to say 'no comment' and hope it will go away."

That seems unlikely, but much may depend on how convincing a case CIA Director William Casey and other intelligence officials can make to congressional intelligence committees at closed-door hearings this week. Presumably they will repeat an argument that several Administration officials began making privately to newsmen last week. What counts, the officials maintained, is not the intentions of the *contras* but those of the U.S. And the *contras'* hope of overthrowing the Sandinista government is a delusion of grandeur: they lack the numbers, training and equipment to do it. All they can accomplish is to harass the Nicaraguan government, and all the U.S. hopes to do by aiding them is to demonstrate to that government that it cannot aid insurrection in El Salvador without suffering reprisals at home.

Whether Congress will buy that rationale remains to be seen. The Administration is caught in a classic trap: it can demonstrate that it is not violating the Boland Amendment (if in fact it is not) only by disclosing enough details of its aid to the *contras* to strip the last shreds of secrecy from the operation. If it is unwilling to do that, it risks having Congress put much tighter limits on its not-very-covert support of the *contras*. Says one official: "They could pull the purse strings on us."

On the other hand, Congress faces a dilemma too. Suspicious of the Administration as many of its members are, they are also aware of the danger of seeming to take the side of the angrily anti-American Nicaraguan government. Says one congressional staffer: "No member of Congress wants to be looked on as soft on Commies. The Administration has been playing that card on all fronts, and on this issue it's having a powerful impact."

In any case, there is no indication that the Administration has any intention of changing its policy toward Nicaragua unless Congress forces it to do so. That policy was spelled out in a secret document summarizing decisions reached by President Reagan and his foreign policy advisers a year ago and was published last week by the New York *Times*. The document identified the goal of U.S. policy in Central America as to prevent "proliferation of Cuba-model states." While it made no mention of military activity against Nicaragua, it defined U.S. strategy as "increasing the pressure on Nicaragua and Cuba to increase for them the costs of interventionism." The pressure obviously is intended in part to be economic. The White House let it be known last week that it is considering reducing the quota under which Nicaragua sells sugar to the U.S. and redistributing that quota among more friendly Central American nations.

A Sorry Record

The Boland Amendment forbidding U.S. attempts to overthrow the government of Nicaragua is the latest in a long series of congressional efforts to legislate highly specific restraints on presidential conduct of foreign policy. The movement picked up most of its steam in the 1970s, out of congressional revulsion from the Viet Nam War and the "imperial presidency." But the results have been mostly ineffective or worse. Notable items:

▸ The War Powers Resolution of 1973 required the President to notify Congress within 48 hours if he sent U.S. forces into any situation in which they faced "imminent" danger of being involved in combat and to withdraw them within 60 days unless Congress approved their mission. Presidents have complied with its letter without really involving Congress in military decisions. For example, Jimmy Carter formally notified Congress of the mission to rescue the hostages in Iran after it had been launched, had failed and been scrubbed.

▸ The Jackson Amendment of 1974 made a Soviet-American trade agreement conditional on Kremlin pledges to ease restrictions on Jews leaving the U.S.S.R. It caused Moscow to repudiate a trade agreement already in effect, thus helping to kill détente, and did nothing whatever to ameliorate the plight of Soviet Jews.

▸ The Nelson-Bingham amendments, attached to a series of foreign assistance acts beginning in 1974, allowed Congress to veto major arms sales negotiated by the Administration. They have led to knock-down political brawls over several major deals, notably the sale of F-15 fighters and later AWACS planes to Saudi Arabia. But in the end, Congress has approved every sale that has been put to a vote.

▸ The Turkish Arms Embargo of 1975 was aimed at punishing Turkey for its invasion of the island of Cyprus. While the embargo was being debated, Turkey expanded the area of Cyprus that it controlled from 25% to 40%.

▸ The Clark Amendment of 1976 forbade U.S. aid to "military or paramilitary operations in Angola." Proponents claim it kept the U.S. from getting bogged down in an African Viet Nam. Foes assert that it facilitated a Marxist takeover of Angola.

Despite this generally sorry record, Congress intends to keep trying. Says Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine: "We do have a heavy hand when a surgeon's hand is required. But we simply are not prepared to let the President commit the country to a policy that is not sound."

However, such actions do not seem to be advancing Washington's hope of isolating Nicaragua. Quite the contrary: U.S. pressure against Nicaragua has roused the old fear of bullying intervention in Central America's internal affairs, even in nations that have little sympathy for Nicaragua's Marxist line. For example, Panama's sugar industry is severely depressed, and many workers at the mills are on layoff. But Panamanians insist that they will spurn any part of Nicaragua's sugar quota that might be offered to them. As for the Washington-supported military campaign of the *contras*, many Central Americans echo the concern of one Panamanian banker. Says he: "Honduras is being dragged in, and Costa Rica [where a second group of exiles is talking of infiltrating Nicaragua from the south] could follow. I feel the heat of war crossing our border too. If it does, it's goodbye to all of us." This fear that conflict may engulf the whole region might seem overblown, both because of the limited military capabilities of the *contras* and because Nicaraguan Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto specifically disavows any current idea of attacking Honduras in retaliation for *contra* activities, but it is strongly felt nonetheless.

Anxiety is growing in the U.S. as well. A combined U.S. and Latin-American panel headed by Sol Linowitz, former U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States, and Galo Plaza, former President of Ecuador, last week advocated a new approach for negotiations among the U.S., Nicaragua, other Central American governments and revolutionary movements, and even Cuba and the Soviet Union. The aim would be to work out "understandings" like those between Washington and Moscow that ended the Cuban missile crisis by trading a Kremlin agreement not to put Soviet nuclear weapons into Cuba for a U.S. pledge not to invade Cuba. The new understandings would pledge all parties "not to supply assistance to revolutionary or counterrevolutionary movements that might seek to overthrow governments, to terminate any such aid currently being given, and not to allow their territories to be used for subverting other governments." American signatories of the panel's report included former Cabinet officers Robert McNamara, Elliot Richardson, Edmund Muskie and Cyrus Vance; such business leaders as Banker David Rockefeller and Time Inc. Chairman Ralph Davidson; and retired Air Force General David Jones, who until last June was Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

However sensible, those are ideas that would take a long time to implement. The near-term outlook thus remains for an odd combination of intermittent, savage but low-intensity fighting in Nicaragua and a continuing, much louder political uproar in both Central America and the U.S. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Panama and Christopher Redman/Washington*

Furious Volley in a No-Win Match

Tennis Star Hu Na gains asylum and strains U.S.-Chinese ties

To her supporters the issue was one of political persecution. Reacting to what she viewed as ominous pressure to join the Communist Party, 19-year-old Chinese Tennis Star Hu Na one night last July slipped out of a California hotel during a tennis tour and went into hiding at a friend's home. But to Peking the issue was a critical test of Chinese-American relations. Worried that Washington might grant Hu Na political asylum, Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping urged the U.S. last August to consider "the greater interests of the relations between the two countries."

A solution for her problem, but new complications for increasingly tense Sino-U.S. relations

For more than eight months, the U.S. agonized over the decision. At the State Department, the Bureau of Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs argued in favor of granting Hu asylum; its China desk, fearing further deterioration of ties with Peking, disagreed on legal grounds. In the end, the department sent the Immigration and Naturalization Service a weakly worded recommendation in Hu's favor. INS then stalled on her request. But last week, after political pressure began to build, the Justice Department made the final announcement: Justice prevailed. Hu was granted asylum.

The reaction in Peking was fast and furious. In a chilly half-hour meeting, Vice Foreign Minister Han Xu delivered a stiff protest to American Ambassador Arthur Hummel Jr. Social contacts with American diplomats in China were instantly chilled, and cultural and athletic exchange programs were suspended for the rest of the year, the first official downgrading of ties by Peking since diplomatic relations between the two countries were formally restored in January 1979. At the minimum, the Hu Na incident symbolized the growing tensions between the Reagan Administration and the People's Republic. "The U.S. Government has kept doing things that infringe on China's sovereignty, interfere in its internal affairs and hurt the feelings of the Chinese people," read Peking's protest. In fact, China had hoped to prevent the Hu Na case from adding to the current strains with the U.S. and had sent signals that it would not strongly object if its star tennis player were given an immigration status that did not carry the nettlesome label of political asylum.

The net effect of the Hu Na decision was to underscore far deeper strains:

▸ China remains livid over continued American arms sales to the independent regime on Taiwan. The week before last, Peking officials repeatedly urged a visiting delegation of Congressmen, led by House Speaker Tip O'Neill, to downgrade U.S. support of Taiwan. O'Neill's admission that he was unaware the issue was so sensitive utterly astonished the Chinese—and American diplomats as well. According to Peking, U.S. plans to sell Taiwan $800 million worth of weapons this year (*vs.* $600 million in 1982) represent a serious violation of an agreement signed last August in which the U.S. pledged to phase out such deals. The Administration argues that the 1983 sales represent a drop, after inflation, from the $600 million of arms sold to Taiwan in 1979. TIME has learned there are yet more arms sales problems on the horizon: Taiwan is currently pressing the U.S. to approve the sale of modern surface-to-air defensive missiles.

▸ Peking is bitter about U.S. restrictions on the export of high technology and quotas on China's textile imports. Even though Reagan loosened the technology controls last year, China resents that it is still in a more restrictive category than India, which, Peking points out, has close ties to the Soviets. Failure to reach agreement on the amount of Chinese textiles that could be sold in the U.S. resulted in the quota's being frozen at the 1982 level.

▸ The most bizarre issue involves a federal court decision in Alabama that China is liable for $41 million in payments on railway bonds issued by the imperial government in 1911. Over the years American speculators bought the bonds for pennies on the dollar and now are planning to ask that U.S. courts order the seizure of Chinese assets. U.S. officials have tried to explain to Peking that the principle of separation of powers prevents the Administration from intervening and killing the claim. The Chinese, incredulous at the notion that Washington cannot simply squelch the judgment, have refused U.S. entreaties to contest the ruling in an American federal appeals court.

Peking's growing estrangement from Washington has been accompanied by timid but worrisome steps toward rapprochement with Moscow. Although the major Sino-Soviet disputes are still unresolved, trade between the two nations is increasing and the first Soviet tourists in two decades will be allowed in China this year. Small symbols of ties with the U.S.S.R. have been highlighted in the Chinese press. Said one Western diplomat in Peking: "The Soviets have a golden opportunity, in that Sino-U.S. relations right now are going nowhere." With some irritation, Washington officials point out that the 1982 communiqué that envisioned the eventual cessation of U.S. arms sales to Taiwan represented a considerable modification by Ronald Reagan of long-held views on the subject of China policy. "There's a growing backlash among policymakers in this town," said one U.S. Government official. "They're saying, 'No matter what we do, there is no way to please the Chinese.' "

For all that happened, however, policymakers in the U.S. and China still share compelling parallel interests vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. Both countries seek to ensure that Moscow does not completely dominate the Eurasian land mass. China's primary national security problem, at least for the foreseeable future, will continue to be its long border with the Soviet Union. Still, as last week's events made clear, national security is not the only issue about which the Chinese feel very strongly. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by David Aikman/Peking and Ross H. Munro/Washington*

Two for the road: an outsize tandem-trailer rig executes a turn in Kearny, N.J.

Rigged for a Collision Course

Many states defy Washington by closing roads to monster trucks

When Congress last December passed the 5¢-per-gal. increase in the gasoline tax, designed to patch the nation's pothole-pocked highway system, it made a deal with the trucking industry. In addition to having to pay more at the pump beginning April 1, truckers found their highway-use taxes and registration fees raised, as of July 1984, from $240 a year to $1,600 for the largest rigs. As a palliative, Congress created rules to permit tandem-trailer trucks, some of them 40 tons in weight when loaded, unprecedented access to the interstate highway system and most of the nation's 260,000 miles of "primary" federally aided roads.

The provision, which went into effect last week, put the U.S. Government and a handful of states on a collision course. The state legislature of Connecticut, which has outlawed tandem trailers on all roads since 1949, voted to continue its ban, thus becoming the first state to defy the new law. New Jersey's Governor Thomas Kean issued an order limiting the giant rigs to interstate highways and two other major roads and proscribing them from roads the new federal law had opened up. By week's end Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Virginia and South Carolina pointedly announced that state troopers would continue to ticket truckers using tandem trailers, at least on certain highways.

The new federal legislation spelled out the first uniform, national standards for truck weights and measurements. It allows trucks up to 80,000 lbs. in weight, 102 in. wide and 56 ft. long (plus the cab) to operate the full length of the 42,268-mile interstate system. The law also requires each state to designate other highways that could handle these loads.

The response from the states varied from cooperation to defiance. Some opened all their primary roads, others agreed to give the big rigs right-of-way over 50% or more of these highways. But the Federal Government was not taking no for an answer; when some states balked, the Department of Transportation as an interim measure added about 38,000 miles of road to the 101,000 miles the states had stipulated. If the states still refuse to comply, they could lose their federal highway funds.

Some recalcitrant states, in reply, charged that DOT was sloppy in selecting the routes for the interim list. According to the New Jersey transportation department, DOT opened to 40-ton trucks a portion of Route 9 in the state that includes a bridge currently posted with a twelve-ton weight limit. The designations will also permit bigger trucks to rumble through the traffic-clogged streets of New York City, Philadelphia, Trenton and other metropolitan areas on their way to delivery terminals.

Regardless of the size of the road, the rigs themselves may pose a safety hazard: critics say they are harder to control and more prone to jackknife than smaller trucks. Truck drivers assert, however, that tandem trailers, known in the industry as "double bottoms," are safer than smaller rigs because they have extra axles and better weight distribution. But there is little question that the larger rigs will batter the nation's interstate highway system, initiated in 1956 for trucks far less hefty than today's.

At week's end a U.S. district court in Georgia, in response to a suit brought by the state, issued a temporary restraining order that banned the big rigs from about half of the routes opened by DOT. Vermont also threatened to sue. Most states, insisted DOT officials, were complying with the new policy. All the same, DOT was conferring with the Justice Department about legal action against the defiant states. ■

Deluge in the Deep South

As nervous residents of Hattiesburg, Miss., watched on Wednesday afternoon, the skies blackened and pounding sheets of rain began to fall. Kimberly Marks, 7, stepped off a school bus, walked down the street and was swept away by a juggernaut of water. Her body, coated with debris, was recovered on Thursday. She was one of at least ten who died in a series of thunderstorms that began in the Gulf of Mexico and caused the worst floods in 20 years in parts of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. An estimated 30,000 people, 25,000 from Louisiana alone, were evacuated as up to 20 in. of rain fell, sometimes at a rate of more than an inch an hour.

National Guardsmen removed people by boat and helicopter, sometimes through attics. In Mississippi, corpses were washed out of cemeteries; in Louisiana, residents had to contend with snakes and swarms of fire ants flushed from their nests. Angry waters severed oil pipelines across the Homochitto River near Meadville, Miss., unleashing an estimated 30,000 bbl. of crude oil into the river. Officials in Louisiana, shoulder to shoulder with 140 inmates of state prisons pressed into service, filled sandbags.

New Orleans was paralyzed on Thursday by rampaging waist-high water that cut off electricity in 10,000 homes and telephone service everywhere. The city, sitting more than 5 ft. below sea level in some areas, is ordinarily kept dry by its extensive drainage pumping system, but this time the pumps were unable to keep pace. Stranded residents switched to boats and canoes. For Rose Hushfield in the suburb of Arabi, it was the third time in five years that her house had been flooded. "You get to where there are no more tears."

Worst floods in 20 years: homes in hard-hit Baton Rouge, La.

Mondale: "I Am Ready Now"

He strives to prove he is tough enough to be President

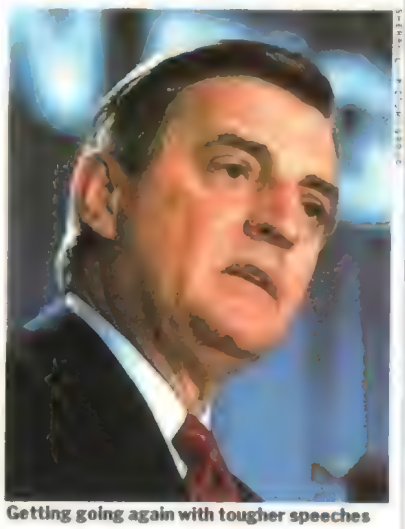
Looking to the presidential campaign, this article begins a series to appear periodically during 1983 probing the character and personality of each of the major candidates.

Perhaps it is Walter Mondale's fate that much of his recent life has been devoted to wiping out a public confession made nine years ago. As political farewells go, his was extraordinary. A man who set out to become President decided to toss it all and tell the world openly, astonishingly, that he lacked the determination to seek the biggest job Americans have to offer. "I do not have the overwhelming desire to be President," said Mondale.

The statement was so incredibly honest, so human, that it might have installed Mondale in some kind of political Hall of Fame. Who else had ever pulled the trigger on himself so winningly? The statement set off other reactions too. People who scorned that kind of political immolation thought Mondale had shown an impotence that could never be forgiven. Eugene McCarthy, Mondale's former colleague and a man who has also been accused of being a quitter, later expressed his own savage view: Mondale had the soul of a Vice President.

But most were ready to take Mondale at his word. He won instant credibility as a politician who had made peace with himself, except that it turned out not to be peace at all. Only two years later Mondale launched a campaign to convince himself and all Americans that he did not mean what he had said. He eagerly set out to become Jimmy Carter's Vice President, and made it. Now, in the early spring of 1983, he somehow had revived his presidential reputation. Here he was, leading all the Democratic candidates by a wide margin, and running ahead of Ronald Reagan too. He held the institutional center of the Democratic Party in his grasp. Now he stood in front of audiences volunteering that back in 1974 he had simply not been ready. "What I'm telling you," he says, "is that I am ready to be President now."

But even as he kept gathering support—and this is where the story of Walter Mondale takes on more haunting proportions—the old self-doubt kept creeping in. Telltale signs of the well-known Mondale shilly-shallying began showing up. He fumbled his relationship with his former boss, Jimmy Carter. And he warily navigated his way through the party's numerous interest blocs, careful to offend no one. Like his own captive party, he seemed more bound up in special interests than in national interests. Maybe, political observers said to themselves, he was right about himself the first time.



Getting going again with tougher speeches

In Walter Mondale's laborious reconstruction of himself, the most important event was Carter's selection of him as Vice President. From that position he could speak with authority in all kinds of forums, and he did. By 1980, when he and Carter had lost, Mondale had pretty much decided to run, although he felt the need to test himself further. "The public can spot hesitation," he says, "and so can the people close to you." After a year of touring the country, the hesitation was still there. By the spring of 1982, it was apparent that Mondale had lost some of the drive he had generated in the vice presidency and his staff members had picked up on it. They became disheartened and even angry that Mondale was not bearing down hard enough. One of them was ready to urge Mondale once again to quit. "I'm not going through this whole thing again," the aide told colleagues.

Somehow, spurred perhaps by the specter of himself as a loser, Mondale last summer finally got going again. He toughened up his speeches, put in longer days. When his staff handed him fund-raising lists, he sat down and made the grueling calls himself. He even agreed to a speech coach to help him appear more incandescent. He searched for an issue that matched his new forceful style and found one: a blunt call for the U.S. to get a lot tougher about Japanese trade. The high rhetoric had all the sounds of an illiberal protectionism, but Mondale plowed ahead anyway. In front of roaring union audiences, he protested with telling exaggeration that American businessmen almost had to resort to U.S. Army tanks to get products into Japan. Mondale was thrilled with his own new boldness. "Did you see the stories?" he proudly asked friends, sometimes mailing them clippings to make certain they read about his aggressive style.

By election night last November, Mondale was rolling. As hundreds of Democrats gathered in his law offices to celebrate the winning congressional returns, Mondale holed up in a back room. He sat at a big desk, behind a telephone console with 15 lighted lines, placing calls to hundreds of politicians and state leaders across the country, and for five hours he never stopped, congratulating winners, consoling losers, selling himself. His wife and a few top staffers stood watching in one corner of the room, elated. "He's a different person," whispered one of his aides. "It's marvelous."

A few weeks later Mondale got his biggest boost: Ted Kennedy telephoned to say that he was abandoning the race. Mondale's confidence soared. He began to confront political operators directly, warning them that there was no more room to stall, challenging them in a way he had never done before. When some held out, the suddenly combative Mondale took it personally and told them so.

On the road, Mondale stuck to his forceful tone. Standing in front of a group of Democratic activists last February in Nashua, N.H., he attacked Reagan as an uncaring leader. His voice strong, his hand chopping the air, he told of homeless people roaming the country for work, as many as 3,800 people in one city lining up for 80 jobs. "It's like something out of *The Grapes of Wrath*," he said. As he moved from town to town, his mastery of Government was palpable. He spoke of world leaders he had met, of knowing where the country's best brains are located. He pointed out his long record of fighting for the disadvantaged and the poor. To ensure that no one would think him an old-fashioned liberal spender, he always assailed the huge budget deficits. "We can't go back to a lot of new spending programs," he said. "We all know that."

At 55, Mondale certainly has presidential looks. He is an attractive, boyish-looking man, with a beaked nose, a nasal-baritone voice, and graying, sandy hair. He has an easy, likable manner and a quick wit he often turns on himself. His self-deprecation springs from his country roots in Minnesota. His father was a Methodist minister of Norwegian background who spoke with both a strong accent and a stutter. To augment his $1,800-a-year church salary, he sold corn and cabbages out of his garden. His mother Claribel helped out by giving piano lessons. Fritz, as he was called, had his own chores, like gathering corncobs to burn in the kitchen stove instead of coal. He was an enthusiastic singer who competed in school contests; at Sunday church services the Mondales led the congregation in hymns. In 1938, when Fritz was ten, his father wanted the family to see the na-

tion's capital. He nailed wooden boards around the sides of a flatbed truck, loaded in canned goods and mattresses, and drove his wife and three sons to Washington. There he visited one of Minnesota's Senators, who invited the family to a meal in the Senate dining room; young Fritz tagged along in his bare feet.

Mondale returned to the Senate in style—and shoes—in 1965, after he had been appointed to a vacant seat (later he was twice elected). Though a steadfast liberal, he rarely took unpopular stands or did anything in revolt. That caution showed up more clearly when Mondale became Vice President. He was regarded as politically smart, but he also became known for his nervousness. Carter and his Cabinet members got used to Mondale's early dire warnings of the political consequences of decisions. The Israelis and the Jewish lobby especially unsettled him. When Carter decided against providing the Turks with some promised military equipment, thus pleasing their Greek adversaries, Mondale was exultant about not losing the Greek lobby. "Fritz was shamelessly political," recalls one Carter Cabinet officer. The President had only one serious criticism of Mondale. "Fritz doesn't step up to the tough ones," he often told intimates.

At home with Joan, Daughter Eleanor, Sons Ted and Bill

This spring, as the pressures started to build on Front Runner Mondale, the old signs of vacillation returned. Trade Commissioner William Brock first put the heat on by declaring that Mondale was playing a dangerous game in his sharp attacks on the Japanese. Congressman Norman Mineta, a California Democrat, complained privately to Mondale that he thought the attacks were racist.

Mondale, with fateful predictability, started to back off. "I'm not a protectionist," he said defensively. He had repeated his assault on the Japanese before three large union conventions last fall. By February, when he addressed the United Auto Workers, the union most eager to hear that kind of emotional talk, Mondale had abandoned all the harsh language.

But Mondale's support for Israel is unshakable. His mentor, Hubert Humphrey, always counseled that there were three groups he must never antagonize: Big Labor, blacks and Jews. Mondale has followed that advice with extraordinary stubbornness. "The Jewish connection is absolutely essential to this campaign," says one of Mondale's top strategists. "We watch it very carefully." Mondale is nourished by their financial support. Says one of his fund raisers: "When I start my pitch about Mondale, most of them say to me, 'I know, I know, just tell me how much you want.' "

Mondale's ambivalence is especially demonstrable in his uneasy relationship with Jimmy Carter. He made the judgment early that he must keep his distance from the unpopular and defeated Carter. In a newspaper interview last month, Mondale made clear that he had differed with Carter on such controversial decisions as building the MX, selling arms to the Saudis and imposing the grain embargo on the Soviets. His candor caused Mondale to be accused of disloyalty. A few days later, at a Georgia rally where six candidates appeared—to Mondale's relief, Carter was traveling in the Middle East—Mondale was the only speaker who failed to mention Carter's name. The criticism increased, and he called one close friend and hesitantly inquired whether he should travel to Plains and interview the President about his trip. The friend was appalled at the idea. Seasoned analysts would see through it, the friend warned, and it would not serve Mondale's effort to be independent. Mondale dropped the subject.

Mondale apparently still has trouble hanging tough with decisions once he makes them. Last month he volunteered to campaign for black Candidate Harold Washington in Chicago's hostile mayoralty battle. He was asked to accompany Washington on a visit to a white neighborhood and quickly decided it was a bad idea. When Washington brusquely pressured him, Mondale changed his mind. But the street filled with jeering whites, and suddenly it was necessary for the two men to skip out to avoid an ugly scene.

Sitting relaxed on a sofa in his white-walled living room in Washington, Mondale talked about the pressures of being out front. He looked youthful in a green turtleneck shirt, faded jeans and blue running shoes. His wife Joan was in the kitchen making lunch. A couple of cats, Kitty and Squirt, crawled on and off his lap. He was asked about the recurring theme that he lacked the strength of leadership to stand up to pressure groups.

Mondale sounded annoyed at that. "I didn't spend 20 years of my life trying to get elected," he said, leaning forward, "and then surrender it all to someone else." He saw his approach as unifying rather than pacifying, an effort to make allies, not enemies. "These groups like labor, the blacks, the Israelis," he said, "must trust the President. You need that trust to draw people together."

Mondale, still searching for his own mandate, remembered sadly that Jimmy Carter never really had one. "His campaign strategy," said Mondale, "was to remain unclear on all the issues. When he got elected, there was no agenda to lean on. Honesty was not enough." Mondale's face tightened a bit. "Let me tell you," he said, "being in the White House without a mandate is pure hell."

He says the reason he was so very sensitive to political consequences was that Carter was not. The President, he said, was a reclusive man who went out of his way to avoid personal politics. Mondale remembered one instance in which he urged Carter to veto some bill, any bill, just to show a little political muscle. "I said, 'Mr. President, they're laughing at you up on the Hill. Show them.' And he did," said Mondale.

Questions about whether he can take heat, Mondale says, are unfair. "To get the filibuster level lowered from two-thirds to 60%," he says, "I spent four straight months on the floor of the Senate. The leadership fought me hard on it, but I won. I spent hundreds of hours changing the intelligence bill, restructuring the FBI. I walked right into that thicket. The idea that I don't stick with things is just wrong."

Mondale lighted a long, thick cigar and sat back on the sofa. Though he is a shrewd political analyst, he is not reflective about himself. One wondered as he talked how much he saw of his own weaknesses. "I'm my own agent now," he said, "not someone else's advocate. I've tested myself. I went out for two years like a national vagrant, learning, changing, to see if I had what's necessary to lead."

Now Mondale is the man in charge. The self-doubt he felt in the distant past, he insists, is over. "The most difficult and mysterious thing about this," he says, staring intently at his guest, "is to persuade yourself you can be President." With special emphasis, he closed, "I've done that." Still, he must demonstrate that he can do more than make the right tactical moves. Everyone knows he is capable of that. Walter Mondale must show that he can step up to the tough ones all by himself. —*By Robert Ajemian*

Homeward bound: Soviet officials and their families waiting to board buses for Paris' Charles de Gaulle Airport

ESPIONAGE

Crackdown on Spies

France humiliates Moscow by expelling 47 Soviet officials

It was the sheer boldness of the decision that shocked Moscow, delighted Western capitals and dramatized the dimensions of the Soviet espionage effort in Western Europe. More than three months ago, French President François Mitterrand had been given a report by his Interior Ministry on the intensifying activities of the Soviet spy network in France. Mitterrand could have responded like his predecessor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, with traditional French diplomatic discretion, by quietly declaring a few of the more flagrant Soviet offenders *personae non gratae*. Instead, in a move unprecedented for France, the President ordered the expulsion last week of 47 Soviet diplomats and other officials along with their families. Not since Britain threw out 105 Soviets twelve years ago had any Western nation inflicted such a humiliation on Soviet diplomatic personnel.

For all the wisps of mystery surrounding the affair, one thing was clear: Mitterrand was sending a message both to the Soviets and to his NATO allies, best summed up by the explanation of Government Spokesman Max Gallo: "France has shown that she has no intention of being a soft underbelly." Said a Western Ambassador in Paris: "I think François Mitterrand is just fed up with the brazen Soviet espionage in France." Since he came to power 23 months ago, the Socialist President has demonstrated that the presence of four Communist ministers in his government does not deter him from pursuing a tougher policy against the Soviets than his predecessors.

Among the Soviets sent packing

The Mysterious Nut Case

There were more than enough rumors and full-blown theories last week to tantalize those who were curious about President François Mitterrand's motive in expelling Soviet officials from France. Perhaps the most intriguing hypothesis centered on the unsolved murder of a top French intelligence officer two months ago.

One morning last February, three maintenance workers clearing snow from a winding country road 40 miles north of Nice came upon an empty Peugeot. The door on the driver's side had been left open, and the radio was blaring. The work team soon discovered why. Sprawled in front of the car was the body of a man, dusted with snow. A frozen pool of blood had formed under a gaping gunshot wound in his head.

Police found a military ID card identifying the dead man as Lieut. Colonel Bernard Nut, 47, the chief of the *Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure*, the French equivalent of the CIA, for all of southeastern France. But investigators came across precious few other clues to help crack the Nut case. The intelligence officer's .357 Magnum revolver was found 15 ft. from his body, ruling out the possibility of suicide. And even though three shots had been fired from the gun, no bullet was found in Nut's body. An autopsy revealed that he had eaten a hearty meal at least three hours before his death, but a search of local restaurants and cafés turned up no clues of his whereabouts on the night of the murder.

To complicate the investigation further, police noticed that the gas tank in Nut's rented car was empty. Days before the murder, the brakes in Nut's own car had worn through under mysterious circumstances. If he had been set up, the rented car

were Nikolai Chetverikov, the third-ranking diplomat at the Soviet embassy, who was considered to be the head of all KGB activities in France; Oleg Shirokov, bureau chief of the official press agency TASS; and Vladimir Kulikovskikh, a TASS reporter. Forty of the group held diplomatic passports. Said a member of France's counterespionage agency, the *Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire* (DST): "Ten or 15 years ago, the Soviets instructed their young agents that France was no problem. Well, all that has changed. Now they'll have to send their best recruits."

Baggage of the expelled Soviets being loaded onto their Aeroflot flight

The full impact of the unexpected presidential move was only slightly diminished by a leak that appeared in a New York *Times* column by William Safire before the expulsions. Since the French on the previous Thursday had informed the U.S., along with the other NATO allies, of the impending crackdown and the number of Soviet officials involved, Safire appeared to have been tipped off by a talkative U.S. official. It could hardly have been a deliberate leak aimed at forcing the French to act sooner, since the machinery for the mass ouster was already in motion by the time Safire's column appeared, but French officials did not hide their irritation at Washington's inability to keep a secret.

No sooner had the French announced the mass expulsions than speculation began to mount that Mitterrand's decision was part of a concerted Western counterespionage effort made possible by the defection of a well-placed Soviet agent. Diplomats recalled that Britain's 1971 ouster of 105 Soviet personnel was triggered by a KGB defector who fingered his former colleagues. Moreover, the French acted a week after Britain threw out two Soviet diplomats and a journalist. In Rome a month earlier, Italian police had arrested the deputy director of the Rome Aeroflot office as he was obtaining microfilmed plans of NATO military positions in northeastern Italy. The Rome manager of a Soviet petrochemical company was also seized, as paymaster of the operation. In Madrid, a member of the trade delegation at the Soviet embassy was expelled three weeks ago. Was there a connection, perhaps through revelations by Vladimir Kuzichkin, the 35-year-old senior KGB operative in Iran, who defected to Britain last fall? As a former agent in the Middle East and the Orient, Kuzichkin certainly would have had wide knowledge of Soviet espionage activities.

French, British and U.S. intelligence sources were quick to dismiss the possibility of any link between the French crackdown and expulsions elsewhere in Western Europe. French officials pointed out that the expelled Soviets had been under investigation long before Kuzichkin came in from the cold. Another hypothesis to help explain Mitterrand's move was the unresolved murder in mid-February of Lieut. Colonel Bernard Nut, a top French agent, although officials in Paris insisted that the incident was not "decisive" *(see box)*. Analysts also rejected the theory that Mitterrand had been angered by the arrest a week earlier of a 25-year-old French archivist, Patrick Guerrier, who had been caught passing classified documents relating to French energy plans to a Soviet attaché. Said a Western expert on Soviet affairs: "You don't have to look any further than the obvious explanation. The Soviet buildup has been substantial, and the French are sick of it, just like the British were."

Over the past decade, the KGB presence in France has mushroomed. Between 1971 and 1981, the number of Soviet citizens residing in France rose from 1,000 to 2,406, while the count of official Soviet functionaries more than tripled from 200 to 700. DST officials estimate that about one-third of the total number are full-time agents of the KGB or the GRU, the military intelligence service. Says a former French counterintelligence officer: "We figure that one agent can recruit ten collaborators. The real danger lies in the tentacular nature of this espionage network." At the center of the network in France is the Soviet embassy, a neo-Stalinist white marble bunker located near the Bois de Boulogne. The KGB also operates out of the ambassador's downtown residence, the trade mission, the consulate, Aeroflot offices, the TASS news agency and through Soviet delegations to international organizations like UNESCO.

According to U.S. officials, Soviet intelligence has given France priority because of the country's advanced aeronautical and nuclear weapons technology, as well as its "pivotal political role" in Western Europe. Mitterrand last month was shown a report prepared by the DST that claimed that the KGB has penetrated an estimated 30% of classified French military and industrial technology. Among prime espionage targets: advanced French aircraft carriers and the Exocet air-to-surface missile. Soviet agents have been prowling naval bases like Toulon, on the Mediterranean, which houses two carriers and the nuclear submarine *Rubis*. These French naval forces are assigned the mission, in case of war, of blocking Soviet access to the Mediterranean from bases in the Black Sea. The KGB is equally interested in the

might have also been fixed so that Nut would have been left stranded on the deserted road at the mercy of a killer masquerading as a helpful passer-by. It was equally possible that Nut might have left the motor running while he jumped out of his car to make a quick, and fatal, rendezvous.

None of the clues have led police to a suspect. Nut is rumored to have been carrying on a stormy affair with a Lebanese woman and might have been the victim of a crime of passion. But given his intelligence connections, it seemed more likely that he was the target of a foreign operative, perhaps even a double agent.

Though Nut ostensibly kept watch on vital French nuclear installations in his region, he is known to have been running a team of undercover agents and informants, providing information on Soviet intelligence activities in France. He made several trips to Italy, which prompted speculation that he might have been investigating Bulgarian links in the plot to kill Pope John Paul II. Nut could also have played a role in uncovering Soviet Agent Victor Pronin, who was arrested in Rome the day before the French intelligence officer was murdered. Italian Under Secretary of Defense Bartolo Ciccardini seemed convinced that Nut's death played a role in last week's mass expulsion. Said he: "This assassination triggered a war between the French and Soviet secret services. The French could not allow an incident like this simply to slip by."

James Bondian notions of espionage notwithstanding, secret agents generally avoid killing one another: it is considered a violation of the rules of the game and can lead to reprisals. Still, many West Europeans wondered last week whether the violent murder of so high-ranking a spook had not played a key role in persuading Mitterrand that it was time to send the Soviet officials packing.

French development of a sophisticated, miniaturized neutron bomb and a new tactical nuclear missile called the Andes, which has a 250-mile range.

Against this background of increasingly brazen Soviet exploits, the abrupt expulsions seemed long overdue to French counterintelligence services. Former Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin revealed that in 1971, when Georges Pompidou was President, he had proposed the expulsion of 150 Soviet and East European agents, but that it was decided not to jeopardize relations with the Soviets. Under Giscard, the argument prevailed that it is better to keep spies who are already identified and known rather than throw them out and have to start anew ferreting out replacements. Accordingly, over the past 20 years France, publicly at least, had expelled only 15 Soviet officials.

Whatever the mixture of motives behind Mitterrand's decision to break with the past, the political rewards outweighed the risks. A firm show of independence never hurt any political leader, and even the center-right opposition parties were obliged to approve the President's action. As for Mitterrand's Communist allies, they were in no position to complain without appearing subservient to Moscow. From Greece, where he was visiting, Party Secretary-General Georges Marchais dismissed any thought of leaving the government over the spy affair.

Equally, Mitterrand had little to fear from the Soviets, if only because his relations with them already were chilled. The President has criticized Soviet policy in Afghanistan and Poland while supporting the controversial NATO decision to deploy medium-range U.S. missiles in Western Europe.

Taken aback by what one Moscow source described as Mitterrand's "un-French" behavior, the Soviets bitterly protested against the "arbitrary nature" of the expulsions. Though Moscow told a British diplomat and a newsman to leave, it took no immediate retaliatory action against France. Trade reprisals seemed improbable, since France already has a worsening trade deficit with the Soviet Union. Nor was it likely that Moscow would cancel imports of French machinery needed for the Soviet natural-gas pipeline project to Western Europe. The Soviets undoubtedly will find ways to make their displeasure felt, but experts do not expect anything much more serious. In Washington, London and Bonn, meanwhile, Mitterrand's challenge to the Soviet espionage buildup was warmly approved as much for its direct impact as its symbolic value. By his bold gesture, the French President reminded his allies that the Soviet threat is a reality that cannot be ignored. ***—By Frederick Painton. Reported by William Blaylock and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris***

SOCIALISTS

Never at a Loss for Words

Brandt irks his comrades by molding a movement to his image

After fighting broke out in El Salvador, a group of West European Socialists dodged bullets to meet with leftist rebel leaders. During the siege of Beirut, a delegation of Social Democrats picked its way through rubble to confer with Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat. When they are not touring global hot spots, representatives of the Socialist International, the umbrella organization for 49 Social Democratic parties in Europe, Asia and the Americas, meet frequently to make pronouncements that, they hope, will be heeded by an estimated

Willy Brandt: a contentious leader

Soft on Poland, tough on El Salvador.

15 million party members worldwide.

Yet when 300 ranking Socialists from 70 countries converged on the Portuguese resort of Albufeira last week, the focus was less on their ample advice for world leaders than on the movement's considerable problems. In the past 19 months, five European Socialist parties, including West Germany's, have lost their places in government coalitions. Among those that remain in power, France's is confronted with major economic difficulties and Spain's faces high unemployment. Meanwhile, the Socialist International has become riven by internal squabbles, mostly centering on the contentious role played by its president, former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, 69.

The meeting was marred by the assassination of Issam Sartawi, the P.L.O. delegate, in a hotel lobby Sunday morning. The gunman escaped. Sartawi's presence in Albufeira had been a contentious issue. If all had gone according to plan, the Socialists would have held their 16th biennial congress in Sydney, Australia. But last February, at Brandt's request, Portuguese Socialist Leader Mário Soares extended a formal invitation to the P.L.O. to send an observer. The Australian Socialists, led by newly elected Prime Minister Robert Hawke, objected strenuously, since they did not want to give the impression that they were "instant radicals," as one Australian at last week's meeting put it. Thus the Congress had to be moved to Portugal at the last minute.

As chairman of the West German Social Democratic Party, the largest contributor to the organization, Brandt has used his party's bureaucracy and his personal prestige to expand the movement's influence in the Third World. He has got 16 leftist movements and parties, including those of Guatemala, Venezuela and Costa Rica, to join. But, to the dismay of some of his colleagues, he has imprinted the Socialist International with his own ideological stamp. The Socialist International routinely condemns human rights abuses in South Africa or South Korea, but delegations heading for East European capitals often steer away from controversial subjects. When Poland's General Wojciech Jaruzelski declared martial law in December 1981, Brandt issued a bland statement of regret noting that "unwanted advice and strongly worded declarations will not help the people of Poland." Brandt has also drawn fire for his calls for "revolutionary change" in El Salvador.

In both cases, angry Socialist comrades demanded that the International issue an immediate "clarification." The revised documents explicitly condemned the "brutal repression of civil rights" in Poland, and softened Brandt's position on El Salvador by leaving open the possibility for "free and honest elections." His authoritarian approach brought him into conflict with Swedish General Secretary Bernt Carlsson, 44. Early this year in Bonn, Carlsson pointedly reminded Brandt that "this is a Socialist International not a German International." In retaliation, Brandt forced Carlsson to step down last week.

Brandt's supporters argue that he has broadened the Socialist International's appeal. Says Austrian Prime Minister Bruno Kreisky: "It is a question of whether it is better to be pure or to have greater numbers." Perhaps, but by drawing more strident leftists into the fold, Brandt may ultimately weaken the movement's influence. As French President François Mitterrand's failure to send a high-powered delegation to Portugal showed, Socialist parties in power tend to have little time for the empty rhetoric of those that are not. ■

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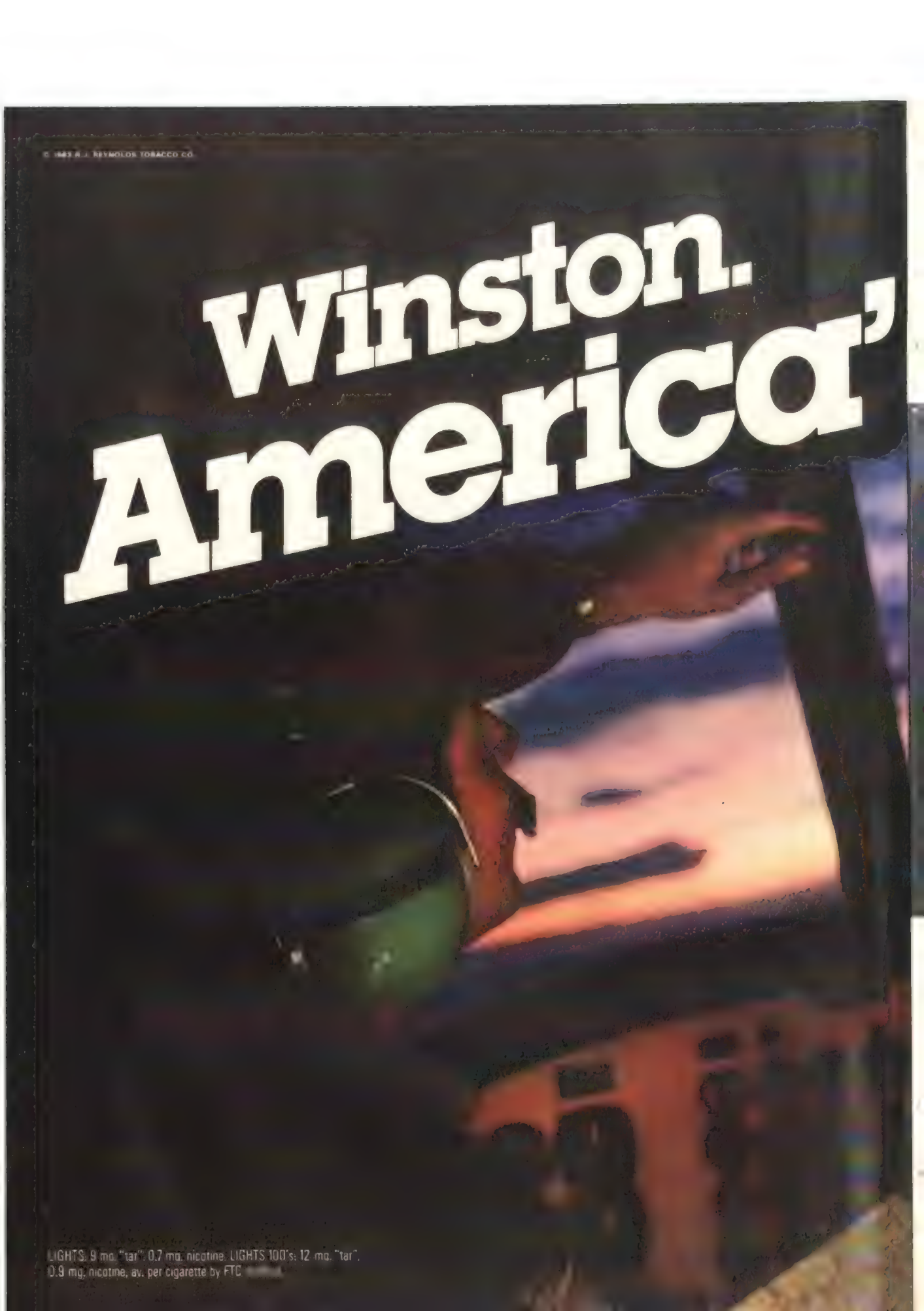

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A. SARTORI

Threatened by artillery fire, civilians flee a refugee camp on the Thai border

KAMPUCHEA

The Deadly Rite of Spring

Viet Nam attacks rebels, bombs civilians and goads Thailand

Each year, when monsoon rains sweep in from the Indian Ocean, three separate guerrilla armies emerge from their sanctuaries to challenge the 180,000 Vietnamese troops who have been occupying Kampuchea since 1979. And each year, when the parched rice paddies sprout nothing but stubble, the Vietnamese seek revenge, rolling out their tanks in an effort to eliminate the 45,000 armed "nationalists" opposed to the Vietnamese-backed government of President Heng Samrin. But this year the Vietnamese have instigated something more than the usual rite of spring. In their most deadly and deliberate offensive yet, they have been training their guns not only on the insurgents but on unarmed civilians and even on neighboring Thailand.

The latest Vietnamese assault has forced 45,000 Kampuchean civilians who live in camps along the 450-mile border with Thailand to flee across the frontier; according to some reports, 90 people have been killed and 300 wounded. Said State Department Spokesman Alan Romberg: "We are appalled that Vietnamese forces indiscriminately attacked settlements containing thousands of civilians." The U.S. has already sent an emergency grant of $1.5 million to the Red Cross, and last week it announced that it would immediately begin airlifting into Thailand a number of Redeye antiaircraft missiles, followed by new 155-mm extended-range howitzers.

The Vietnamese apparently plan to obliterate the main camps of each of the three resistance groups in turn. Two weeks ago they demolished Phnom Chat, a border settlement loyal to the Khmer Rouge, the largest of the insurgent groups. Three days later, and 70 miles to the northeast, they leveled O Samach, which is also known as Sihanoukville for its 30,000 followers of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who was deposed in 1970. The next Vietnamese target will probably be the camps of Ban Sangae and Nong Samet, which house 96,000 civilians and serve as a center for the Khmer People's National Liberation Front. That group is led by Son Sann, 71, who is perhaps Kampuchea's least-tarnished and therefore (to the Vietnamese) most threatening nationalist leader.

At the same time, the Vietnamese have sent their troops a mile into Thai territory, directing artillery fire at Thai villages and shelling a highway. The Thais angrily responded by sending F-5E fighter planes to dislodge Vietnamese soldiers and by dispatching a note of protest to the United Nations, charging the Vietnamese with "unprovoked and blatant acts of aggression." In Bangkok, the ambassadors of Viet Nam and the Soviet Union, which supports Viet Nam, were summoned to the foreign ministry for a stern lecture.

In return, the Vietnamese began a diplomatic offensive of their own, accusing Thailand of actively supporting the border rebels and China of supplying them with arms through Thailand. China has always backed the guerrillas in Kampuchea. But while Thailand probably allows China to send arms through Thai territory, it has tried to avoid direct involvement in Kampuchea's strife. Says District Chief Palakorn Suwannarath: "For the past four years we've been plagued by refugees, artillery shelling, black market activities and dislocation of civilians along the border. We get no benefit at all from these undisciplined resistance groups." Whatever Thailand does, the deadly seasonal cycle of violence in Kampuchea seems only to be getting worse. ■

SOVIET UNION

Freedom Flight

After five years, an exit visa

At the time, many saw it as a desperate, probably futile gamble. Seven Pentecostals from Siberia raced past startled Soviet guards and into the U.S. embassy in Moscow. Their aim: to win permission to leave a country that, they said, persecuted members of their religious minority (estimated size: at least 150,000). The fugitives were given a single 12-ft.-by-20-ft. room in the embassy basement and later took over the barbershop next door. Last week, after nearly five years in their refuge, the Siberian Seven, as they have become known, finally moved a little closer to freedom when Soviet authorities allowed one of them, Lidiya Vashchenko, 32, to board an Austrian Airlines flight to Vienna.

Vashchenko's family has been at odds with the Soviet government for 20 years. Their particular Pentecostal practices forbid them to serve in the army, while their devoutness prompted them to withdraw their children from atheistic state schooling. Moreover, ever since Lidiya, her four relatives and two neighbors dashed into the U.S. embassy, the conflict has become more complicated. The Soviets promised to consider their visa applications only if all seven returned to their native city of Chernogorsk in southern Siberia and applied through normal channels. Fearing reprisals, the seven had steadfastly refused to leave the embassy.

In January 1982, however, Vashchenko and her more robust mother Augustina, 53, began a hunger strike. After a month Lidiya, whose weight had dropped to 84 lbs., became so weak that she agreed to be taken to Moscow's Botkin Hospital and nursed back to health. Two weeks later, she returned to Chernogorsk. There, determined to test the government's promise, she applied to the local authorities for permission to leave.

Lidiya

Last month the government abruptly granted her request, stipulating only that she move either to Israel or West Germany. "We have always believed God was calling us to go to Israel," said a smiling Vashchenko upon arriving in Vienna, before flying from there to Israel.

U.S. diplomats were not sure last week if the Soviet move signaled any change in government attitudes. For their part, the Vashchenkos stubbornly demanded that eleven relatives back in Siberia also be allowed to emigrate. Meanwhile, the U.S. embassy has reassured the six that it will extend its hospitality indefinitely. ■

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Explosion of economic despair: a mob loots stores in São Paulo

BRAZIL

Blowup

Jobless workers on a rampage

The march had been planned as a peaceful demonstration to dramatize the plight of unemployed Brazilians. But as the procession of 1,000 made its way through the streets of São Paulo last week, the mood suddenly turned ugly. Shouting "End the unemployment or we will stop Brazil!" a rampaging mob shattered windows in supermarkets, butcher shops and bakeries, stripping shelves bare of food. Other looters helped themselves to clothing, television sets and even 518 lbs. of coffee from a delivery van. The rioting continued sporadically, spreading through poor neighborhoods and threatening the busy downtown shopping district. At week's end Brazilian military police had not yet succeeded in fully restoring order.

The explosion of economic despair in Brazil's most populous state (25 million) posed the first major challenge to Governor Andre Franco Montoro, who has been in office for barely a month. A member of the center-left Brazilian Democratic Movement, Montoro was swept into power last November in the first open elections to be held since the military took charge in 1964. Though Montoro used to decry the heavyhanded police tactics of Brazil's authoritarian federal government before his election, he found last week that he also had to call out military police when a surging crowd of demonstrators ripped away the iron fence outside the capitol building.

The new Governor finally agreed to hear the demands of a delegation representing the region's unemployed. Later, in a televised address, Montoro said he would create 40,000 new jobs and appealed to industry leaders not to lay off any more workers. But he reminded listeners that São Paulo's pressing economic problems could not be solved quickly.

Montoro's supporters blamed a handful of left-wing agitators for the violence. They are afraid that the central government, which is still led by the military, will use the incident as a pretext to intervene in local affairs. President João Baptista Figueiredo, a former cavalry general who has promised a slow and gradual return of democratic freedom to Brazil by 1985, ordered units of the Brazilian army in São Paulo on alert last week. But he let it be known through an official spokesman that it was the state government's responsibility to maintain public order. ■

PERU

Bloody Sunday

Terrorism in the Andes

The inhabitants of the rugged village of Santiago de Lucanamarca were preparing to celebrate Easter Sunday with music and drink. But all of a sudden about 30 masked men, brandishing axes and hatchets, swarmed into the dusty Andean settlement, setting fire to the municipal hall and pillaging local shops. As the terrified residents scrambled for cover, the intruders rounded up scores of villagers, including wizened old women and barefoot children, and proceeded to stone, hack and shoot many of them to death. After less than two hours, the attackers vanished back into the hills, leaving at least 66 corpses in their wake.

The massacre was a direct affront to the liberal government of Peru's President, Fernando Belaúnde Terry. Ever since Belaúnde's election in 1980, the *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path), a shadowy group of self-styled Maoist guerrillas, has tyrannized the area around the picturesque Andean town of Ayacucho, some 350 miles southeast of Lima. Under the pretext of defying capitalism and central authority, the insurgents have attacked isolated police stations and assassinated villagers suspected of informing against them. In January, Belaúnde sent a 3,500-man task force to Ayacucho to deter the rebels. But the guerrillas continue to pick off their enemies. In the past three years 545 people have been killed in the fighting.

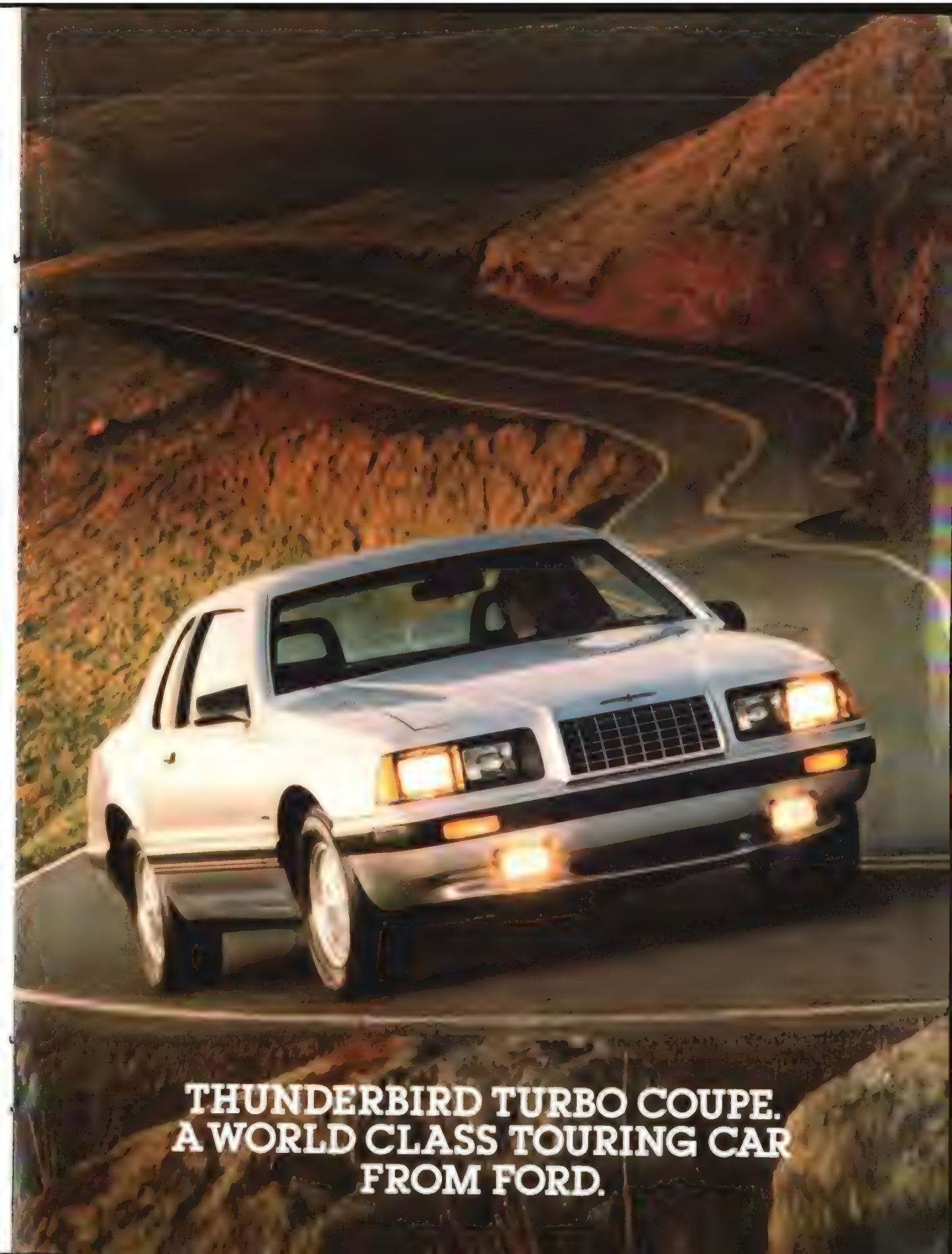
Why the most recent attack? Probably because elders from Lucanamarca traveled 90 miles to Ayacucho last month to petition the government for police protection against the Senderistas. Nothing came of the appeal except savage retribution from the very men the villagers feared. Sums up Enrique Zileri Gibson, director of Lima's leading newsmagazine, *Caretas*: "It is a strategy of terror designed to show the weakness of the army."

Founded in the early 1970s, *Sendero Luminoso* claims as many as 1,000 members, most of them peasants and students from the mountains. Their eccentric ideology is mingled with a curious form of messianic tribalism. The Senderistas use Inca slingshots, for example, to fling dynamite sticks at targets. The guerrillas' atavistic tactics have evoked a similar response from the Andean villagers. When eight journalists were killed near Ayacucho in January, a government commission concluded that villagers had perpetrated the crime using Senderista methods. The bodies of the newsmen were carefully stripped, washed and turned face down, while their clothes were burned, in accordance with the traditional rites of Andean exorcism. The investigating commission called attention to a fundamental difference between "a Western judicial system and another—archaic, traditional, hidden and sometimes in conflict with the other—which rules the lives and customs of the high Andes."

Such hoary superstitions do not seem to interest Belaúnde. The President wrote off the Easter massacre as "an insanity perpetrated by people who are psychologically unhinged." Although he has deployed his troops, Belaúnde will need a more detailed and determined policy if he is to save Andean villagers from their ruthless oppressors. ■

A patrol trained to root out guerrillas

Maoism mingled with murderous tribalism.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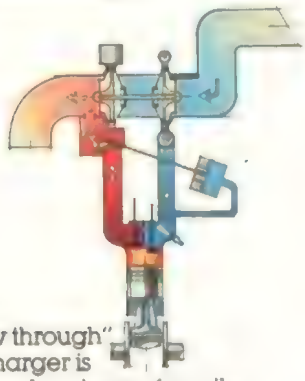

A "blow through" turbocharger is positioned upstream from the injectors and throttle plate.

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The electronic fuel injection system with EEC-IV.

The fuel injection system, fed by an electric fuel pump, is port type—with an injector ahead of each intake valve for precise metering.

The system is run by a computer called EEC-IV. A fourth-generation, state-of-the-art microprocessor-based engine control system capable of thousands of operations per second.

At one extreme, it will immediately set up air/fuel mixture and timing for a quick cold-start. At the other extreme, it will help the engine push to its safe limits. In between, it senses by the millisecond what you are asking the car to do, and balances the engine's air/fuel mixture and ignition timing for optimum power, response and efficiency.

The 5-speed transmission.

The free-revving powerplant is mated to a 5-speed gearbox. The ratios are carefully calibrated so there is a proper gear for any turn, any straightaway.

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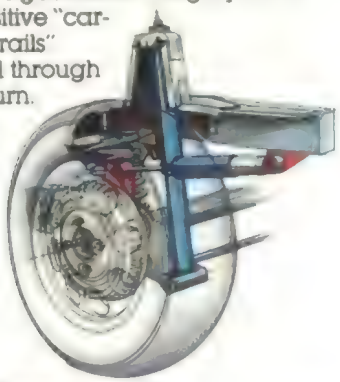
Turbo Coupe has one of the lowest drag coefficients of any four-passenger high-performance car in America. But more than that, Thunderbird uses the wind to help hold itself firmly on the road. It reduces lift on the hood for directional stability. Reduces lift on the rear for cornering agility. The smooth lines even lower wind noise inside the cabin. This is the difference between mere aerodynamics and what we call "air flow management."

Gas-filled struts and shocks for ride and handling.

The front struts and rear shocks on Turbo Coupe contain a low pressure charge of nitrogen. This suppresses foaming of the hydraulic fluid due to rapid bumps or exuberant driving. This in turn means the ride doesn't have to be overly stiff in normal driving to be stiff enough when you, or the road, demand.

Plus two additional rear shocks for pure handling.
Turbo Coupe has a second set of rear shocks mounted in a rather unique and interesting position...longitudinally between the rear axle and the body. These help maintain the car's geometric integrity for a positive "car-on-rails" feel through a turn.



Performance tires.
Turbo Coupe mounts Goodyear Eagle P205/70HR 14 performance tires on lightweight cast aluminum wheels. The tires feature an aggressive tread pattern, performance compound rubber, and low profile design for a wide footprint. Result: excellent traction and cornering power on wet or dry pavement.

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There are three. The driving center puts steering wheel, light controls and shift lever right where your hands want them to be. The environment center clusters radio and climate control a comfortable reach away. The console center nestles electric controls for windows, seats and mirrors in a pod next to your right thigh. The car feels as if it flows from your fingertips.

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PERSIAN GULF

A Glut That Is All Too Visible

As ministers fiddle, a menacing oil slick continues to spread

Oil has been the font of their prosperity for decades, but now the wealthy sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf are almost literally swimming in the gooey, black liquid. Since March, three damaged Iranian wells have been spewing some 7,000 bbl. a day of crude into the waters of the gulf, producing an oil slick that is roughly the size of New Jersey and that may rank as the second largest in history.* Much of the menacing sludge rests just below the surface of the gulf's usually crystalline waters, but it is betrayed by a bluish sheen that can be seen easily from the air. Last week, as the vast slick threatened to wash ashore, it triggered a near panic in the eight nations that border on the gulf.

The spill endangers marine life as well as industrial installations along the shoreline. The gravest threat is to the huge desalination plants that Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain and the other arid nations depend on for their drinking water. From Saudi Arabia to the Straits of Hormuz last week, armies of workmen were ringing the shore with floating plastic booms designed to protect the plants' intake valves. Meanwhile, panicky shoppers in Qatar went on a hoarding spree, pushing the price of bottled mineral water to almost $1 a liter—more than five times the OPEC price for crude oil. Officials from Iran and the seven Arab states that border on the gulf belatedly decided to meet in Kuwait to search for a solution to the problem, but the politics of the 2½-year-old Iran-Iraq war quickly got in the way. At week's end there was no agreement on how to cap the gushers, much less on how to clean up the resulting mess. Even as the ministers spoke, patches of tar started to wash up on Bahrain's sandy beaches.

The spill began in late January, when a storm toppled a rig in Iran's Nowruz oil field at the northern tip of the gulf. The well had already been damaged two years ago, when a tanker rammed the platform, causing almost 2,000 bbl. a day to pour into the sea. In March, Iraqi helicopter gunships bombed at least two other wells in the same oil field. Those wells began leaking up to 5,000 additional bbl. a day.

Ordinarily such leaks are repaired within weeks. Iran says that it sent experts to inspect the damage, but that they were bombarded by the Iraqis in air attacks. On March 2, Iraq announced that any ships that came near the damaged platforms would be treated as military targets. Iranian officials say they had offered Texan Red Adair, the world's best-known oil troubleshooter, $1 million to supervise a repair effort, but that he refused to work under wartime conditions. The immense slick developed, says a Western diplomat in Bahrain, because "no one will go out there and cap a well unless he's sure he is not going to be shot at."

The 250,000 bbl. of oil now floating around the gulf will cause extensive, and permanent, damage to the gulf. Only small fragments of the glutinous mass have washed ashore thus far, but a small change in the predominantly southeasterly wind could drive the main body of the slick onto hundreds of miles of Arab coastline. Says an environmentalist in the gulf: "The slick is not going to go around looking for a home forever." In Qatar alone, the tide of oil could close down two desalination plants that now produce 37 million gal. of fresh water daily, most of the supply for the population of 250,000. Even small amounts of oil would jam the plants' delicate machinery.

The gulf is a fertile breeding ground for jumbo shrimp and more than 200 kinds of fish, including tuna and sea bass. Although the extent of damage to marine life is not yet known, dead fish are already washing ashore in Saudi Arabia and Qatar. Some officials fear that the contamination may destroy a year's catch of some varieties.

Attempts to find a political solution that would allow experts to go into the area of the spill have been stymied by the bitterness of the war between Iran and Iraq. At the urging of the smaller gulf states, officials from the United Nations last week agreed to oversee the cease-fire and repair work on the wells. But at the Kuwait meeting, efforts to negotiate the details of an accord stalled amid endless bickering. Iraq insisted that any cease-fire agreement prevent Iran from using the delay to rearm. In turn, the Iranians charged that the Iraqis secretly hope to turn any temporary cease-fire into a formal end to the war. Iran also demanded that Iraq admit culpability for the March attack on the oil wells. Iraq refused, arguing that the bombing had been an accident. Said a frustrated Western diplomat: "Who cares if it is called a cease-fire or safe passage or what? The point is to stop the spillage and clean up the mess."

In fact, both Iran and Iraq have reasons for exacerbating the disaster. Iraq hopes that a delay will increase the pressure on Arab countries to call for a broader cease-fire in the war that Iraq started in 1980 and that it is now eager to end. Iran, on the other hand, may expect the deteriorating environment to help split Iraq from Saudi Arabia and the smaller gulf states, which have funneled hundreds of millions of dollars into the Iraqi war effort. If such hopes are being nurtured in the Iranian capital of Tehran, they are unrealistic. Both sides in the Iran-Iraq war are, as a Western diplomat puts it, "obsessed with getting the maximum military and propaganda advantage" from the spill. Under the shadow of such rampant obstructionism, the nations of the gulf seem doomed to deal with an ever more visible oil glut. —*By Kenneth W. Barta. Reported by Robert C. Wurmstedt/Bahrain*

Army teams in Bahrain set up barricades to protect a desalination plant

High-priced mineral water, dead fish and gooey swaths of tar.

*The record holder, a 1979 spill off the east coast of Mexico that took nine months to cap.

MIDDLE EAST

Seeking Safety in Numbers

Arafat seems to say no to Hussein—and to Reagan

"This is a unique moment, which must be seized before it is lost." Those were the words of State Department Spokesman John Hughes last week, as he called again upon Israel and the Arab states to join in peace negotiations proposed by President Reagan last September to settle the destiny of 1.3 million Palestinians who live in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. King Hussein of Jordan had indicated his willingness to consider joining the peace process, but only if he had the backing of the Palestine Liberation Organization. After four meetings in the Jordanian capital of Amman, Hussein and P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat seemed for a time to be on the verge of an agreement. By the end of the week, however, it was clear that they were not. Arafat headed for South Yemen, leaving to two aides the task of telling Hussein that the P.L.O. was not yet ready to adopt a joint negotiating position with the Jordanians. That was bad news for the Reagan initiative and for the cause of peace in the Middle East.

Arafat had appeared to understand the urgency of the situation as well as Hussein did. Israel is engaged in a crash program of building Jewish settlements in the West Bank, whose population at the moment is 96% Arab. By 1987, if not sooner, however, the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin expects to increase the Jewish population of the territory from 35,000 to 100,000, making the Israeli colonization essentially irreversible.

DE B. LORENZO—SYGMA

King Hussein welcomes Arafat to Amman

At the beginning of his latest talks with Hussein, Arafat described the political difficulties he faces, not only from P.L.O. hard-liners but from a number of Arab states as well. Hussein then asked Arafat if he would endorse Jordanian participation in U.S.-sponsored peace negotiations, whose aim would be to establish a future relationship between Jordan, the West Bank and Gaza. Arafat replied that he could not give the King a mandate to speak for the Palestinians. Arafat reportedly also put aside the idea of authorizing certain Palestinians who are not members of the P.L.O. to participate in future negotiations. When Hussein proposed that a joint P.L.O.-Jordanian team should join negotiations over the Reagan plan, Arafat complained that the U.S. initiative was weak because it did not give sufficient support to the rights of the Palestinians. Quoting an old Arabic saying, an Arafat aide grumbled, "Hussein is trying to sell us the fish in the sea."

As he had done on previous occasions, Hussein tried to persuade Arafat to grant some kind of recognition to Israel, on the gamble that the U.S. would then meet two key Palestinian demands: recognition of the P.L.O. and acceptance of Palestinian self-determination as a basis for negotiation. Arafat, in reply, proposed that the P.L.O. and Jordan agree to a set of negotiating principles, which would

Ailing Schoolgirls

"Ya Allah! Ya Allah! [O Lord! O Lord!]" The cries were from a 15-year-old schoolgirl named Amel Sharif, a patient at Amira Alia Hospital in Hebron in the Israeli-occupied West Bank. Between her screams, Amel tried to explain what had happened to her four days earlier. "I was in school and I smelled something," she said, "and then I felt something pressing on my chest." At that point she passed out and was taken to the hospital, along with 250 other schoolchildren from the area. Her ailment: a mysterious malady that in the past four weeks has afflicted as many as 900 West Bank Palestinians, the majority of them young women.

It all started at a girls' school in the West Bank village of Arrabe when pupils began to complain of the same symptoms: headaches, abdominal pains, dizziness, energy loss. The ailment spread to eight schools in Jenin, a larger West Bank town a few miles away, and early last week it reached Hebron. What was going on? Baruch Modan, Director-General of the Israeli Ministry of Health, acknowledged that the first cases might have been caused by some "environmental irritant." Investigators had noted the presence of a yellow powder, possibly pollen, on some windowsills of one school near Jenin, and the air in the vicinity of the school was found to contain a trace of hydrogen sulfide. Doctors in Hebron observed slightly excessive amounts of calcium and sodium in the blood of some of their patients. Said one local doctor: "There is no sign of poisoning. Still, something has happened to these girls."

But what? Because the West Bank lies at the epicenter of Arab-Israeli tensions, both sides charged that the "epidemic" was politically based. Arab leaders maintained that Israeli authorities, or perhaps extremist Jewish settlers in the West Bank, had poisoned the schoolgirls, hoping to intimidate the Palestinians and eventually drive them out of the West Bank. Yasser Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, declared that it was all part of a "planned and systematic crime against our people." Israeli officials, stung by such accusations, charged that the Palestinians were exaggerating the seriousness of the illness for political effect. Later the Israelis claimed that a few of the girls had admitted they faked their symptoms. The World Health Organization, the International Red Cross and the U.S. accepted an Israeli invitation to send medical experts to make their own investigations, but the results of these studies have not yet been announced.

By last week many Israeli doctors were convinced that whatever the original "environmental irritant" might have been, the West Bank ailment had become what some described as a "mass phenomenon." A Palestinian health official agreed, concluding that while the first 20% of the cases were probably caused by the inhalation of some kind of gas, the remaining 80% were basically psychosomatic. As Director-General Modan put it, "We don't want to call it hysteria for fear we will create hysteria." A more fundamental problem is that even if the epidemic really was a case of mass hysteria, few Palestinian Arabs in the emotion-charged West Bank were likely to believe it.

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then be presented to an Arab summit meeting for ratification. Explained an aide: "Arafat does not want to make a move without a lot of people moving with him." Referring to Egypt's isolation from the rest of the Arab world after Anwar Sadat signed the peace treaty with Israel, he added: "The lesson of Sadat is that there is safety in numbers." That was fine with Hussein, but first he wanted to work out the details of the agreement with Arafat One of the P.L.O. leader's colleagues remarked that, as always, "Hussein wants specificity, and Arafat wants ambiguity."

So far, so good. But after four sessions Arafat abruptly asked for an adjournment and left for Kuwait. Unperturbed, Jordanian officials announced that the talks would be "completed" when Arafat returned later in the week. But the P.L.O. leader did not come back. For the moment at least, he seemed unable to make a move that might alienate hard-liners within his organization and possibly provoke a split. That appeared to leave Hussein with the toughest decision of all: whether to take the bold and dangerous step of joining the peace process on his own

For the Reagan Administration, the apparent failure of the Hussein-Arafat talks was a big disappointment. U.S. officials were also upset about reports that the Israeli government had embarked on a policy of encouraging American Jews to buy land in the West Bank. Reacting with anger, the State Department repeated Reagan's call of last September for a freeze in settlement building in the West Bank. Then, for the first time, Spokesman Hughes hinted publicly that the U.S might apply sanctions against Israel to halt the spread of settlements if Hussein joined the peace talks. Said Hughes: "We are determined to do our best to assure that the results of those negotiations are not prejudiced from the outset by activities of any party that reduce the prospects of a negotiated peace."

King Hussein had told the U.S. several months ago that he would not enter the peace process until Israeli forces withdrew from Lebanon. Negotiations between the Israelis and the Lebanese have been going slowly, although there were signs of progress last week. A number of security matters remain unresolved, including the future role of Major Saad Haddad, a renegade Lebanese army officer who is Israel's best friend in Lebanon But negotiations are moving so quickly that the two sides have scheduled four meetings for this week instead of the usual two. Israeli officials declared after the 27th round of talks that they were hopeful of an agreement in the "near future," perhaps by the end of the month. By then, however, it may be too late to persuade Arafat to support Hussein in giving negotiations with Israel and the U.S. a chance. —*By William E. Smith.*

Reported by Harry Kelly/Jerusalem and Roberto Suro/Amman

SOUTH AFRICA

Black Spots

Dead for a principle

Nestled in a fertile valley 200 miles east of Johannesburg, the village of Driefontein is a picture of rural contentment. Flower beds front its comfortable houses, cattle browse in lush pastures, and fruit trees abound. But Driefontein is different: it is a so-called "black spot," an area of black settlement surrounded mainly by white farmers. For several years, in keeping with South Africa's policy of apartheid, the government has tried to persuade the 7,000 black farmers of Driefontein to move to black "homelands" in the desolate Kangwane and Kwazulu regions. The blacks have bitterly resisted the move, and last week the conflict turned bloody

Mkhize addressing villagers in Driefontein

A microcosm of the problems of apartheid.

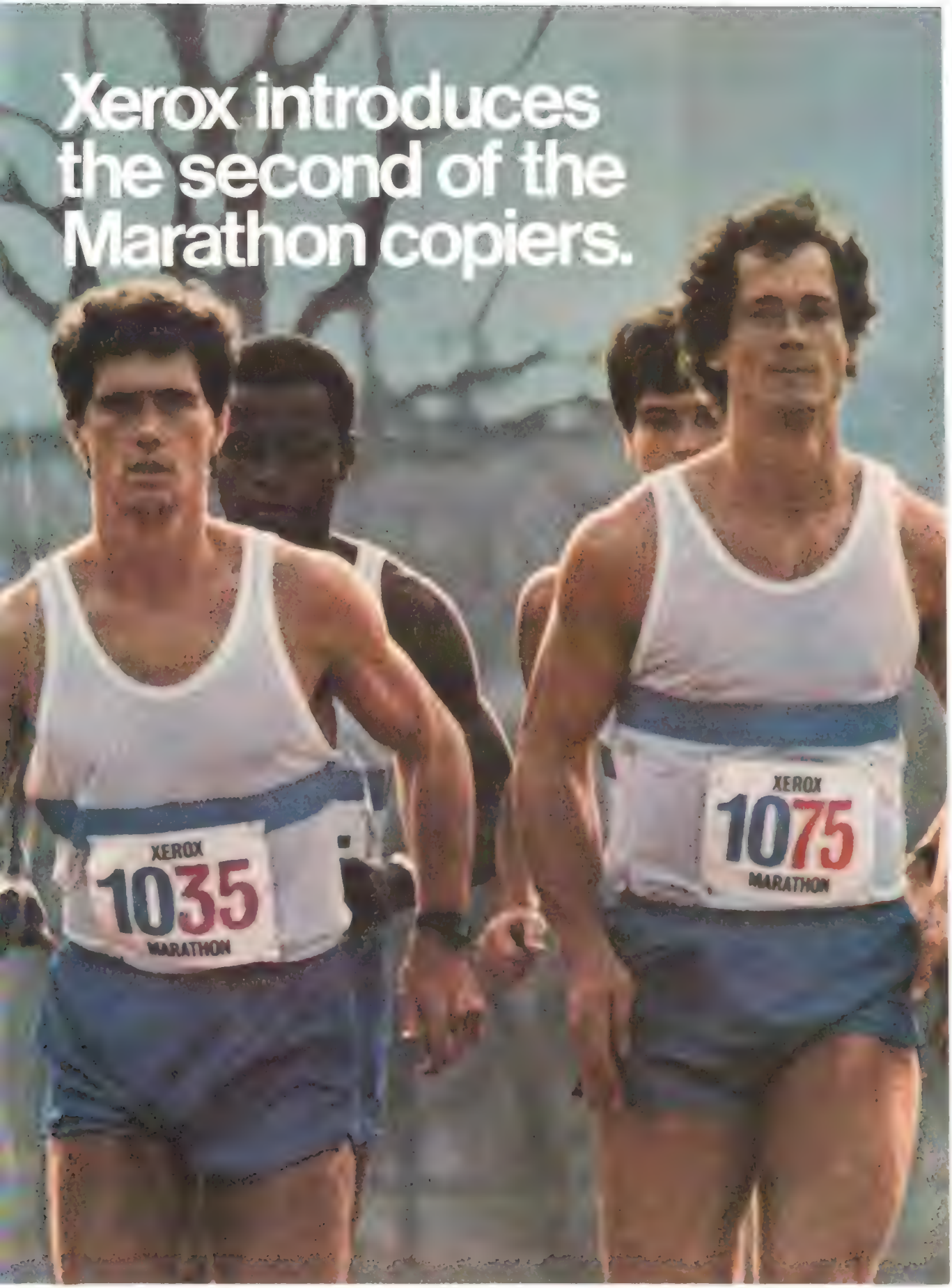
Driefontein's resistance to the draconian program had an unlikely leader in Saul Mkhize, 48, a quiet, slender accountant. He owned the land that his grandfather had settled in 1912, when 300 black families pooled their resources to purchase a 6,000-acre tract. But in 1981 the government announced that it needed all the land in Driefontein to build a dam. To show that they were serious, officials arrived to paint numbers on the heart-shaped gravestones in the Driefontein cemetery in preparation for moving the remains. Mkhize and his neighbors protested vigorously, insisting that they owned the land and would not leave

The conflict came to a head when Mkhize called a public meeting in the yard of Driefontein's school buildings to discuss the issue. Holding a bullhorn, Mkhize delayed his introductory speech to the 300 people present, waiting for more to arrive. Suddenly, a police van roared into the schoolyard and screeched to a halt. Flanked by a black officer, Police Constable J.A. Nienaber, a white, declared that the gathering was illegal. When no one moved, he threw a tear-gas canister into the crowd and then struck Mkhize in the face. The angry crowd surged toward the police, jostling them. Nienaber retreated to his van and pulled out of the yard. Inexplicably, he then jumped from the van with a shotgun and declared he would shoot. As the crowd dispersed, Nienaber fired, shooting Mkhize fatally in the chest. The police claimed that Nienaber acted in self-defense, but public outrage over the killing has swept South Africa. Says Civil Rights Activist Josie Adler: "Saul was not a radical. He just wanted to keep his land."

Driefontein is a microcosm of the problems caused by the country's attempt to segregate blacks and whites. Drafted in 1959, South Africa's program of "separate development" calls for gradually ejecting the blacks from their communities and transferring their citizenship to various remote homelands. The aim is to ensure that South Africa's 5 million whites artificially become the majority in the country The plan will also put an end to arguments for giving the country's 21 million blacks representation in Parliament, a right that they have always been denied under South Africa's apartheid laws. As former Minister of Native Affairs Connie Mulder explained, "There will not be one black with South African citizenship. There will no longer be a moral obligation on this [white] Parliament to accommodate these people politically."

The Driefontein incident occurred just as the government was preparing to confront another emotional race question South Africa's 850,000 Indians and 2.6 million "colored," or citizens of mixed race, have always received only slightly better treatment than blacks. But the authorities are concerned that the Indians and colored are becoming angrier because, like blacks, they are excluded from any role in government. Last year, to forestall a possible violent explosion, Prime Minister P.W. Botha proposed a modest power-sharing plan that would grant limited parliamentary representation to Indians and colored, while firmly retaining legislative control in white hands

Blacks have criticized the plan for excluding them, while the far right has attacked it as a ploy to dilute white domination. In a move to mollify conservatives, Botha unexpectedly announced that he would call a whites-only referendum on the proposal, most likely this fall. In return, he hopes to win right-wing support in three crucial by-elections this May. For hard-liners worried about keeping blacks in their place, Botha's concession and the police's tough stand in Driefontein were no doubt both reassuring signals. ■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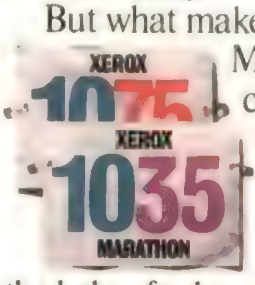

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NIGERIA

A Vigorous but Fragile Democracy

As elections approach, economic woes pose a special challenge

Get two Nigerians together and they will form three political parties: the first two so that they can both be leaders and the third as a vehicle for trying to resolve their differences. Nigerians enjoy telling that story about their penchant for politics. On a continent where military dictatorships and one-party governments are the rule, it is a refreshing reminder that black Africa's wealthiest and most populous (90 million) nation opted for a return to democracy four years ago.

The vigor of the country's political system is apparent in the enthusiasm with which six parties have already embarked on a campaign for national elections in August. Nigeria's infant democracy, however, faces a major test as President Shehu Shagari tries to renew his mandate at a time when the country struggles with a deepening economic crisis prompted by the decline in oil revenues. The seriousness of the situation became evident in January when the government expelled more than a million foreign workers, mostly Ghanaians, in order to ease growing unemployment among Nigerians.

Shagari believes that he and his National Party of Nigeria will improve on the narrow victory they won in 1979, when the country returned to civilian government after 13 years of military rule. "I feel much more confident than in the previous election," Shagari told TIME in a rare interview. "Now we are going to project ourselves not just from our intentions but from our past actions and performance."

Shagari's leadership is widely acknowledged to have been an effective balm for the country after a turbulent decade in which Nigeria was racked by three military coups and a bloody civil war. He has promoted a spirit of unity by even-handedly distributing federal funds to the country's 19 states, regardless of which party is in local control. In an effort to make Nigeria self-sufficient in food, Shagari launched a "green revolution," an ambitious rural development program. He has also made education a top priority; hundreds of new schools have been built since he came to office.

A scholarly, soft-spoken Muslim given to wearing the beaded cap and flowing white robes traditional to northern Nigeria, Shagari, 57, looks more like a poet than a veteran of the rough-and-tumble of politics. In fact, he is both, although he confesses that he has had little time for verse since becoming President. Active in politics even before Nigeria became independent from Britain in 1960, he was one of the architects of Nigeria's new constitution, which was modeled after that of the U.S. and went into effect in 1979.

The transition from military to civilian rule came at a time when oil sales

President Shagari: poet and politician

were booming and government coffers swollen. Says a Western diplomat in Lagos: "There was plenty of money to go around and everyone was happy. Democracy and wealth seemed to go hand in hand." Now there is concern that hard times could revive regionalism among the country's three main tribal groups, the Muslim Hausa-Fulani in the north and the predominantly Christian Yoruba in the west and Ibo in the southeast. Shagari believes that the safeguards built into the constitution in order to make political parties national rather than regional will prevent the country from drifting apart again. "Our constitution was designed deliberately to prevent that kind of situation," he says. "It is now the resolve of every party to ensure that it spreads its influence all over the country."

Traffic congestion in downtown Lagos

A refreshing enthusiasm for politics.

Nigeria's economic woes stem from its dependence on oil revenues. In 1980 the government had currency reserves of $10 billion, and its long-term development projections were based on an OPEC quota of 2.3 million bbl. per day. But by March of this year, reserves were down to $1 billion, and oil production had dropped to 400,000 bbl. per day. Sharply curtailed imports have caused food prices to rise 25% over the past year. There are shortages of raw materials and parts for industry, and many factories have had to cut back production or lay off workers. Construction has been delayed on a number of projects, including a new capital at Abuja in the cool savanna 300 miles northeast of steamy Lagos.

Shagari's opponents charge that he waited too long before initiating austerity measures. There is also growing public anger over corruption, which is rife in both the government and private sector. Shagari personally is considered above reproach, but even some of his supporters chide him for allowing those around him to amass enormous wealth. The President has also been criticized for permitting Chukwuemeka Ojukwu, the Ibo colonel who led the fight for the secession of Biafra in 1967-70, to return from exile in the Ivory Coast and re-enter politics. Shagari had urged Ojukwu not to enter politics immediately, but Ojukwu promptly joined the President's National Party. While he stands to be an influential vote getter in the Ibo states, his action has embarrassed Shagari.

Nigerians will also vote for state governors and members of the Senate, House of Representatives and state assemblies, but most of the attention is being focused on the race for the presidency. Thus far the opposition, divided among five parties, has been unable to mount a cohesive campaign against Shagari. His main opponents are two old war horses of Nigerian politics: Chief Obafemi Awolowo, 74, a Yoruba and leader of the Unity Party of Nigeria, and Nnamdi Azikiwe, 78, an Ibo and head of the Nigerian People's Party. Nigerian politics depends more on personalities than on issues, and the parties differ little in their programs.

Divided as it is, the opposition could still cut into Shagari's support enough to deny him an outright victory. Nigeria's constitution requires that a presidential candidate must win both a plurality of the popular vote and 25% of the ballots in two-thirds of the states. The law was designed to ensure that presidential candidates would seek support nationwide and come to office with broad backing. If Shagari or any other candidate fails to meet that requirement, the political horse trading could go on for months—at great peril to the country's hard-won stability. —***By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by John Borrell/ Lagos***

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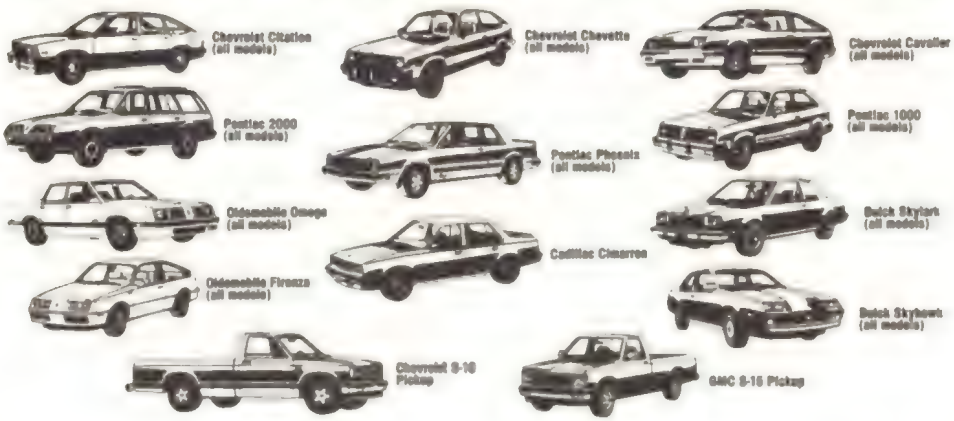

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Thin Wire Away From Eternity

Challenger *makes its debut*

They looked like acrobatic snowmen as they joyously floated, tumbled and wheeled about in their puffy white space suits. But for Astronauts Story Musgrave, 47, and Donald Peterson, 49, last week's orbital excursion was much more than the romp it seemed to millions of television viewers back on earth. Restrained only by 50-ft.-long tethers, they drifted over the new space shuttle *Challenger's* big, open cargo bay, at times peering over the side into the dizzying abyss of space, only a thin wire away from eternity.

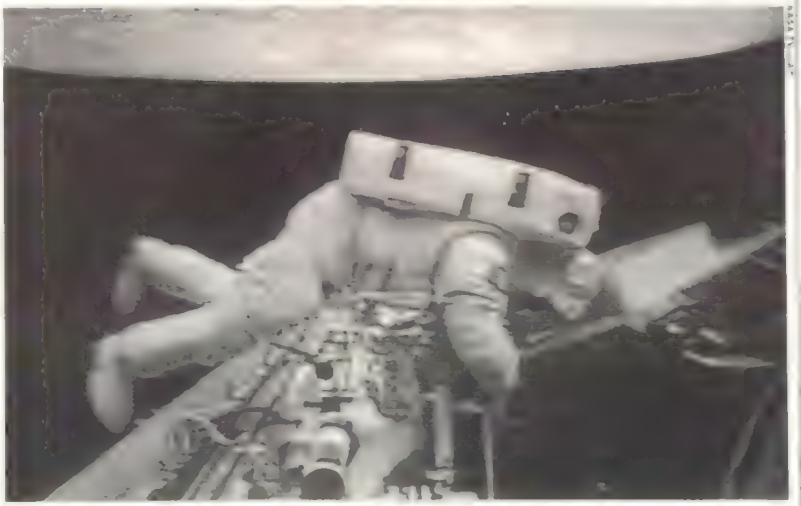
While the earth loomed in the background, Musgrave and Peterson put their $2.1 million suits through a 3-hr. 52-min. test, trying out new zero-g wrenches and winches designed especially for space-age mechanics. The exercise offered a vivid preview of the future: that day not too far off when humans will be working regularly in the forbidding cosmic void.

The dramatic space "walk," the first by Americans since the last Skylab mission nine years ago, was the show stopper of the *Challenger's* delayed, if highly successful, debut. At week's end, five days after a picture-book ascent into the Florida skies and 80 orbits of the earth, the $1 billion space plane landed on Runway 22 of California's sprawling Edwards Air Force Base with an ease that would be the envy of many airline pilots. Skipper Paul Weitz, 50, Co-Pilot Karol Bobko, 45, and the rest of the "Geritol Gang" (as they style themselves because of their ages) quickly emerged from their craft, inspected its exterior and flew to Houston.

With its near perfect performance, *Challenger* more than matched its namesake, a pioneering 19th-century British oceanographic ship, as an explorer of new worlds. NASA showed it had solved the ticklish engine problems that had delayed the *Challenger* flight from Kennedy Space Center for 2½ months. But the voyage did reveal that the space agency must face another issue: quality control, which the shuttle program's boss, Air Force Lieut. General James Abrahamson, has declared a major objective.

Lack of QC, as NASA jargon has it, showed up in small, irritating ways. The astronauts found litter left behind by workmen, including nuts and bolts, washers, lint on inlets for display monitors, even a coat button. One article that should have been on board was mysteriously missing: a battery for the astronauts' headlamps that are used when the ship moves into the earth's shadow. On the ground, Mission Control's computer twice shut down.

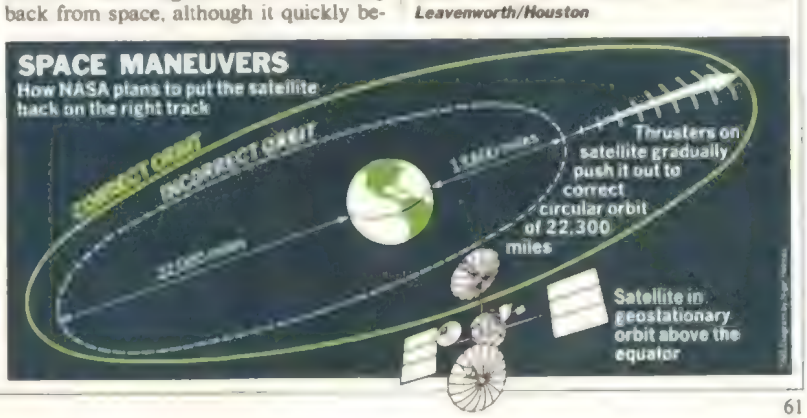
These were all minor matters, however, compared to a failure that occurred on the second day of the mission. *Challenger's* other major task was to carry into orbit a $135 million package of electronic wizardry known as TDRS (tracking and data relay satellite) that is meant to revolutionize space communications. Capable of transmitting as many as 300 million "bits" of information per second—the equivalent of a 140-volume encyclopedia—the satellite is the first of three complex switchboards designed for placement in the sky. Once they are parked in geostationary orbits 22,300 miles above the equator (where their speed matches the earth's rotation), they will be able to relay signals simultaneously from a score of spacecraft, without the need for the present global network of ground stations. Ten hours after takeoff, as *Challenger* circled the earth at 153 miles, the astronauts deployed TDRS. Six hours and 15 minutes later the satellite's rocket, called an inertial upper stage (IUS), was completing its second "burn" when ground controllers lost radio contact with the 4,700-lb. TDRS. For three harrowing hours, there were fears that the most complex communications package ever put into orbit was lost forever. Then signals came crackling back from space, although it quickly became apparent that the satellite had fallen short of its intended orbit, swinging as close as 13,600 miles to earth. It was also traveling at a 2.4° tilt to the equator and tumbling out of control.



With the distant earth "overhead," Donald Peterson works in *Challenger's* cargo bay

Intimations of the future when earthlings will regularly be working in the void.

No one could explain what had gone wrong. One theory was that the trouble lay with the IUS, which has had many developmental problems. But NASA's engineers and technicians were confident that the never-say-die spirit that carried them through past crises would save their wobbling, misplaced "bird." By week's end a team under TDRS Director Robert Aller, the engineer who a decade ago devised the orbital repair of Skylab after it was seriously damaged during launch, laid out a careful rescue scheme. Over the next two weeks, ground controllers plan to fire the satellite's small, attitude-control jets, or thrusters, gradually raising its position in a series of cautious, measured steps until it reaches its proper circular orbit. Says Aller: "The spacecraft is healthy. We want to be sure that we thoroughly understand the situation before we begin implementing those maneuvers." —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin and Geoffrey Leavenworth/Houston*



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New Day of the Condors

Two blessed events raise hopes for a dwindling California species

Their feathers are a funereal black, and their beady, deep red eyes stare out of bald, orange heads. Their great hooked beaks seem as fearsome as scimitars and can make mincemeat of the toughest carrion. As they soar overhead on wings that can extend more than nine feet, they look like oversize buzzards, which in fact is what they are. Yet, despite their ugliness, they have captured the fancy of animal lovers everywhere.

The reason for all the interest is an ornithological first: the birth in captivity of a California condor, North America's largest land bird. The blessed event occurred not once but twice in the past two weeks at the San Diego Zoo. If the chicks live, they will explode the population of these imperiled creatures by some 10%. Only 19 still survive.

The births were a triumph for a controversial program that has had conservationists pecking furiously at each other. Over the protests of the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth and other environmental groups that oppose any human intercession while the condors fight for survival, scientists from the National Audubon Society and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service entered the birds' habitat in California's Los Padres National Forest last February and March. They snatched two fertilized eggs from two roosts and transferred them to incubators at the zoo. The eggnapping, the scientists hoped, would protect the embryos against tumbles from the nest, attacks by predators or, as happened once last year, destructive fights between condor parents over who should be in charge of egg sitting.

Condors usually produce only a single offspring every two years. That gives them plenty of time to tend their young, which take as long as seven years to mature, in a lifetime of perhaps 40 years. But this plodding pace limits the population growth of the big fidgety birds, which have been brought to the edge of extinction by hunting, loss of habitat and even stress from their contacts with humans, including perhaps overzealous researchers. Once the precious eggs were taken, the scientists felt, the would-be parents might be stirred into a new round of lovemaking.

The strategy worked. One couple immediately resumed the age-old condor courting ritual in which the female nibbles provocatively on her mate's neck. Soon there was a new egg in the roost. At the zoo, Bird Curator Arthur Risser and his crew eagerly monitored the incubation. Two weeks ago, one egg showed signs of movement. Subsequently, a chick managed to peck a peanut-size hole in the shell. Like mother condors in the wild, the zoo staffers tapped on the eggshell. When the chick's strength seemed almost sapped from its struggle to free itself, Keeper Cyndi Kuehler cut an opening to let the chick emerge.

The baby, about as big as a human fist, weighed only 7 oz. But it appeared healthy and perky. It was bathed in a salt solution, and clinging pieces of shell were removed. Then, like a human preemie, it was placed in an Isolette, a protective plastic box that guards against infection, borrowed from the pediatric ward of a nearby hospital. After an hour's rest, a midnight supper of chopped-up mice was siphoned down the chick's throat. Later the feedings were administered with the help of a puppeteer's glove designed to look like the head of an adult condor. The purpose of the ruse: to make the baby bird feel that it is a condor so that its association with humans at this crucial stage will not lead to an identity crisis, preventing future breeding.

The chick was christened Sisquoc, an old Indian name for the condor sanctuary in California's Santa Barbara County. Except for an alarming morning of lethargy, apparently caused by oversleeping, Sisquoc prospered on a diet that later included regurgitated food provided by turkey vultures and king vultures at the zoo ("It's a little pig," said Sisquoc's handlers). Last week Sisquoc was joined by a cousin. Four days prematurely, the second condor chick broke out of its shell. The new chick, slightly smaller than Sisquoc and less active, was soon begging for food. It also got a name: Tecuya, an Indian word for a mountain ridge on which condors like to roost in their Ventura County habitat.

The sex of the two birds remains a puzzle. It will probably not be solved until the chicks are strong enough to provide blood samples for chromosome tests. Risser is hoping that at least one of the chicks is a female, so it can eventually mate with one of the three male adult California condors at the Los Angeles Zoo.

The entire experiment has produced jubilation among proponents of the captive-breeding attempt, who feel their view has been vindicated. Indeed, such human efforts have begun to re-establish the peregrine falcon in Eastern cities after an absence of some 35 years. Bred and then released by Cornell University scientists, the falcons now wheel and dive among the skyscrapers. Concerned ornithologists have kept the whooping crane from almost sure extinction and helped a clutch of other birds make a comeback. The Loon Preservation Society has re-established the dwindling population of that water bird in New Hampshire by building artificial islands for nesting. The puffin, once avidly hunted for its feathers and eggs, almost disappeared from the continental U.S. It remained on only one rocky outcropping off Maine. Now, starting with chicks from Newfoundland, the Audubon Society's special puffin project is returning the picturesque birds to other Maine islands.

Whether these campaigns involve transplanted babies or snatched eggs, the animal-loving public seems to approve. Over the past two weeks, the San Diego Zoo has received more than $3,000 in unsolicited gifts for the condor effort, as well as a mountain of birthday cards for Sisquoc and Tecuya. Not bad for ugly ducklings.

—By Frederic Golden.
Reported by Paul Krueger/San Diego

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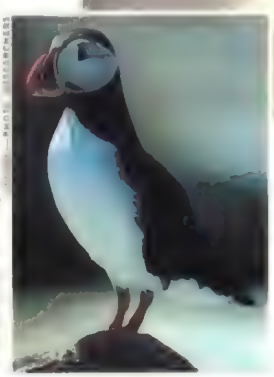
CALIF. CONDOR RESEARCHERS



Baby Sisquoc with puppet "mother"; peregrine falcon, top, puffin, bottom

Milestones

MARRIED. Rachel Ward, 25, English actress who played the cassock-chasing heroine of TV's *The Thorn Birds;* and **Bryan Brown,** 35, rugged Australian actor who was her spurned husband in the mini-series but who struck real-life romantic sparks while they were filming; both for the first time; in Cornwell, Oxfordshire, England.

MARRIED. Yul Brynner, 62, the long-running King of Siam now approaching his 4,000th performance as the monarch in *The King and I;* and **Kathy Lee,** 25, Malaysian principal dancer in the current show, which is touring the Western U.S.; he for the fourth time, she for the first; in San Francisco.

MARRIAGE REVEALED. Herschel Walker, 21, University of Georgia Bulldog turned multimillion-dollar New Jersey General; and **Cynthia DeAngelis,** 21, Georgia business major; both for the first time; on March 31, in Bloomingdale, N.J. Three days after the wedding Walker rushed for 177 yds. and three touchdowns (*vs.* 261 yds. in four previous pro games), leading the way to a 35-21 win, the Generals' first, over the Arizona Wranglers.

DIED. William Henry Tunner, 76, Air Force general and genius of military air transport; of heart disease; in Gloucester, Va. He commanded three of the 20th century's historic airlifts: the World War II cargo transport over the Himalayan "Hump" from India to China, the massive 1948-49 Berlin operation that moved 13,000 tons a day of coal and food to the Soviet-blockaded city, and the Korean War's Combat Cargo Command that air-dropped supplies to U.S. troops trapped in North Korea by the Chinese.

DIED. Gloria Swanson, 84, quintessential symbol of movie glamour for seven decades; of heart disease; in New York City. Early on, Swanson said, "I will be every inch and every moment the star! Everybody, from the studio gateman to the highest executive, will know it." Even when she was in eclipse, everybody did. She got her Hollywood start in Mack Sennett comedies, followed by a series of naughty sex farces. Ambitious for more varied roles, Swanson formed a production company in 1927, which numbered among its backers Joseph P. Kennedy (with whom she claimed to have had an affair), and made some of her best movies, including *Sadie Thompson* (1928). Her career then faded, until her triumphant 1950 comeback as *Sunset Boulevard's* aging actress Norma Desmond. "You used to be big," the silent-screen star is told. "I *am* big," intones Swanson unforgettably. "It's the pictures that got small." Married six times, enthusiastic about health foods and natural cosmetics, maker and spender of millions, she never got small. In her final film role (*Airport 1975*), she portrayed herself. It was the role she never misplayed.

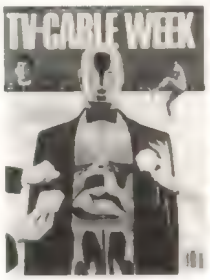
Press

Hooking Up to Cable Households

A "system-specific" TV magazine celebrates its first issue

The first TV revolution brought American viewers Milton Berle. The second has given households dozens of alternatives, piped in via cable to some 31 million U.S. homes. But to learn what is on their systems, cable subscribers often must wade through several lists that are incomplete or that include services not available in their areas. Last week an ambitious new magazine, TV-CABLE WEEK, started offering cable listings that are fine-tuned by computer to match, channel by channel, exactly what the subscriber's system offers—cable, pay services and regular TV. Said the magazine's managing editor, Richard Burgheim: "This is the only publication that gives the viewer everything he can watch and that is not cluttered with programs that he cannot get."

The 96-page magazine, developed by Time Inc., also includes 40 color pages with news and features about both broadcast and cable TV. In this "wrap," the articles and advertising are the same nationwide. The first issue highlights: an insider's look at how hosts were chosen for the Academy Awards show, with a calendar showing when nominated films will reach cable; a profile of Leonard Nimoy, who plays Mr. Spock in *Star Trek;* and a report on a cable series for children, *Faerie Tale Theater.* The listings are tersely descriptive rather than critical ("so that you can use your own good judgment," says a message to readers), though capsule movie reviews poke some mild fun, even at films carried on Time Inc.'s pay services, Home Box Office and Cinemax. Top editors pledge that coverage of company-owned program services, and their competitors, will be "evenhanded."



The Inaugural Issue

TV-CABLE WEEK will not be widely offered on newsstands or by general subscription. Instead, the magazine will be sold mainly to cable households, at 69¢ a copy. The inaugural issue was mailed to cable viewers in five cities: Fort Lauderdale and Pompano Beach, Fla.; Audubon, N.J.; Arlington, Texas; and Peoria, Ill. The magazine is scheduled to add 25 markets and to reach 600,000 subscribers by year's end. Said Publisher Daniel Zucchi: "This is a cooperative marketing venture with cable operators. Every time we add a cable system, we add a subscriber base." Providing "system-specific" listings requires sophisticated, and costly, computers. The project may cost $100 million over five years before it turns a profit. That would make it the biggest new magazine investment in history.

For advertisers, who have already signed up to buy 600 pages this year, the magazine provides a relatively affluent readership. TV-CABLE WEEK is competing for advertisers and indirectly for readers with the nation's largest weekly, *TV Guide* (circ. 17 million). *TV Guide* publishes 107 regional editions; in the past year it has increased its cable coverage to 40% of the listings space. But it is not system-specific. Publishing industry analysts reason that there is room for both weeklies. Said J. Kendrick Noble of Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins: "The new magazine could become the principal TV directory for upscale families who have cable." ■

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Detroit
Airport Hilton Inn
Northfield Hilton
Troy Hilton Inn

Grand Rapids
Airport Hilton Inn

Lansing
Hilton Inn

Traverse City
Hilton Shanty Creek (Bellaire)

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis
Hilton Inn

OHIO

Akron
Hilton Inn West
Quaker Square Hilton

Cincinnati
Hilton Inn (Sharonville)
Terrace Hilton

Cleveland
Hilton South (Independence)

Columbus
Hilton Inn East
Hilton Inn North
University Hilton Inn

Dayton
Daytonian Hilton

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee
Hilton Inn

HILTON
AMERICA'S BUSINESS ADDRESS

Turning Illness into a Way of Life

A new study says somatizers and doctors have a lot in common

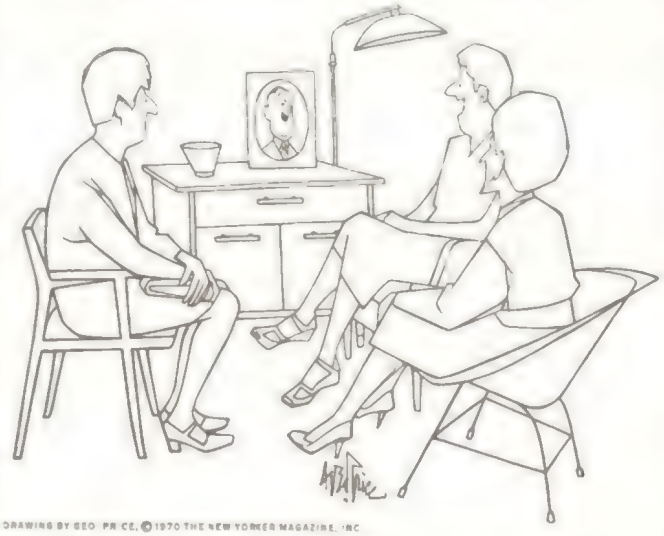
In public, doctors call them hypochondriacs, malingerers and hysterics. In private, physicians have been known to describe some of them as turkeys, hospital hobos and GOMERs (an acronym for Get Out of My Emergency Room). By whatever name, they are doctors' least-loved patients, individuals who use imaginary or self-inflicted physical illnesses to gain attention and manipulate others. The hostility displayed by physicians to these patients, known clinically as somatizers, is usually attributed to irritation and frustration. Now Psychiatrist Charles Ford of the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine offers a more startling explanation for the rancor: physicians and somatizers have a lot in common. The attraction of many doctors to medicine, he suggests, is a kind of somatization: a fear of disease and death.

Ford puts forth the provocative hypothesis in a new book, *The Somatizing Disorders: Illness as a Way of Life* (Elsevier Science Publishing Co., Inc.; $29.95). Somatizers (from the Greek *soma* for body) are patients whose maladies result from stress, unexpressed emotions or the need for attention. Explains Ford: "They turn psychological issues into body issues." He cites one of his patients as typical: a housewife torn between a desire to work and a desire to be pampered. For two years, she had been complaining of terrible pain in her abdomen whenever she sat down. Her symptom, Ford says, was caused by her conflicting needs: "If she had a pain, she had to be taken care of, but the pain was also punishment for not working."

According to Ford, somatizing disorders take many forms, including hysteria, malingering, chronic pain and hypochondriasis. The hypochondriac is preoccupied with the fear of having a serious disease. Some doctors refer to the treatment of hypochondriacs, or "crocks," as "psychoceramic medicine" and the recitation of their histories as "organ recitals." Other somatizers sometimes deliberately fake illness, going so far, for example, as to rub a thermometer on a bedsheet to produce a fever, lacerate the skin to create lesions, or overuse laxatives to disrupt the gastrointestinal tract. In the bizarre Munchausen syndrome, which, according to one estimate, affects 4,000 U.S. patients, ailments are feigned so that the individual can enter the hospital. One man was so skillful at complaining about his abdominal pain, vomiting and seizures that he was hospitalized more than 400 times and submitted to 102 gastrointestinal tests.

Ford estimates conservatively that 10% of the patients seen by internists and family practitioners have no physical basis for their ailments. Some doctors, he says, put their case loads of somatizers as high as 40%. Even the low figure, says Ford, means that $20 billion a year in medical care is spent on people with no organic disease.

Part of the problem in dealing with somatizers, notes Ford, is that "physicians on the whole have no training in the identification, diagnosis and treatment of these patients. Typically, the patient's complaint is taken at face value." Physical test after test follows with uniformly negative findings, though, warns Ford, "enough tests and, sooner or later, the patient will have a real disease caused by the process of diagnosing and treating." Doctors must be taught to recognize the hidden meaning behind many physical complaints, says Ford: "It's like two languages being spoken."



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"He didn't really die of anything. He was a hypochondriac."

But another factor in the poor handling of somatizers, he suggests, is that these patients tap into the physicians' own conflicts. Doctors, Ford argues, see a reflection of themselves in their somatizing patients. Citing studies, plus his own research, he says that many doctors and many somatizers tend to be emotionally inhibited, with high rates of sexual and marital difficulties and a high incidence of drug abuse. As children, both groups frequently lacked close, affectionate relationships with their parents. Their childhoods were commonly marked by a death or serious illness in the family that left them with anxieties about disease and dying. Such experiences, says Ford, lead both groups to make illness a way of life. Somatizers try to allay their fears by repeatedly seeking medical help; physicians strive to overcome their dread by "devoting themselves to conquering disease."

Faced with somatizing patients, says Ford, physicians are uncomfortably reminded, often unconsciously, of their own inadequacies. As a result, a doctor may reject a patient outright. For example, a physician who is depressed and abusing liquor will tend to shy away from a patient who is an alcoholic. Conversely, the doctor may become overly solicitous, a tactic that backfires. Ford believes the words "You're fine; come back and see me if something develops" are a virtual invitation to create new symptoms.

Patricia Bloom, an internist at New York City's Montefiore Hospital, thinks Ford's position on the similarities between somatizers and doctors may have some validity but is "skeptical that the doctor is fearful for the same reason that the patient is." Arthur Barsky, a psychiatrist at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, believes Ford's views are difficult to substantiate. Says he: "The way you treat somebody has a lot to do with the way you think about yourself. That phenomenon is there. Beyond that, it's inference."

Barsky feels that no one really knows how to manage somatizers. Referrals to psychiatrists and psychologists would seem to be in order, but the patients themselves are offended by such referrals, believing that the doctors are not taking them seriously. That often leads patients to shop for a doctor. "Clinical experience," Barsky says, "indicates that they do not want to be cured, although a long-term supportive relationship with a physician often stabilizes them."

Ford agrees about the need for a perdurable relationship, advocating periodic 15-minute visits to the physician by somatizers. "After doing doctor-type things, you ask the patients about their feelings," he says. "Ask about their families and give the patients a chance to talk. The doctor is really practicing medicine when sitting and listening to patients." —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Val Castronovo/New York*

Byproduct of a bust: unsold equipment has been piling up since falling prices began discouraging exploration and production

Coming Up with Dry Holes

Energy belt boomtowns sag as cheaper oil jolts the petroleum industry

Rising oil prices meant high times for Blocker Energy Corp., a leading contract drilling firm. The Houston-based company assembled a worldwide fleet of rigs and kept them perpetually and profitably busy in the hunt for oil. But falling prices have choked that search and nearly throttled Blocker, which lost $71.7 million in 1982. "Our immediate priority," says Chairman J.R. Blocker, "is to survive."

Such woes are the bust side of the boom that fueled the energy industry at the end of the 1970s. Oilmen, expecting the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries to push prices to $50 or even $75 per bbl., spent billions to find and develop wells and then were startled when consumption dropped and prices fell. OPEC, which had been trying to resist the slide, acknowledged the new era last month by cutting its official price 15%, from $34 to $29 per bbl. Observes T. Boone Pickens Jr., chairman of Mesa Petroleum and a 32-year veteran of the industry: "I've never seen a collapse as dramatic as this has been. It's an unbelievable situation."

The signs of the bust are widespread and unmistakable. Hundreds of small and medium-size U.S. energy firms have filed for protection from creditors during the past year, and scores more may follow. Companies have budgeted $35.7 billion for drilling and exploration this year, 14% less than in 1982. In the field, only 1,882 rigs were drilling in the U.S. in the first week of April *(see chart)*. That count was the lowest in six years and nearly 60% below the December 1981 peak of more than 4,500.

More signs of distress surfaced last week. MGF Oil of Midland, Texas, said it lost $80.3 million in 1982. The troubled exploration and drilling company, which is trying to restructure its bank debt, already has slashed its work force by two-thirds, from a high of 1,400, and is operating only seven of its 46 rigs. Says Executive Vice President Phillip Marcum: "You should be prepared for a minimum of two years of this. Three to five years would be better."

The MGF deficit was topped by the $90.8 million 1982 loss reported last week by Saxon Oil of Dallas, which owns large reserves of natural gas. The problems of that industry were further spotlighted by Columbia Gas System, a major pipeline operator, which said it would buy only about half of the gas that it had contracted for. Other big pipelines indicated that they also were cutting back. Falling oil prices have made industrial boiler fuel frequently cheaper than gas, which is propped up by regulations and long-term contracts.

While smaller firms have been the main victims of the oil collapse, the major companies have been feeling the pain as well. In their case, however, it has taken the form of lower profits rather than bankruptcies and losses. Earnings for the two dozen largest oil producers fell to an estimated $20.3 billion last year, down nearly one-third from their 1980 peak. Exxon, the world's largest industrial company, cut its work force by 7,000, closed some 3,000 service stations and sold off 17 tankers, but reported that profits still dropped 13%, to $4.2 billion. Texaco earned $1.3 billion, down about 45%.

In some respects, those two giants should actually be helped by $29 oil. Reason: both are U.S. partners—along with Mobil and Standard Oil of California—in Aramco, which produces most of Saudi Arabia's oil. All four had been paying the official $34 OPEC price for the Saudi crude, even though cheaper supplies were available elsewhere. Now the March price cut has freed them of that burden. So far, however, analysts have seen few immediate signs of improvement in the overall industry outlook. Says William Randol of First Boston, an investment banking

firm: "This year's first-quarter earnings will be a disaster."

Exxon, Texaco and other big oil firms face another threat to the bottom line. Last week the Supreme Court refused to hear a Texaco appeal of a lower-court ruling that the company overcharged customers by some $750 million during the 1970s. That decision came shortly after a federal judge had ordered Exxon to refund about $1.5 billion in overcharges and interest in another Government case. Both companies insist that they will continue to fight the complaints.

Nowhere have falling prices struck harder than in the oil-rich region around Houston. The city's February unemployment rate reached 10.5%, a shade above the national average for the month and up from only 4.8% just a year ago. Houston office vacancies stand at 20.3%. In Port Arthur, a Gulf coast community that bristles with refineries, February joblessness hit 21.3%.

Many laid-off workers are thinking about getting out of the oil business for good. Daryl Helms, 31, of Andrews, Texas, had been a driller like his father until last Christmas night, when he lost his second job in little more than a month. Now Helms, who had earned $39,000 two years ago, gets $168 a week in unemployment benefits and has sold his car and used up his savings to help support his two children and his wife, who is working part-time. Says he: "I'm fixing to get out of the oilfields. I wish I'd been a jack-of-all-trades."

Hard times have cut a painful swath across much of the rest of the U.S. energy belt. In Oklahoma, more than 100 oil and gas companies went into bankruptcy during the past year, while employment among extraction workers tumbled 26%. "The decline is continuing, and we may not even be able to measure its full impact," says Will Bowman, research director of the Oklahoma employment security commission. In Elk City, which sits over the energy-laden Anadarko Basin, joblessness jumped from 2.4% in February 1982 to 11.8% this February. Laments Mayor Harold Wehrenberg: "Everything kind of cut off all at once. No one really expected anything like this."

Some Colorado residents have similar tales to tell. Developers flocked to build skyscrapers in Denver as the U.S. turned to the resource-rich Rocky Mountain region for relief from OPEC price gouging. Now much of that steel-and-glass space stands empty. The downtown vacancy rate, less than 1% when the energy boom peaked in 1981, has risen to 13%; the citywide rate is 20%. One landlord had offered real estate agents free trips to Paris and even luxury BMW autos as bonuses for

Stacking oilfield pipes no longer needed

"It's an unbelievable situation."

helping to fill a new building. Other developers are giving up. Canterra Energy of Canada, an oil and gas exploration company, has dropped plans for a 30- to 35-story office tower and put the site, now a parking lot, up for sale.

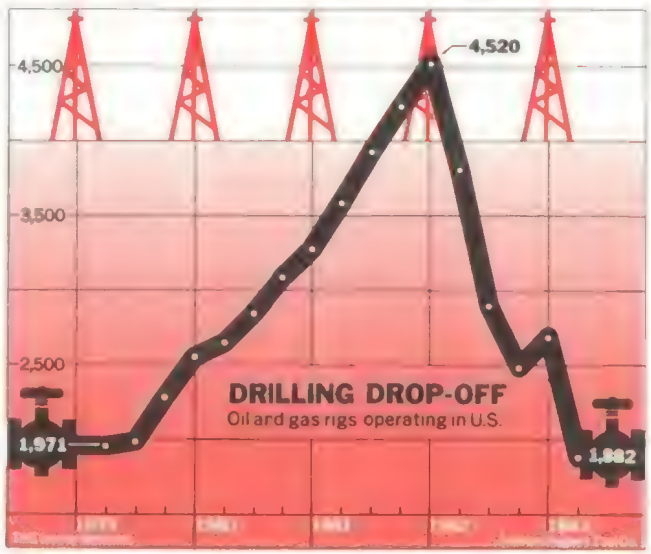
Part of Denver's office glut reflects the collapse of the synfuels industry, which was to have produced high-cost fuels from shale, tar sands and other sources. Dozens of projects have been shelved in the face of falling energy prices. One of the largest was Exxon's multibillion-dollar Colony Shale Oil venture near Parachute, Colo., which was closed a year ago at a cost of 2,100 jobs. Recalls Allen Koeneke, president of the First National Bank in Rifle, Colo. (pop. 3,215), some 17 miles away: "When the news hit, we would have had a lot of people jumping off five-story buildings, if we had any five-story buildings." Exxon has suspended rather than abandoned Colony, but it has no plans to revive it any time soon. "We're putting synfuels to bed as a major priority," says Samuel Vastola, manager of corporate planning for Exxon U.S.A.

The largest remaining synfuels project also looks a bit wobbly. That is the $2.1 billion, 750-employee Great Plains venture to extract synthetic gas from coal near Beulah, N. Dak. Great Plains, owned by five energy and utility firms, had planned to charge up to $10 per 1,000 cu. ft. of gas. But the facility, currently 70% complete, could charge no more than $6.25 per 1,000 cu. ft. because of the fall in fuel-oil prices, to which the gas rates are pegged. At those prices, Great Plains looks like a terrible investment for its owners. They are turning for help to the Energy Department, where the experimental project has strong support.

U.S. banks also have a major stake in the ongoing energy slump. Many loaned heavily to oil and gas firms while prices were rising, and are now awash in bad debts. Nonperforming assets at Dallas-based InterFirst Corp. equaled a full 35% of equity capital—which can be thought of as its cushion against losses—at the end of last year. Oil- and gas-related loans in total came to 252% of equity. The largest bank holding company in Texas, InterFirst, said its earnings fell about one-third during the first quarter. In Houston, Southwest Bancshares expects a 40% first-quarter profit drop. Nevertheless, all the big Texas banks plan to continue their energy lending. Says Larry Helm, InterFirst's executive vice president: "The oil industry will come back. It has always been a cyclical business."

Some firms already foresee a rebound and are starting to buy oilfield equipment on the cheap. "Anyone can steal a rig now," says James Jackson of Jim Davis Auctioneers in Dallas. "All the boys out there are hurting." Oil-rig costs in some areas are down some 40% from their peak levels of two years ago. The result, for those with the capital or a gambler's nerves, is low-cost ventures that can make even cheap energy pay off. Argues Sanford McCormick, president of Houston-based McCormick Oil & Gas Co.: "At today's costs, there's nothing wrong with the exploration business at $28 a barrel. I'll take that any time."

Wall Street also has been deciding that now is the right time to buy. Energy stocks have been among the best performers since fears of an



all-out price war began ebbing last month. Says Merz Peters, an energy analyst for Brown Bros., Harriman: "Everybody's portfolio was underrepresented in oils." And for investors with a taste for a different speculation, futures contracts in crude oil began trading last month on the New York Mercantile Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade. The two exchanges hope that the new contracts, which cover oil for future delivery, will set the price for the entire industry. New York prices hovered around $29 during the first seven days of trading, while volume averaged a slow 1,500 contracts a day. Says Michel Marks, chairman of the New York Mercantile Exchange: "Such things don't start with a bang."

Car buyers already are showing the influence of cheaper oil. Sales of Chevrolet's full-size Caprice and Impala models rose 12.6% during the first quarter, for example, while its subcompact Chevette showed a 40.2% drop. Ford sold 25.3% more of its big Crown Victorias, and 9.8% fewer of its little Escorts. Ford is extending the life of its Victoria and Grand Marquis models, which were to have been phased out this year, and Chrysler is keeping its big New Yorker and producing large cars 16% faster than it did four months ago. Chairman Lee Iacocca, however, wants the Government to tack an additional 20¢ onto the federal gas tax to encourage conservation, even though there is more profit in bigger cars. Says Harold Sperlich, president of Chrysler's North American car business: "We are giving people the wrong signal, and hastening the day when the next oil crisis will arrive."

The Reagan Administration has called for continuing conservation, but it is reluctant to discourage consumption by tampering with the workings of the market. The White House's proposed budget would place a stand-by tax on oil if the federal deficit grows too large, but that measure is aimed mainly at boosting Government revenues and, in any event, seems to have little chance of passage. Energy Secretary Donald Hodel has meanwhile suggested slowing the rate at which the U.S. Strategic Petroleum Reserve is being filled. That cache, which currently holds 312 million bbl. out of a planned 1 billion bbl., was created in 1975 as a safeguard against future shortages of foreign oil. With imports down, says Hodel, "maybe we don't need such a big insurance policy."

The current oil glut could hold the seeds of a future shortage. The ailing energy industry, however, may have finally and painfully absorbed an even simpler notion: booms have a way of becoming busts. —*By John Greenwald. Reported by Sam Allis/Houston and Steven Holmes/Denver*

Service-Station Slugfest

When Atlantic Richfield Co. decided a year ago to eliminate credit cards and cut its gasoline prices by 3¢ per gal., competitors snickered. After all, 25% of drivers buy gasoline on credit. But when Arco's volume started zooming upward, the competition quickly retaliated. Exxon and Amoco, two of the nation's largest marketers, announced a discount-for-cash policy. And Shell counterattacked by accepting credit cards from Arco holders and converting them into Shell customers.

Gasoline price wars are often fought over a profitable intersection and sometimes engulf an entire city. Never before, however, has the entire U.S. been involved. With gasoline consumption declining, the battle has proved to be exceedingly costly to oil companies and retailers alike. According to Analyst Dan Lundberg, the average price per gallon fell an astonishing 15¢ between July 1982 and last February, from about $1.30 to about $1.15. Lundberg says only a nickel of the drop is attributable to a decline in the price of crude. The other 10¢ came out of the oil companies' profits and cost them a total of $2.3 billion.

So far, the battle is still going in Arco's favor. The company increased its market share last year from 3.8% to 4.8%, pushing past Chevron into seventh place among the major refiners. Some of Arco's gains have come at the expense of independent dealers who depend on the majors for their gasoline. An owner of independent gas stations in Massachusetts claims that price competition from Arco and British Petroleum (brand name: BP) has forced him to sell gas below cost. Even at that, he says, his retail price of $1.07 per gal. is still 4¢ above the price charged by nearby Arco stations. He moans: "We're losing $100,000 a month, and the worst thing is that I can't do anything about it."

Arco's surprisingly low prices are beginning to raise questions. Without mentioning the company by name, Morton Winston, the president of Tosco, an independent refiner that has run into cash problems and expects a $40 million first-quarter loss, decried Arco's practices. Said he: "The majors are selling finished products below the costs of the crude required to make them—never mind the refining costs. That is not competition, that is the use or abuse of economic power."

One way that Arco can afford its strategy is by finding ways to make federal laws work in its favor. Much of its oil comes from Alaska's North Slope. In shipping the oil to ports on the West and Gulf coasts, it utilizes an obscure Internal Revenue Service ruling that classifies the part of the voyage outside U.S. coastal waters as foreign economic activity. Thus the shipping cost can be charged off against foreign income, and certain overseas tax credits are allowed.

Critics charge Arco with imaginative bookkeeping. North Slope oil carries a federal windfall tax averaging about 68%. State charges add another 23%, for a total of 91%. If a company can juggle its books to transfer profits from its drilling operations to other areas, it can reduce the amount that is exposed to the high tax rate and pay the corporate rate, no more than 46%, instead. Critics contend that Arco does this by inflating its transportation costs. The company charges itself a high freight rate of about $4 per bbl. on oil it ships in its own tankers. The fee includes a so-called risk premium that is supposed to compensate independent tanker owners against the times when their ships are idle. Since Arco owns the ships and keeps them busy virtually year-round, such risks are obviously minimal.

Arco energetically denies that it is sheltering windfall profits in its transportation operation. Says George Babikian, senior vice president for marketing: "That is patently false." He asserts that it is "common practice" to classify tanker shipments from Alaska as foreign activity. As for the risk premium, he says, "Sure, we own the boat. We invested money to buy the boat, and we are entitled to a return on our investment."

There have been a few signs of a temporary truce in the gas war. Last month Arco raised the price it charges its dealers by 3¢ per gal. Some analysts predict that prices everywhere will rise about 4¢ to 6¢ per gal. at the beginning of the summer, with the onset of the heavy driving season. Even so, with refiners scrapping for a share of a declining market, there are likely to be more salvos in the price-cutting war.

Arco's low prices in Los Angeles

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Getting PIK-ed to Pieces

Curtailed planting means deep cuts in sales for farm suppliers

The enormous cutback in planting this year under the new federal payment-in-kind (PIK) program may be a bonanza for some farmers. In return for not planting corn, wheat, rice and cotton crops, farmers will receive up to 95% of their normal yield of these commodities free from Uncle Sam's warehouses. This is an economical way for the Government to reduce the cost of storing surpluses, and it should help the farmer by removing the glut that has caused prices to plunge. But where does it leave the marketers of such items as fertilizer and farm equipment, already suffering from depressed sales because of the recession? As they say on the farm, up the creek.

The PIK program will cause the greatest idling of American farmland ever. Up to 82.3 million acres, or 20% of all U.S. cropland, will be left unsowed. With some $5 billion less being spent to produce crops this year, as many as 50,000 workers in the farm sector, from cotton ginners to wheat cutters, could be hurt, according to a U.S. Department of Agriculture impact statement on PIK.

Sellers of farm equipment will be among those hit in 1983. Cash-squeezed farmers had cut back on purchases of new equipment even before this year, leaving manufacturers and dealers with huge inventories. The DOA projects that PIK will reduce spending for purchases and repair of tractors, combines and other machinery by an additional 8% this year, to $18.2 billion. Says Emmett Barker, president of the Chicago-based Farm & Industrial Equipment Institute, a trade group: "The size of the acreage cutback can't help but be disastrous to many businesses. There is no way that you can take 6 million acres out of cultivation in Iowa, for example, and expect everyone in farm equipment to survive."

Some manufacturers are slashing prices. Chicago-based International Harvester, which has laid off 32% of its workers in the past year and now faces another year of poor demand, has offered its farm customers such incentives as a price freeze at 1982 levels and deferral of interest on some sales financed by the company. Some farm equipment dealers may be forced out of the business. Noting the lack of federal programs to help suppliers, John Deere Dealer Willis Schmitt of Holy Cross, Iowa, says, "We suffer as much as the farmer, maybe more."

Makers of fertilizers and pesticides will fare little better. In the past two years, U.S. use of fertilizers has fallen from 53.3 million tons to an estimated 43 million tons. This year industry experts estimate that even though many U.S. ammonic plants, which produce nitrogen fertilizer, have already been closed, those that remain will be operating at only 73% of capacity. As a result, prices are falling and profits are being squeezed. International Minerals and Chemical, a major fertilizer maker in Northbrook, Ill., will earn only about $3 per share this year, compared with $4.56 last year, according to Dean Witter Reynolds Analyst George Krug. He thinks that the Williams Cos., a big fertilizer producer in Tulsa, Okla., will earn about $1.50 this year, down from $3.32 in 1981. One saving note: since farmers expect higher prices, they plan to use extra fertilizer on the acreage they plant this year to increase productivity.

Seed sellers will not suffer as much as other suppliers. Reason: farmers will be buying ground-cover seeds to prevent erosion on acreage set aside under PIK. Some such seeds are already in short supply. Says Bob Reichert, a spokesman for DeKalb-Pfizer Genetics, a major seed producer: "Corn, soybean and sorghum seeds will suffer, but our Sudax, a sorghum sudan grass seed, is almost sold out, and our nitrogen-fixing alfalfa blends are in good demand. That eases the impact on us."

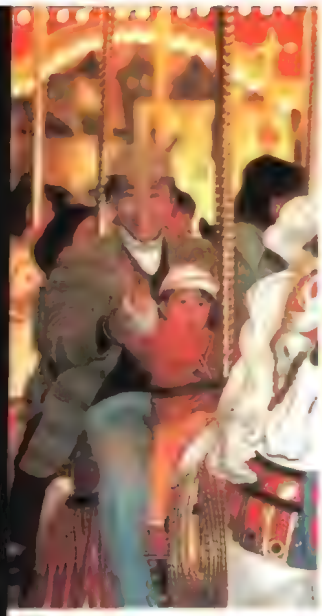
Though suppliers and dealers will suffer this planting season, most agree that PIK is necessary to improve farmer income. As surpluses are reduced and prices rise, they feel, farmers will want to plant more next year, and will have the money to buy supplies. Says Boyd Bartlett, senior vice president for John Deere, the major equipment maker in Moline, Ill.: "PIK is going to help farmers, and what's good for them is good for us in the long run." Manufacturers are now looking for ways to convert billions of dollars' worth of PIK contracts into cash that can be used to buy tractors, seed and other supplies. Last week International Harvester announced a plan to help farmers find grain merchants willing to advance them cash now in exchange for the PIK grain due to be delivered next fall. Farmers, of course, could make such deals on their own, but Harvester hopes that some of those it helps will use the cash to buy its equipment.

A new Atlanta-based company called AGRI-PIK Services, Inc., intends to reap profits from the PIK program by bringing together participating farmers and their suppliers. Though farmers will not receive the Government grain until harvest time, they do have certificates showing how much grain they will get then. AGRI-PIK has devised a system whereby a farmer can use the certificate to obtain credit from a number of suppliers now.

To do so, the farmer turns over his PIK certificate to AGRI-PIK as security against purchases he wishes to make from dealers on the new company's roster. Those dealers then check the value of the certificate with AGRI-PIK, register the purchase that the farmer is making, and deliver the goods to the farmer. The dealers are, in effect, extending free credit to the farmer, assured that they will be paid when the PIK grain is sold next fall. AGRI-PIK charges manufacturers an enrollment fee of $1,000 to participate in this plan; dealers pay $100. For each transaction, AGRI-PIK will collect a 1½% commission from both the farmer and the dealer. Says President Ronald Posluns: "We can move the farmer's buying power up from fall to spring." And make this growing season a lot less painful for those who rely on the farmer's business. —*By Janice Castro. Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and Gisela Bolte/Washington*

Willis Schmitt, a John Deere dealer, with some of the tractors that are harder to sell this year

Says one executive "The size of the acreage cutback can't help but be disastrous to many."



Mickey Mouse on Tokyo Bay

The world's biggest Disneyland opens and the word is subarashii

The Japanese already have McDonald's stands, Revlon cosmetics plants, Coca-Cola, American blue jeans and dubbed Hollywood westerns. So why not a Disneyland of their very own? No reason, of course, and this week they get it. After two years of construction, the biggest Disneyland of them all opens Friday on 202 acres of landfill in Tokyo Bay.

Mickey Mouse is there to greet visitors. Also on hand are Minnie, Tinker Bell, Pinocchio, Cinderella, Donald Duck and Dumbo. So are Fantasyland, Tomorrowland and other lures for the 32 million Japanese who live within a 30-mile radius, as well as for tourists from all over.

At the park's previews, visitors gushed and oohed. Sporting beanies with mouse ears, they floated through Americana on a Mark Twain riverboat and Davy Crockett explorer canoes and railroaded through the Wild West on a train pulled by a steam locomotive. In a word, said one Japanese housewife, it was *subarashii!*—terrific.

Oriental Land Co., the Japanese real estate company that built and owns the park, began reclaiming land for the site 19 years ago in Urayasu, a town of 80,000 just outside the capital. In 1974 the company began holding serious talks with officials of Walt Disney Productions, but the negotiations were often tortuous. Recalls Disney Vice President Frank Stanek: "Both sides had to penetrate formidable cultural barriers." A deal was finally struck in 1979, under which Disney agreed to provide its technology, advice and guidance during construction in return for a share of the gross ticket take. Before it was over, as many as 200 Disney employees from the U.S. (expenses paid by Oriental) worked the site.

Kabuki was never like this. Nor, for that matter, are Saturday nights in bathhouses, or other traditional, some say less wholesome, Japanese diversions. Except for signs, which have Japanese subtitles under larger English words, there are few distinctly Japanese things about the park. Explains an Oriental Land official: "You simply have to give our Japanese patrons a magic sense of being in Orlando or Los Angeles right here." Just two of the park's 27 restaurants sell Japanese food, and they serve only sushi (raw fish with rice) and bento, a sort of Oriental box lunch. Tempura is nowhere to be found, but "spaceburgers" ($1.70), hot dogs and popcorn are everywhere.

Everything is as American as the bright red fire truck near the band shell and not far from the barbershop, sort of the way it was in Disney's home town of Marceline, Mo. When Disney conceived his California Disneyland, he strongly felt that before visitors got to Tomorrowland, Fantasyland and Frontierland, they should first pass through Main Street, which he described as

Photographs for TIME by Greg Davis

"everyone's home town, the heartland of America." And so they will at Urayasu. Says Tokyo Psychologist Kazuo Shimada: "At this point, the Japanese are brimming with curiosity about America and the Americans."

The Japanese engineers and artisans who built the park nonetheless stamped it with their signatures. Main Street is spanned by a gigantic roof, a concession to Japan's rainy season. For a Western barn, carpenters used an ancient Oriental method for fitting wooden joints together precisely. Two shows are tailored to the locale: *Meet the World* uses film and animation in a revolving theater to give insights into 2,000 years of Japanese history, and *The Eternal Sea*, an 18-minute movie, whisks audiences past open-jawed sharks and over the ocean floor.

The Urayasu site devotes 114 acres to the theme park itself, with the rest for parking and services, thereby outdoing the California Disneyland, which opened in 1955 and has only 74 acres of park space. But the Japanese version barely noses out the 106 entertaining acres of Walt Disney World (opened in 1972) near Orlando, Fla. Naturally, the latest version is more expensive than the other two: $652 million, excluding land. Overall, though, the Tokyo park might equal or even surpass the $913 million spent for the Epcot Center adjunct to Disney World.

To Walt Disney Productions, whose earnings have slowed of late, the new park will be a money machine. The company has not put one penny into the Japanese project, yet for the next 45 years it will receive 10% of the receipts for admission tickets and rides plus 5% of sales of everything else. That, says Wall Street Disney Watcher Lee Isgur of Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins, might add $25 million to $40 million to Disney's operating profits next year. The income should fatten Disney profits from its U.S. theme parks, adventure and family movies (*TRON, Tex*) and other activities, which ran to some $200 million last year.

The financial portents for the Tokyo park are highly promising. Two million tickets had been sold as of last week. Before the end of the year, ten million visitors are expected to pay admissions that range from $10.80 for adults down to $6.50 for children under twelve, about the same as Disney U.S. ticket prices. The crush is expected to be so great that, for the first time in any Disney park, a reservation system has been established so people can buy specific time slots in the park in advance, much as they would buy tickets to a concert

The Tokyo park is making its debut during the 60th anniversary year of the founding of Walt Disney Studios, and at a time designated by the United Nations as World Communications Year. To the chairman of Oriental Land, affable Masatomo Takahashi, 69, that seems fitting. The park, says he, "should serve as another bridge for mutual understanding between the U.S. and Japan." And between the U.S. and all of Asia. Mickey Mouse is likely to be greeting folks from all over the Pacific basin, as tourists flock to Tokyo Bay. Like his U.S. counterparts, the Japanese Mickey is instructed never to speak. But he always manages to communicate. Says an Oriental Land official: "So many of our visitors have gone home thrilled that they have finally spoken with Mickey-san in Japanese." —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by S. Chang/Tokyo and Adam Zagorin/New York*

Thoroughly American Julia

For her new TV series, the French Chef comes home in style

Wow! Nifty! Eek! Gosh! Lookit! Oh boy! Those unique, familiar chirrups and chortles of gustatory delight are wafting through the kitchen once more as cameras record another salivant television series by Julia Child. The wood-notes wild, the vibrato delivery, the blue-eyed conspiratorial beam have changed little since the first segment of *The French Chef* went out over the Boston area's WGBH-TV on Feb. 11, 1963. Only this time, as the camera closes in on stockpot and sauté pan, cleaver and colander, the mistress of cuisine is not demonstrating the joy of Gallic cooking. *Dinner at Julia's*, her new 13-part public television series, which will start in October, celebrates American cooking, ingredients and wines with such dishes as poached Alaska salmon, duckburger with wild rice, California fish stew, braised stuffed bottom round of beef, New Orleans crayfish bisque and an incendiary version of baked Alaska that Julia calls Mount St. Helens in Flames.

The French Chef has come home.

All of which may come as a shock to faithful Child lovers. Was it not Julia who proclaimed in 1966, "I will never do anything but French cooking!"? Her 716-page first volume *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, written with Simone Beck and Louisette Bertholle and published in 1961, is still regarded as the definitive English-language work on classic French cuisine. Her 207-part *French Chef* and subsequent TV series, along with her five books and hundreds of magazine and newspaper articles, earned her two prestigious awards from the French government. Indeed, Californian Child, nee Julia McWilliams, has done more than any other individual of either nation to raise Americans' standards of culinary excellence and persuade them that doing things the French way can be uncomplicated fun.

Stalking the wild chanterelle mushroom

"I think America is going to win out."

Now, like many French chefs who own and cook in restaurants in the U.S., Julia Child has been deeply impressed by the variety and ever increasing excellence of American raw materials, many of which, like goat cheese, wild mushrooms and caviar, have become generally available only in recent years. "We no longer have to kneel down and bow to foreigners," she insists. "We can be proud of what we have here."

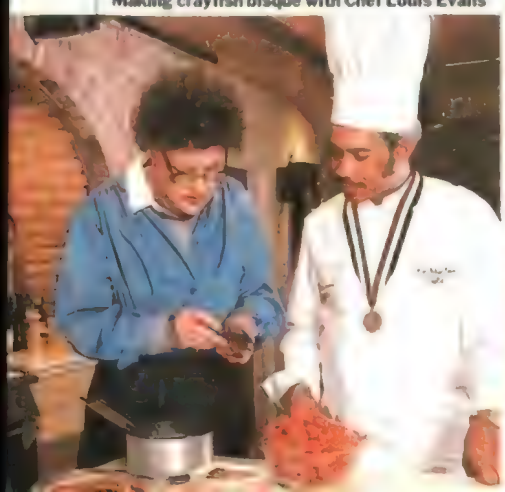
It was certainly not beyond Julian ingenuity to whip up another series on French cookery. She could, for example, have concentrated on *la nouvelle cuisine*. In fact, Chef Child is not a lover of *nouvelle cuisine* and claims, not entirely rhetorically, that it has been the ruination of many great French restaurants. Moreover, in deciding to mine the rich resources of her own country, Julia is joining a nationwide movement toward a redefined American style of cooking that has won recognition in restaurants from Alice Waters' Chez Panisse in Berkeley to Manhattan's Four Seasons. Julia maintains that American cooking has always been *nouvelle* in its best sense: based on fresh ingredients, contrasting flavors and a respect for natural tastes unmasked by heavy sauces. She says, "We're lucky not to have been shackled by tradition like the French."

The new series will bear little resemblance to the gray, grainy, slapdash shows that made Child a kitchen word: no more dropped eggs, lumps in the sauce or uncarvable suckling pigs. *Dinner* has a slick new format, a grant of about $1 million from Polaroid, one of her previous underwriters, and, of course, mouth-watering color. Instead of concentrating on the making of a single dish, each 30-minute segment will include the preparation of a dinner for ten, an interview with a master chef and a winemaker, a "gathering" sequence in which Julia seeks out her raw materials at their source, be it a crab boat or cheesemaker, and shots of the actual cocktail party and dinner. On one of the first shows, Julia visits a chicken farm, and Austrian-born Chef Wolfgang Puck of West Hollywood's famed Spago continental restaurant concocts a dish called Chicken Winged Victory. On another, Executive Chef Louis Evans of New Orleans' Pontchartrain Hotel prepares crayfish bisque with live crustaceans from home.

The show's setting is a handsome, Co-

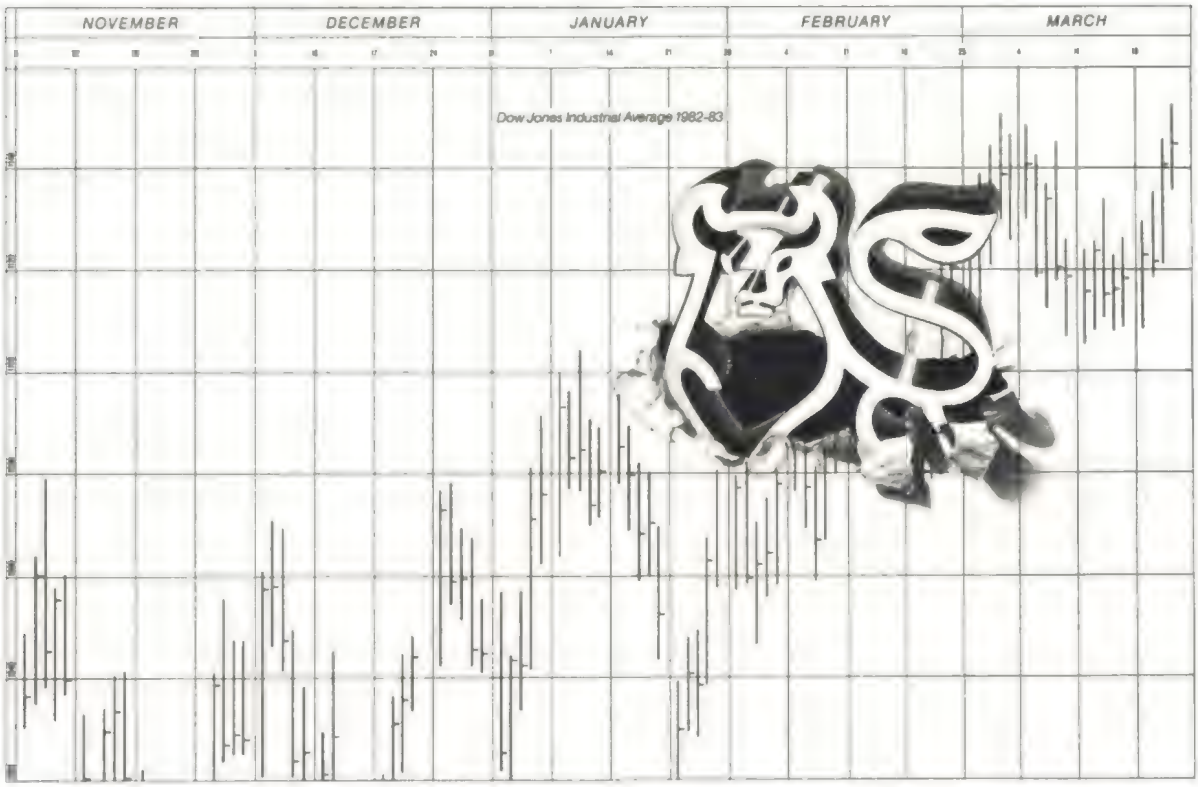
Getting facial touch-up on gathering trip

Making crayfish bisque with Chef Louis Evans



Paring pineapples by the crate for perfection

To be or not to be: Bullish on America...



"Have I missed the bull market?" That is the question of the day for many investors.

"Is the economy really recovering? Should I be putting money into stocks, or taking profits out?"

Merrill Lynch has some thoughts on the subject. We'd like to share them with you, and suggest some ways in which we may be able to help you through what is expected to be a volatile but ultimately bullish year.

But don't expect too much too soon.

The economy has been through some pretty rough times, and it's not going to shift into high gear overnight.

Nevertheless, many economic indicators lead us to conclude that this is the right time to be bullish on America.

Lower oil prices should help reduce the inflation rate. Economic growth could actually be enhanced by greater efficiencies forced on business by the recent recession. Once business picks up, unemployment should gradually begin to decline.

Merrill Lynch's market analysts believe that the dramatic market advance that took off last August is only another step in a long-term bull market that could run for several more years.

That outlook leads to several important investment strategies.

Even though we expect a correction in the market—in part because it has risen so far so fast—we generally recommend holding on to the stock of quality companies with good prospects of earnings growth, and in fact using periods of weakness to build additional long-term equity positions.

In the face of a slow-growth economy overall, the real opportunities may be in selecting *segments of the market* with the most potential.

Investments in sectors that are recovering (housing and autos) or still growing (consumer goods) appear particularly attractive. The fact that so many companies have had to cut costs means that *only a small upturn in volume could yield a sizeable improvement in profits.*

This is not, in our opinion, a get-rich-quick market, but one in which well-chosen equities offer substantial opportunities over the long term.

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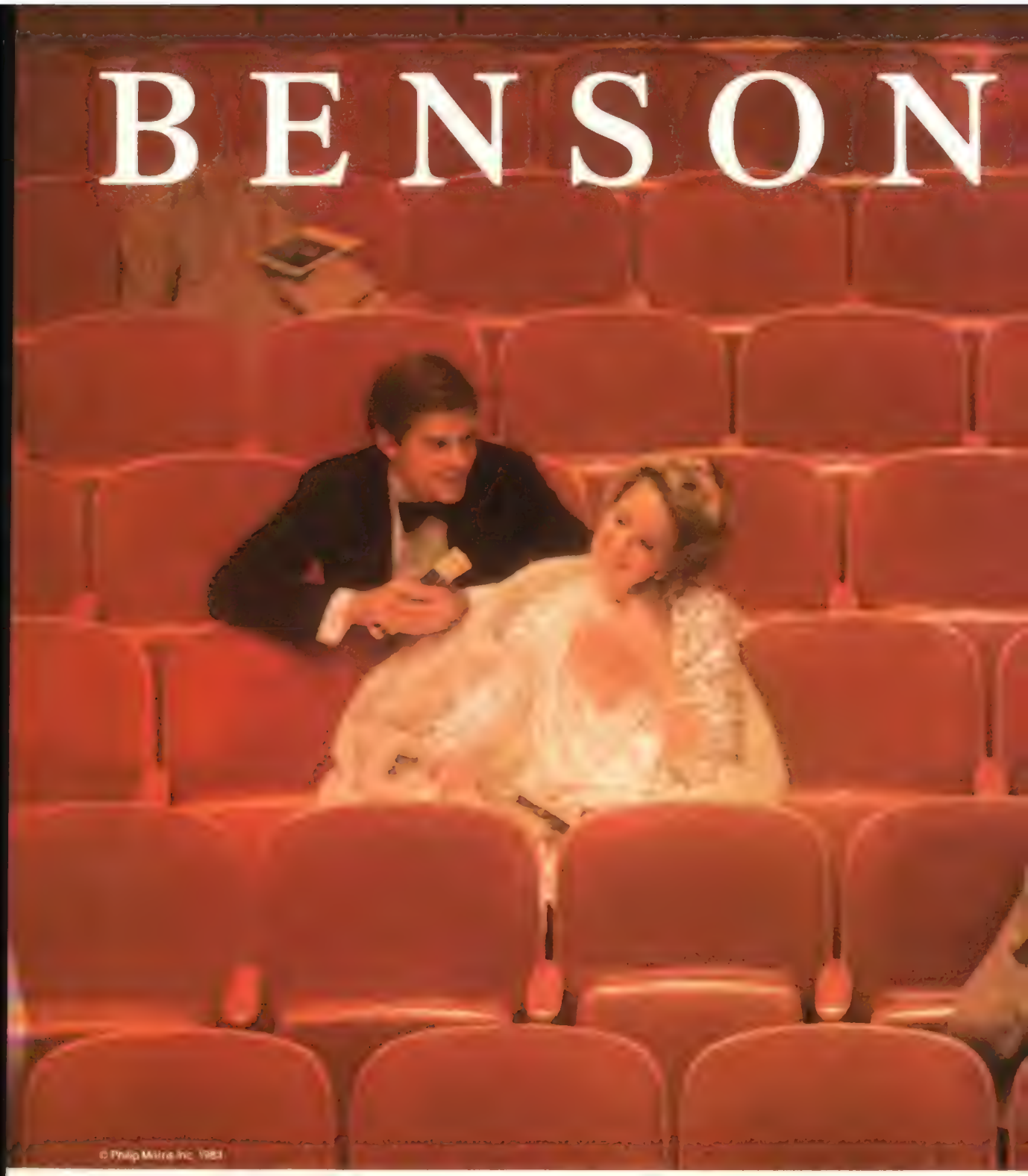

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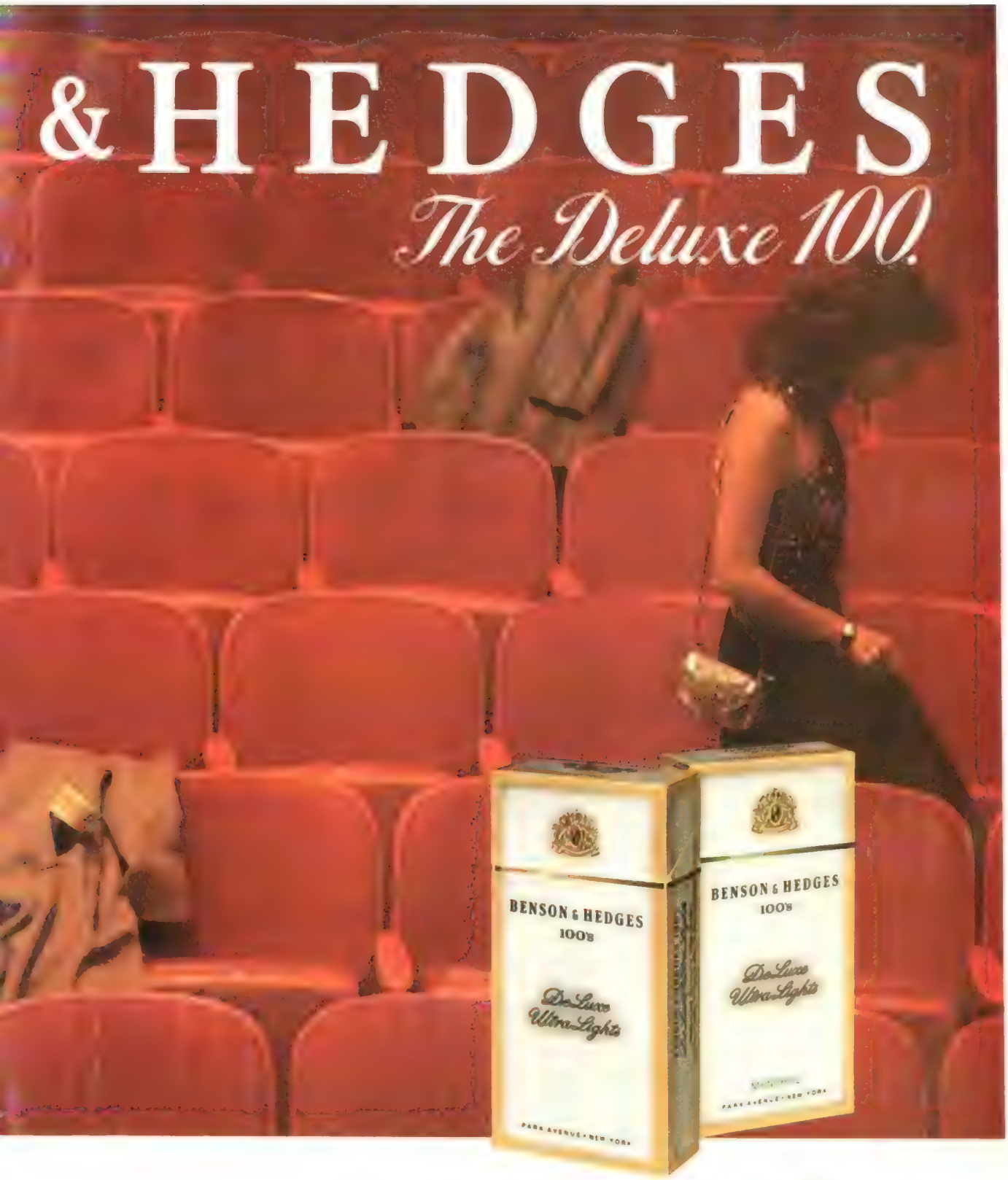

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* Based on a comparison of three major U.S. auto makers by an independent research firm of 11,000 new car and light truck owners. Study was based on things gone wrong three months after purchase on 1982 model cars and trucks.

** Example of a typical contract with a total cash price of $10,000 with a $2,000 down payment. Your monthly payment would be $265.33 for 36 months at 11.9% A.P.R. or $214.22 for 48 months at 12.9% A.P.R.

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lonial-style mansion outside Santa Barbara that has been leased for six months. Says an associate: "The idea is to have fun together, and the show will be fun too." The house has been equipped with what, even for Julia, is the dream kitchen, with two huge central islands and a six-burner Wolf gas stove. "If she turned on all her electric appliances at once, there'd be a blackout from here to Boston," says Russell Morash, the executive producer who has worked with Child for 20 years. (Morash also produces public television's widely acclaimed *This Old House* and *Victory Garden* series.) A perfectionist who will go through four crates of pineapples to get a one-minute paring sequence right, the producer teams smoothly but uncompromisingly with his star, even to working out her lines, which are all unscripted. (Sample Juliana: "A recipe is an attractive idea, not a sacrosanct monument." "If you get it wrong, you'll do it better next time. If you remember what you did wrong.")

Under the most trying circumstances, Child shows no sign of strain or temper. At 70, an unstooped 6 ft. 2 in., she strides and chops as energetically as the Smith College basketball player she once was—though to stay at 170 lbs. she is a periodic Scarsdale Dieter. Out to stalk the wild mushroom, equipped with topee, stout stick, a yellow slicker and blue New Balance sneakers, she slogged through viscous mud that bogged down her party's four-wheel-drive Bronco, gathering a basketful of the yellow, peppery, precious ($8 per lb.) chanterelles (*Cantharellus cibarius*) that had been prodigally "planted" on the scene that morning.

Child has by no means severed connections with France. She and Husband Paul, 81, her "officially unofficial" photographer, spend several months most years at their house in the Alpes-Maritimes. But as between the U.S. and France, she observes, "the French just don't have educated young people going into the restaurant business. And peasants would rather go into auto factories." Noting the number of college-level cooking and restaurant schools that have sprung up in the U.S., she says quietly, "I think America is going to win out." In home cooking, too, she maintains, Americans may have the edge: "The middle-class French just won't cook."

When the new series has been completed, Julia plans to serve up another book, tentatively titled *The Way to Cook*. It will contain recipes from *Dinner* as well as from the monthly column for *Parade* magazine that she has been writing since 1981. Her formulations for both show and book will be for fairly advanced cooks. "We will not," she vows, "be chopping onions." The recipes, says an associate, "are as exciting as ever. Julia is still the idea woman." Meanwhile, shooting is on time and on budget, which is as much as anyone could ask of a real-life dinner by Julia. —*By Michael Demarest*

Education

Washington Should Lead the Way

So finds a panel seeking to solve the math and science problem

The national scandal is as well documented as it is alarming. Half of all U.S. high school students take no math or science beyond the tenth grade, and half of all teachers hired to teach math and science at the secondary level are not certified in those disciplines. Hoping to find ways to make education for high technology a top national priority, Governor James Hunt of North Carolina and Dr. David Hamburg, president of the Carnegie Corporation, assembled a blue-ribbon panel of 50 business, education and government leaders. Last week the coalition issued a report declaring that the present economic challenge from Japan and other countries is "more profound than Sputnik." The Federal Government, the group insists, must take the leadership to provide an educational system that meets the needs of our technological economy. Concludes the report: "The failure to attend to our educational system is the equivalent of unilateral disarmament."

Federally funded project in New York

A challenge more profound than Sputnik.

The panel, which includes Rockefeller Foundation President Richard W. Lyman and University of California President-elect David P. Gardner, urges Washington to strive to improve mathematical and scientific literacy for the general population and to develop high-level skills, including a knowledge of foreign languages, among the most talented. The report calls on Washington to provide incentives, such as tax breaks, matching funds and loan programs, to encourage partnerships between state and local governments and corporations. The coalition argues that top-level scientists should be tapped to help develop a school curriculum and that teachers should be provided with regular opportunities to upgrade their skills.

The panel's recommendations for enhancing the role of the Federal Government in education run contrary to the direction of the Reagan Administration. But the group hopes that its suggestions are broad enough to avoid an ideological confrontation. Says William Carey, executive officer of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a participant in the study: "The recommendation is for a catalytic federal role, not a directing one."

Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas, a Democrat who is also a member of the panel, has introduced a $500 million bill that would, through matching grants, try to induce states and businesses to help pay for precollege programs, improve facilities and train teachers. The bill has some conservative backing. Because of the state of the economy, explains Tsongas, "there is a drumbeat of concern among chief executive officers around the country."

Last month, by a vote of 348 to 54, the House whizzed through a bill that would spend $425 million to improve science and math programs in schools and colleges and fund teacher training. Another 15 bills have been introduced in the Senate, including two by presidential candidates, Ohio's John Glenn and Colorado's Gary Hart, that would greatly increase the federal role in education. The Administration, however, has been backing a science- and mathematics-teacher development act, sponsored by Utah Senator Orrin Hatch, a conservative Republican, that would spend just $50 million. Some Republican conservatives, like Illinois Congressman John Erlenborn, fear that more federal control of curriculum could lead to "political indoctrination."

The bill with the best chance of passing the Senate is sponsored by Rhode Island Democrat Claiborne Pell and Vermont Republican Robert Stafford. Of the bill's $400 million, 65% would go to math, science, computer and foreign-language programs in schools and 35% to teacher-training and technological programs in colleges.

Secretary of Education Terrel Bell has said he will urge a presidential veto if the final bill to emerge from Congress is "just another federal aid to education bill, with the money spread around." And despite the growing interest on Capitol Hill in improving the teaching of math and science, a bill could be vetoed on the basis of cost alone. The Administration wants to hold the price to $70 million. ■

"It's Always Too Soon to Quit"

The short dynasty of Houston, the sweet destiny of N.C. State

As unlikely stories go, the ending of the college basketball season last week went way past irony, nearly all the way to poetry. Of many possible settings for its showcase, the National Collegiate Athletic Association selected Albuquerque, where two years ago a judge pointed to the easy morals of the community in declining to punish former University of New Mexico Coach Norm Ellenberger for fraud in the name of recruiting. The Lobos' gym lent to the N.C.A.A. for this occasion, the Final Four, is known as "the Pit."

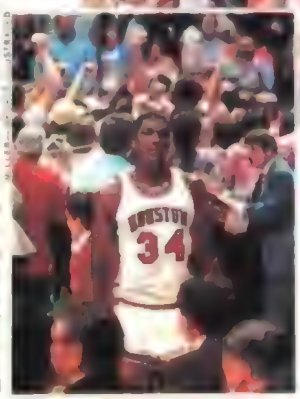
Houston, Louisville, North Carolina State and Georgia went into the Pit on a Saturday afternoon for the semifinals of the 48-team tournament. No. 1 Houston and No. 2 Louisville presumably to play for a national championship, N.C. State and Georgia apparently to try on each other's glass slipper. If the ball cannot be kicked through a goal post, the game is not for Georgia. N.C. State, while a basketball school sure enough, lost ten games this year, five times as many as Houston, more than any eventual champion in history. State's 67-60 success against Georgia in the first semifinal was applauded politely, but cheers were reserved for the varsity.

Gracing the Final Four three of the past four years, Louisville has set a standard in college basketball recently, and it is not enough to say Houston raised the standard with a 21-1 second-half rampage that transformed the exercise into a 94-81 exhibition of stunt flying. "Kinda awesome," murmured Louisville Coach Denny Crum, whose players had never seen anything like it. "Not in a real game," said Scooter McCray.

Thirteen Houston dunks rattled the sport, several deserving not just points but marks. "Some sixes, some sevens," judged Jim Valvano, N.C. State's streety New York coach. "Drexler had a ten-plus." Clyde Drexler, a 6-ft. 7-in. forward, is fitted with Elgin Baylor's old gyroscope. For Houston's jumping fraternity, call letters Phi Slamma Jamma, arrogance was unavoidable. Forward Benny Anders described the method of the Cougars' 26th straight victory: "Take it to the rack, and stick it on them."

The least overbearing, most overwhelming man in the tournament (not to mention the most unlikely participant in the sport) was 7-ft. Akeem ("the Dream") Olajuwon, 20, a converted soccer goalie discovered in Lagos, Nigeria, by a U.S. State Department worker acquainted with Houston Coach Guy Lewis. Olajuwon can run like Alberto Juantorena, the Cuban Olympian, and is a precocious protégé of former Houston Rockets Center Moses Malone, now with Philadelphia. "What is the most important thing Moses has taught you?" Olajuwon was asked. "Don't sign anything," he answered.

Hero Charles is raised up high



Akeem just short of his dream

If a Nigerian central figure in an American basketball tournament is not farfetched enough, Akeem became the first man of any nationality to mention education at the Final Four. When he called home Sunday, none of the conversation was wasted on trivialities. "My parents don't know about basketball," said Olajuwon, whose lilt brings back the beautiful Nigerian prizefighter Dick Tiger. "They ask about education. Some day I plan to go into commodities, but you need money to make money." The N.B.A., then? "Ah," he said.

For two days, Houston was praised like no team since U.C.L.A. "To be able to play on the last day of the season" was all Valvano could wish. But he said: "The dream continues." It was founded on a pair of senior guards who look like bank guards, Shooter Dereck Whittenburg and Playmaker Sidney Lowe. "Sidney," according to Whittenburg, "was the oldest-looking guy in the history of junior high." They go back that far. "At times now it's like telepathy," said Lowe.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, where a 19-ft. shot is rewarded with three points, Whittenburg's mortars were the antidote for Virginia's 7-ft. 4-in. Ralph Sampson. But then, at just two points a shot, N.C. State beat Virginia again in the regionals. A sophomore with a sense of theater, a forward named Lorenzo Charles, made two free throws at the end of that 63-62 victory, just as he had made one with three seconds left in a 71-70 triumph over Wake Forest. In double overtime, State beat Pepperdine. By a point, the Wolfpack defeated Nevada–Las Vegas. At any of these moments, the dream could have ended.

The final was on a Monday night. Though N.C. State led by eight at halftime (on the unexpected outside shooting of 6-ft. 11-in. Thurl Bailey), the Cougars scored the first 15 points of the second half before the country coach, Lewis, 61, inexplicably slowed them down. State began to foul, Houston to miss; Whittenburg and Lowe started lofting distant jump shots. With half a minute left, the score stood tied at 52.

In the cool days that followed, people would fault but not blame Olajuwon for permitting Lorenzo Charles the inside position on the rebound. But there was no rebound. Whittenburg's 30-ft. buzzer shot missed completely. Standing under the backboard, Charles caught it and, scoring State's only second-half basket not shot from outside, stuffed it. Against Phi Slamma Jamma. That was the poetry.

The city coach, Valvano, 37, provided the prose: "The great thing about college basketball is that you win your national championship on the floor, not in some poll. Everyone is captured at the end of the year by the excitement because there's always hope. It's always too soon to quit." Whittenburg and Lowe glanced at each other, and as usual nothing had to be said, but Whittenburg wanted to say it. "We'll live with this the rest of our lives," he told Lowe. Neither made All-America, first or second team. North Carolina State had no All-Americas, just all of America.

—*By Tom Callahan*

People

Onstage and off, in public and *Private Lives*, Taylor and Burton are at each other's throats

Lizandick ('liz n 'dik) *n. pl.* [contemporary usage fr. Liz and Dick, often followed by exclamation point, *i.e., Lizandick!*] **1.** *Archaic.* Mythic American actress and Welsh actor whose names were eternally coupled despite their celebrated uncoupling(s) **2.** Aging and forever expanding histrionic duo whose sum is greater than their individual parts, and whose mutual moves are perpetually played out in public (did you hear that ~ started a limited-run revival of Noël Coward's *Private Lives* in Boston last week?). **3.** Any pair of people who come together, split, come together, split, until they seem to make a profession of it or until their acquaintances move past empathy to ennui.

■

In spanking-clean hard hat, electric-blue jumpsuit and unblemished tennis sneakers, he looked more like a catalogue ad for blue-collar chic than a bona fide construction worker. But it turned out that Atlanta Mayor **Andrew Young,** 51, swings a mean pickax. Reproved at a political meeting for junketing about the globe instead of minding the store at home, Young replied: "It would be nice to stay here and fill the potholes. If you find a pothole, see me. I'll fill it up myself." Naturally, the next day, Hizzoner's office received 60 calls. In four scheduled stops he unhesitatingly attacked urban craters, cleaning them out, scooping asphalt into the holes and smoothing them over. All in all, a neat job, proving that this mayor at least can dig himself out of a hole by digging into one.

■

Dear Mum,

What a week! You've probably already seen the snaps of us and the prince in the papers, but I'm enclosing a few more. Would you believe it! Vicki, Lucy and I met Him *aboard the* Invincible *in Barbados. He was* soooo *charming, and so much less proper than I expected. He took a shine to us right away and we agreed to rendezvous with him the next day at the beach. We stayed with a friend while Andrew was at a house just a hop and a skip away. He called us "The Three" (what a card!) and he told us to call him "H" (I think it must stand for huggable!) We spent practically all day larking about in the pool. He couldn't keep his hands off us, but Mum, I promise, it was good clean fun. He told us his greatest fantasy was to go to a party dressed as a frog, kiss the prettiest girl and tell her he was a prince. Well, Mum, I've kissed a lot of frogs in my time, but now I've pecked a prince! Anyway, I hope his mum isn't too angry.*

Love to all,

Tracie

■

"I'm pickin' up bad vibrations./ Watt's givin' me palpitations./ Gee whillikers, what a sensation." Such adulterated lyrics, until last week, would have meant little to Interior Secretary **James Watt,** 43, which, of course, was the problem. Watt, it seems, is a dim bulb when it comes to rock music. Otherwise why would he have tried to ban the wholesome harmonies of the Beach Boys from the annual Fourth of July concert on the Mall in Washington, D.C.? The Beach Boys, announced Watt, attracted "the wrong element" at their last Fourth concert in 1981. The environmental impresario's alternative choice to show "the glories of America in a patriotic and inspirational way": Vegas Lounge Lizard **Wayne Newton,** who is in his element crooning before gamblers clutching highballs and waitresses. Such undesirable Beach Boys fans as **George Bush, Michael Deaver** and **Nancy Reagan** (a closet B.B. groupie) thought Watt was out of tune and touch. The Great Conductor himself, **Ronald Reagan,** called Watt into the Oval Office for a brief musical seminar. Then the President presented him with a plaster statue of a foot with a bullet hole in it, symbolic of where Watt had shot himself.

—By Richard Stengel

Young shovels his critics away

PRESS ASSOCIATION

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Prince Andrew and his Angels: Lucy Wisdom, Tracie Lamb, Vicki Hodge

Watt holds wounded foot and ego

Books

The Impish Iconoclast at 60

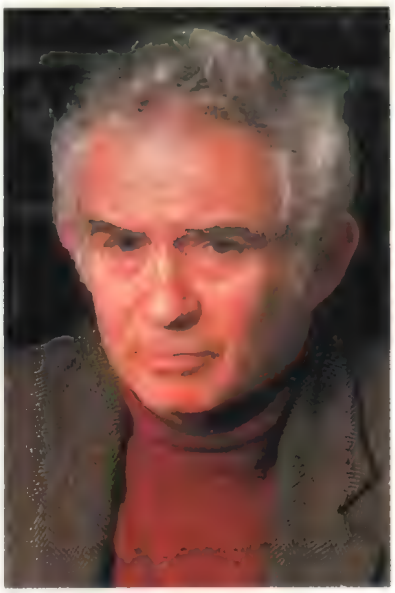
Norman Mailer looks forward to a novel of old evenings

The window of the Brooklyn Heights apartment offers a panoramic view of New York harbor, lower Manhattan and three of the best-known landmarks in the world: the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty and the Brooklyn Bridge. It is possible to turn 180 degrees from this spectacle and observe a fourth famous monument, the apartment's owner. Like many first glimpses of the familiar, this one offers a few surprises. At 5 ft. 8 in., Norman Mailer is a bit shorter than those who have never seen him in the flesh might expect; at 185 lbs. he is carrying a bit more of that flesh than he would like. But his ample waist looks solid rather than soft; he is heavy in the manner of Hemingway, not Hitchcock. His bushy hair is white and cropped more conservatively than in the past, when he was the Medusa of late-night television talk shows. His eyes are clear and surprisingly blue. He moves with the grace of the boxer he has sometimes pretended to be.

Awaiting the publication of *Ancient Evenings*, his 23rd book and the "big" novel he has been promising for years and writing for more than a decade, Mailer seems understandably edgy. He is remarkably fit for a man of 60, which is what he became last Jan. 31. The event was celebrated quietly. Mailer and Norris Church, his sixth wife, went out to a restaurant. A few nights later, Pat Kennedy Lawford held a sit-down dinner party for several dozen people in his honor. Such subdued celebration of this milestone seems uncharacteristic. "That was calculated," he says. "I didn't want a lot of stories in January and then have the book come out three months later and everybody saying, 'Oh no, not him again.' "

It is not easy being Norman Mailer. What other writer would have to soft-pedal a birthday? He braces for the approach of his publication dates, having a pretty fair idea of how the critical articles in response will be organized: "The standard joke of this household is, 'On what page do they get to the review [*see box*]?' In other words, the life always comes first."

Mailer's current complaint seems a classic case of answered prayers. In *Advertisements for Myself* (1959) he thrust himself stage center. He became his own best subject and turned narcissism into a method of social analysis. For a heady period, no major public event in U.S. life seemed quite complete until Mailer had observed himself observing it: a huge anti–Viet Nam War march on the Pentagon (*The Armies of the Night*); political conventions (*Miami and the Siege of Chicago*); the Apollo space program (*Of a Fire on the Moon*). Mailer was not content simply turning out excellent books. He gave the impression that every moment he did not spend writing was given over to self-promotion. Proclaiming himself top contender for the crown of best American writer, he easily picked off the title for most interviewed. Says Buzz Farbar, a boxing, film-making and writing crony: "I used to beg him not to go to talk shows, to be more like Updike or Salinger. But Norman loves the challenge." Through such efforts he reached millions who would never read him. He became famous for being famous, a condition that the case of Zsa Zsa Gabor long ago proved irreversible. Says Mailer's agent, Scott Meredith: "Norman is the only writer in the world that you can recognize on the street."



A portrait of the artist as a patriarch

That is slightly hyperbolic, but Mailer indisputably makes waves when he moves in public. And whatever he may say to the contrary, he does not shrink from attention. Shortly before the appearance of *Ancient Evenings*, he spends five days as a hard-working fellow at the University of Pennsylvania. The undergraduates who trail him through his meetings, classes, lectures and ten-hour daily schedules were not even born in 1960, when Mailer established his notoriety by stabbing his second wife Adele; they were pre-teens nine years later when he ran for mayor of New York City. They are tadpoles in the swell of his celebrity. He, ah, played Stanford White in the movie *Ragtime*. He had something or other to do with Gary Gilmore. "I've read a lot about him, although I've never read his works," says Freshman Susan Bernfield. "I was curious."

On the balcony of his Brooklyn apartment, another

So is Mailer: "I want to see how much of my head is left." It has been years since he has subjected himself to such a long haul of academic rigors. At each session, he tries to sniff out potential enemies and attackers; he chiefly scents respect and even reverence. This is a fairly new phenomenon in Mailer's tempestuous performing life, and it seems to puzzle him. Early in the week, he offers to pay $5 for the rudest question he is asked. At the end, he judges none worthy of the award. Fireworks are predicted when he visits the classes of some feminist teachers. One busies herself making coffee for him.

At the lectern, Mailer proves he is still a Roman candle of ideas, spinning off sparks, noise and smoke. He gives one class his grudging approval of abortion but not birth control. "Women's contraceptive instincts become confused," he says, and spins his theory that prostitutes do not get pregnant: "When a woman has sex with five to ten different men a night, the sperm from each man is battling against the other sperm. It's the competitiveness of the sperm. They're all killing each other off."

He characteristically finds fault with the growing antinuclear movement, claiming it is dominated by pacifists: "It is one thing to stop nuclear war. It is another thing to stop war altogether. I think we don't have enough small wars. I was immensely impressed by the war in the Falklands." He suggests that countries stuck in irreconcilable disputes "rent the Falklands and fight their battles there." Mailer is asked about homosexuality, another subject on which he has been illiberally truculent: "My feeling is, and you're all going to boo at this, homosexuals want to be-

Photographs for TIME by Thomas Victor

monument joins the skyline

come heterosexual . . . If you're homosexual, you might have to ask yourself what God thinks of you." Some of the students look pained or unhappy, but no one boos

Back home in Brooklyn, Mailer seems bemused by such deference, somehow bruised by kid gloves. "He's liking being a celebrity less," says former Light-Heavyweight Boxing Champion José Torres, Mailer's friend and sparring partner. "I think he's tired of the image." And the author's legends do lag well behind substantial changes that he has made in his life.

His famous financial problems are pretty much behind him. Over the past decade, he indefatigably worked himself out of a deep hole. At one time he owed heavy back taxes and $250,000 to his agent; his extravagant personal life had produced skyrocketing bills for alimony and child support. He sold off parts of his Brooklyn Heights brownstone, gradually marooning himself on its spacious fourth floor. A house in Provincetown, Mass., was sold at an Internal Revenue Service auction. He interrupted his work on *Ancient Evenings* to write books for quick money. One paid an unexpected dividend: *The Executioner's Song*, his account of the life and death of Gary Gilmore, won the 1980 Pulitzer Prize for fiction.

Press accounts have claimed that Mailer needs to make $325,000 a year just to break even. He says he requires "slightly more." He seems to be getting that and then some. At the beginning of each month he receives a check for $30,000 from his publisher, drawn against a $4 million advance for four books: *Ancient Evenings*, two sequels (the first set in the future, the second in the present) and a smaller novel about contemporary America that he has already begun. Whatever it may do for or to his literary reputation, the Egyptian book has already made Mailer's economic life easier. In addition to $1.4 million from the publisher, it has pulled in some $700,000 in foreign and subsidiary rights. Mailer's other books still earn royalties, and he commands up to $15,000 for a lecture. Yet he remains sensitive to the specter of debt. The Mailer household is economically run

It is also happily managed, without a hint of the domestic turbulence that made so many headlines during some of Mailer's earlier marriages. Friends give much of the credit for this newly found tranquillity to Norris, 34, a statuesque beauty and talented painter from Arkansas, whom Mailer met in 1975 and married five years later. Says Author E.L. Doctorow *(Ragtime)*, who once served as Mailer's editor before his own writing career prospered: "My feeling is that since he's married Norris he's been happier than he's ever been." Torres views the success of this marriage from a slightly different angle: "The other wives had to contend with the image. Now, because he's closer with himself, he's nicer to this wife."

Mailer reads to college students: "You're all going to boo at this . . ."

"It is not granted to the hipster to grow old gracefully," Mailer wrote in his middle 30s, and there certainly did not, at the time, appear to be a silver-haired patriarch in the author's future. Mailer is now a proud, picture-packing papa, ready to draw his wallet at the least provocation. The walls of the Brooklyn apartment are covered with photographs of the eight Mailer children; mixed in is an old-fashioned studio shot of little Norman, a well-scrubbed tot with jug ears and a mischievous smile. Mailer's and Norris' son, John Buffalo, 5, lives at home and basks in his father's obvious pride. The two other sons and five daughters drop by when they are in the neighborhood for visits of unpredictable lengths. The atmosphere is relaxed, bantering and full of mutual affection. Mailer's once terrible temper apparently left few scars on his children Says Robert Lucid, an English professor at the University of Pennsylvania and Mailer's authorized biographer: "I think he's had great success as a father. With all eight of them, you'd think he'd have a disaffected child somewhere, but he doesn't."

Mailer works against an October deadline for his next book (the "small" novel promised against his big advance) both mornings and afternoons in a "barely furnished" rented room down the block from his apartment. He is again writing fiction set in his native land and era. *Ancient Evenings* was his attempt to escape from the contemporary: "I wasn't sure I could really write on America any more." Attracted to Egypt originally by its burial rituals and notions of the afterlife, he found a magic in the unfamiliar: "I began to understand that these were people where everything I'd learned wasn't much help in understanding them." He estimates that he read between 50 and 100 books on his subject, but he intentionally kept his research free-form and serendipitous. He consulted no scholars: "I just never wanted to cross that bridge and go over to the museum and put myself in the hands of a curator." His liberties include the ancient Egyptians' belief in physical reincarnation and mental telepathy (they held neither tenet). One Egyptologist gives Mailer mixed marks on his homework, particularly criticizing "his cannibalized or bastardized forms of good ancient Egyptian names." Two of Mailer's main characters are named Menenhetet I and II; according to the specialist, the names should have been Mentuhotep or Amenemhat

This controversy is only beginning, and Mailer does not seem eager to join it He says that he finished his long investigation with the hope that his readers

Mailer eyes politics in 1968 and enters the arena (with Running Mate Jimmy Breslin) a year later

might be "stimulated and refreshed about America, to the point where they can see the country on their own." But the author finds his new labors no easier than they have ever been: "I've always had a hard time writing novels." A secretary types up each day's output for revision the next morning. From this spartan setting and routine, he ventures out one or two evenings a week with Norris to elegant dinner parties. Their companions on these occasions include a cross section of the rich, famous and accomplished: Gloria Vanderbilt, Oscar de la Renta, William S Paley. The younger Mailer's well-documented interest in John F. Kennedy (they shared a year at Harvard and a passion for the presidency) has been returned by members of the clan, including Teddy, who now see and regularly socialize with the author. One of the ongoing tensions in Mailer's writings has been his inability to decide whether he should repudiate or infiltrate the Establishment. These days, he dines with it.

That could change, of course. Every inference about his future is philosophically up for grabs. "I'm an existentialist," he says, in an apartment filled with high-bourgeois comforts (books, records, paintings, comfortable furniture), surrounded by the evidence of loved ones, links to the past and hostages to fortune. He thrives on expectation. Retrospection calls up the ghosts of doubts. He wonders, when pressed to reminisce, whether he mismanaged his career, whether the success of *The Naked and the Dead* (1948), his first published book, turned his head toward a course at variance with his own "bent." He would not or could not pursue the slow apprenticeships of Hemingway and Faulkner. He no longer ranks himself above or takes roundhouse swings at his contemporaries. He is much more likely to praise other work than belabor it. He speaks wistfully about John Updike's orderly and largely private career: "He has great wisdom as a writer. He sets his marks properly. He just improves from book to book. On the one hand, there is nothing wild about him, and on the other there is nothing overcalculating. He has a natural sense of progression."

Despite his enormous investment of time in *Ancient Evenings*, its importance to him as proof that he can still deliver a punch in the late rounds of a long bout, Mailer sometimes sounds almost diffident about the novel. It too is in the past now and cannot be changed. He compares writing to loving: "If this book isn't as good as I think it is, then I've been married to the wrong woman for eleven years." He adds: "Some people will say it is a wonderful book, and other people will say, 'I can't get through it,' and that is the reception any good book gets. That happens with every book, and the returns are never final. I feel at peace about this in one funny way, which is, well, I did my best on it." And again: "What's the worst that people who are not high on me can say? 'He has talent, but he hasn't fully expressed it.' That's not such a bad place to be."

Being 60 is a place that he is still getting used to. He reveals one instance of what "getting older" means in his case: "You don't have the strength to push people around any more." At this moment, Michael Mailer, 19, handsome and muscular, is heard moving about in a nearby room. Mailer leans forward in his chair and lowers his voice conspiratorially: "I used to be able to *look* at that kid and he'd *cower*."

The moment is quintessential Mailer, combining swagger, a touch of menace, self-mockery and high good humor. Such charm in close quarters could overwhelm a roomful of enemies. How could anyone not wish this impish iconoclast happiness, prosperity, long life, enough success to make him happy and enough failure to keep him on his toes? But mellowness? Hold that for a while, spare him and the rest of the world such tedious peace. Says Mailer: "I've never been impressed by mellowing. Usually the people who have mellowed always have just a touch of sadness, because maybe they shouldn't have survived. You just can't sit there and say, 'I'm in the prime of life, isn't it wonderful. Lose 10 lbs., I'll be better than ever.' You always have to doubt yourself. The only security I ever feel is that I won't turn pious. But that's a dangerous remark to make, because the devil's always listening."

—By Paul Gray.
Reported by Janice C. Simpson/New York

The author, Wife Norris and an anthology of children in Brooklyn Heights

A proud, picture-packing papa, ready to draw his wallet at the least provocation.

And Now, the Book

Throughout his intense immersion in the time of his times, Norman Mailer has repeated his conviction that making history is preferable to reading it. In his influential essay "The White Negro" (1957), Mailer turned the emerging social type known as the hipster into a daring pioneer adrift in "the perpetual climax of the present," freed of all moral guides and codes of conduct except the thrumming of his own nervous system. The author specifically disavowed any precedents for this existential frame of mind: "If the ethic reduces to Know Thyself and Be Thyself, what makes it radically different from Socratic moderation with its stern conservative respect for the experience of the past is that the Hip ethic is immoderation, childlike in its adoration of the present (and indeed to respect the past means that one must also respect such ugly consequences of the past as the collective murders of the State)."

Mailer not only defined this consciousness but became its chief public spokesman and exemplar. His career evolved as a series of highly visible acts, literary and personal, performed according to what he took to be the imperatives of the moment: write a book, direct a film, run for office, put up your dukes. History, Mailer said in 1980, "is not history, but a series of immensely sober novels written by men who often don't have large literary talents, and have less to say about the real world than novelists."

Given his antipathy toward the outdated, *Ancient Evenings* (Little, Brown; 709 pages; $19.95) is hands down the most surprising work Mailer has ever offered. It really is set entirely in an alien long ago, just as the author had been promising during the decade he took to write it. Yet no amount of advance speculation proves adequate to the thing itself: an artifact of evident craftsmanship and utterly invisible significance.

A lengthy journey begins with the agonies of death ("Volcanic lips give fire, wells bubble. Bone lies like rubble upon the wound"). Surviving this fiery purgation is the ka (diminished soul) of an Egyptian named Menenhetet II. After experiencing the mummification of his discarded body, this ghost meets the kindred spirit of his great-grandfather Menenhetet I. The old ghost agrees to guide his descendant out of the necropolis at Memphi, a task that begins with a lesson in the creation of the Egyptian deities. Toward the end of this recitation, the young shade's attention drifts into the eddy of a memory from the sixth year of his corporal life, when he, his parents and great-grandfather spent a night in the presence of the Pharaoh Ramses IX.

That name historically fixes the meeting around 1130 B.C., on a special occasion called the Night of the Pig, when the truth is to be spoken by all parties regardless of rank and with no fear of the consequences that could make honest talk fatal the rest of the year. What the Pharaoh wants to hear is the life stories of the elder Menenhetet, who has discovered a means of self-propagation by dying during the act of intercourse and transferring himself to his lover's womb. Menenhetet warns: "My story must be long like the length of the snake." The Pharaoh has no other plans for the rest of the night and encourages the old eyewitness to proceed "as slowly as you wish."

The book is already some 230 pages old when Menenhetet I eases into this narration, and none of the characters seems in any hurry to pick up the pace. Worse, Mailer shuns the devices that can make long pieces of fiction irresistible. Suspense is banished: everything has already happened in *Ancient Evenings*, not only historically, but also in the lives of its people. Nothing is surprising, except perhaps how polymorphously perverse and consistently swinish the ancients were, according to their newest historian.

Nor is there a clash of vivid personalities. The young Menenhetet, age 6, has the ability to enter the minds of those around him, a power he shares, it turns out, with his mother and great-grandfather. What this means, in practice, is that mystery becomes unnecessary. Whenever one character wonders what another is thinking or feeling, telepathy comes instantly to the rescue. Different people are simply parcels of the same brain, one that usually resembles Norman Mailer's. Menenhetet I often sounds like the world's oldest existentialist: "Look for the risk. We must obey it every time. There is no credit to be drawn from the virtue of one's past." This figure has given much thought during his lives to the mysterious, possibly magic properties of human excrement, a topic that Mailer has pondered in an essay called "The Metaphysics of the Belly" and in various interviews. The purpose of Menenhetet's research, he tells Ramses IX, is "to enrich the marrow of our failing lands," a task reminiscent of the "great mission" that Mailer took up on behalf of his country in the 1950s: "to save the nerve of Being."

Language might yet have made *Ancient Evenings* a page turner, and the novel does offer brief, poetic passages. The shimmer and heat of the Nile, the blaze of Egyptian architecture when it was new and radiant with epochal ambition, the perfume and soft light of a harem garden: all enjoy moments of intense realization. But such moods are continually broken by ludicrous sentences: "In either case, my Pharaoh's mind was now concerned with buttocks." Or: "Now, with the redolence of my nose, I watched and admired the delicacy with which the Pharaoh ate." Mailer's historical posing stalls an already leisurely narration. What gods were cited as witnesses to a treaty between the Egyptians and Hittites? "The God of Zeyetheklirer, the Gods of Kerzot, the God of Kherpenteres, the Goddess of the city of Kerephen, the Goddess of Khewek, the Goddess of Zen, the God of Zen, the God of Serep, the God of Khenbet . . ."

The sex in the book is equally droning. The penile principle predominates; it is the staff of life and the stuff of seemingly endless repetition. Pharaohs spontaneously impose themselves on the underling, male or female, who happens to be closest. Indiscriminate rutting is a sign of power, sodomy the proof of triumph. Male-on-male copulation, in particular, becomes so predictable that the nonexplicit stretches of narrative come as moments of noncomic relief.

Mailer is a member of the postwar generation of writers who still believed in the possibility of the Great American Novel. This notion always flirted with silliness, but its power to spur the ambition of young authors cannot be discounted. The paradox of Mailer's career is that his pursuit of this white whale proved the quest in his case unnecessary. He became a major writer without becoming a major novelist. His instinct to abandon fiction for long periods was, given his talents and temperament, entirely correct. His unique value among his contemporaries proved to be the witness he could bear to his age and its possible consequences. His energy and imagination have been aroused most keenly by doubt, the sense that every act, individual and civic, leads perilously into the unknown. Looking backward is not the job such a mind performs best, as *Ancient Evenings* proves. The book is a gesture of obeisance to graven images and an abstract ideal, dutifully performed by an inherently disruptive spirit. —P.G.

Catfish Row, in Radio City Music Hall's new production of *Porgy and Bess:* a lively village that is the star of the show

Music

It Ain't Necessarily So

A new Porgy and Bess *stages Gershwin as grand opera*

George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* has had a curious history. At its premiere in 1935, it received mixed notices and was thought by many to be a failure; yet now it is considered by some to be the great American opera. Blacks were initially offended by its implicit Uncle Tomism; Duke Ellington declared, "The times are here to debunk Gershwin's lampblack Negroisms." Yet black singers have sprung to prominence in its roles, among them Todd Duncan (the first Porgy), Leontyne Price and William Warfield (in a 1952 revival) and Clamma Dale (in the 1976 Houston Grand Opera production). Today an opera written by a white composer that depicted a group of fighting, wenching, gambling, dope-taking blacks is practically unimaginable. Yet *Porgy* travels on.

Over the years, *Porgy* has generally been produced as a musical show with a truncated score, reduced orchestration and spoken dialogue. It was this adulterated version that became widely known; the landmark Houston production rightly restored both the cuts and the recitative, or sung dialogue, that Gershwin originally wrote. The latest incarnation, which opened last week in New York City's cavernous Radio City Music Hall, is an even grander version of the Houston Grand Opera staging: almost uncut, spectacularly designed and reasonably well sung by a large, rotating cast of principals.

Based on Dorothy and DuBose Heyward's 1927 play and set in Charleston, S.C., *Porgy* is the story of a crippled beggar's unconquerable love for Bess, a lady of easy virtue. So strong is Porgy's passion that he kills his rival, Crown, and when Bess is whisked off to New York by the smooth-talking Sportin' Life, Porgy quixotically sets out after her in his goat cart. *Porgy* is a relic of the first important period in American opera, the '30s—a decade that also saw Louis Gruenberg's *The Emperor Jones* and Howard Hanson's *Merry Mount*. Other composers who have tried their hand at native grand opera include William Schuman, Aaron Copland, Douglas Moore, Samuel Barber, Roger Sessions and the prolific Gian Carlo Menotti. But few of their works are frequently heard. The American national opera remains an elusive ideal, and even *Porgy*, for all its popularity, does not quite qualify.

Porgy's strengths are obvious. The creation of one of America's most brilliant native musical talents, the opera boasts a number of songs that have become standards: *Summertime; I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'; Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So*. More subtle, but no less impressive, are the choruses, which give voice to the residents of Catfish Row: their lamentation in *Gone, Gone, Gone*, their exuberance in *I Ain't Got No Shame*, their terror in *Oh, de Lawd Shake de Heavens*. Proudly, Gershwin considered his work "the greatest music composed in America," and some of it is.

This is, however, not enough to make a convincing opera. Gershwin excelled as a songwriter, but his grasp of large-scale organization was weak. The individual numbers of *Porgy* are tenuously linked together by a few recurring themes (such as *Summertime* and the melody of Porgy's opening aria, *They Pass By Singin'*) that are never developed. A less diffuse libretto than DuBose Heyward's might have obscured this structural weakness, but so many characters compete for attention that the opera's sprawling nature is accentuated.

The new production is visually as good as one is likely to see, although the Metropolitan Opera hopes to stage *Porgy* in 1984-85. The star at the Music Hall is not a singer but a set: Douglas W. Schmidt's huge Charleston street scene. The decrepit three-story waterfront buildings, adorned with flower boxes and lines of laundry, are practically a self-contained village, giving the production a vivid, realistic air. During the outing to Kittiwah Island, the scene is transformed into a sunset idyl, with pink-edged clouds and a grove of palmettos, pines and mangroves.

The robust, enthusiastic cast, which has four different Porgys and four Besses, offers no major vocal discoveries, but the production's most serious defect is the 5,882-seat Music Hall itself. The necessary miking of the singers destroys the show's operatic aspirations by distorting the voices and giving them a hard, unnatural quality. With tinny sound blaring from the loudspeakers, one might as well be watching mimes accompany a recording.

Like Offenbach's *The Tales of Hoffmann*, Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* was a popular composer's attempt to write a serious opera. Said Gershwin: "If I am successful, it will resemble a combination of the drama and romance of *Carmen* and the beauty of *Meistersinger*, if you can imagine that." There *are* romance and beauty in *Porgy*, and in greater proportion than are usually found in popular theatrical entertainment. But, like its hero, the work is ultimately flawed: too good for Broadway, and yet not quite grand opera. —*By Michael Walsh*

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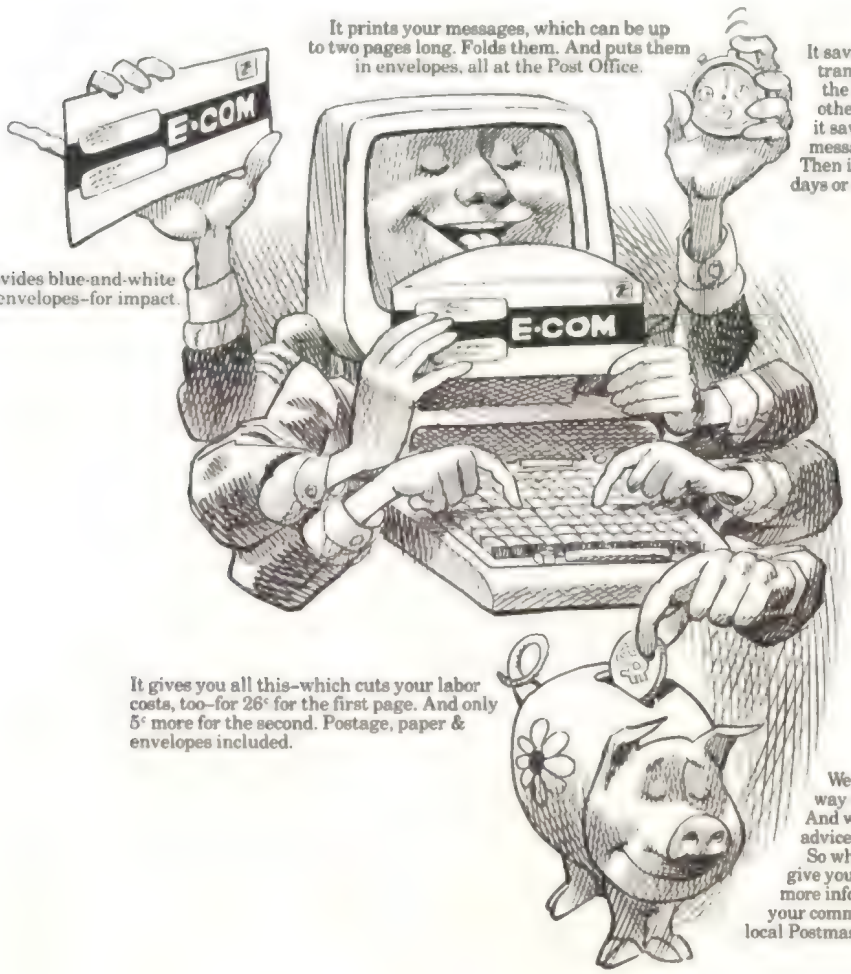

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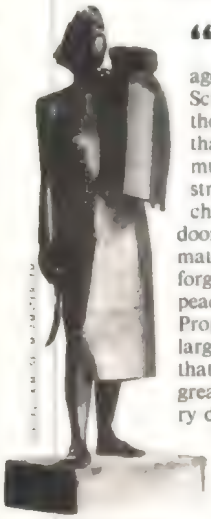
Misunderstood Master of Iron

At the Guggenheim, Spain's Julio González gets his due



Montserrat

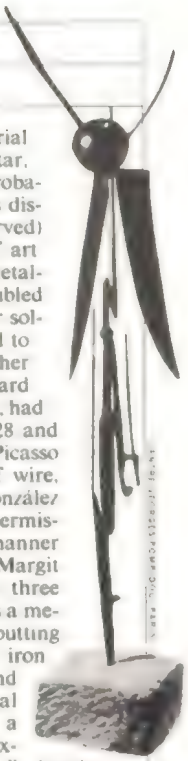
"The age of iron began many centuries ago," declared Catalan Sculptor Julio González in the 1930s. "It is high time that this metal cease to be a murderer and the simple instrument of an overly mechanical science. Today the door is opened wide for this material to be—at last!—forged and hammered by the peaceful hands of artists." Prophetic words, and it was largely González's own work that made them true. The great shift in sculptural history during this century, away from "closed" (solid) to "open" (constructed) form, became possible through the use of iron. González's work, and in particular his collaboration with Pablo Picasso more than half a century ago, was the clue to this shift. Without González the story of modern sculpture would be wholly different, perhaps unrecognizable.

Curiously enough, there has not been a proper retrospective exhibition of his work in either Europe or America since 1956. If not a forgotten man of sculpture, González (1876-1942) is certainly a much misunderstood one. But last month a show of almost 300 of his sculptures, paintings, drawings and related objects went on view at New York City's Guggenheim Museum. Organized with bracing intelligence by Art Historian Margit Rowell, who must by now be regarded as the world authority on the relation between cubism and constructivism in modern sculpture, it shows us González whole for the first time in more than a generation.

The surprising thing is that González did not take up a full-time career in sculpture until he was past 50. He was trained as a decorative-metalworker. Iron is everywhere in Barcelona, foaming along the balconies, standing out in rigid black swags and spikes from the corners of 19th century buildings, lacing itself into intricate grilles and diapers and chevaux-de-frise: it is the bronze of Spain. The González family had been forging it for at least three generations. Julio González worked in the family firm; he went to art school and learned to draw, but at root he was thought of as a *forjador* and not a "fine" artist.

The Guggenheim show contains a fair sampling of his early metalwork: boxes and buckles, necklaces and rings, all made with perfect competence and a brisk sense of design, none of them markedly different from or technically better than the general run of high-quality craft metalwork that came out of Barcelona in the years of *el modernismo*, or art nouveau. After 1900, when González moved to Paris, he and his sisters made a living by selling such things in a boutique. What with his metal ornaments and their laces and embroideries, the González clan in Paris was closer to the fashion industry than to the centers of the art world. González painted, mostly awkward imitations of Puvis de Chavannes. He drew, with ability. He turned his metalworker's hand to making hammered copper masks. This went on through the teens and '20s. In short, González took longer to peck his way out of the egg than any modern artist of comparable stature, and what cracked the shell and released him was his relationship to his fellow Spaniard in Paris, Picasso.

Picasso had been working in sheet metal since 1912, the year he snipped and folded a piece of that material into a cubist origami guitar, thus producing what was probably the first constructed (as distinct from modeled or carved) sculpture in the history of art. But he was not a skilled metalworker. He had never troubled to learn welding, forging or soldering. He therefore turned to González for help, as other sculptors, such as the Spaniard Pablo Gargallo (1881-1933), had already done. Between 1928 and 1931, González helped Picasso construct six sculptures of wire, rod and sheet metal. González humbly asked Picasso for permission to "work in the same manner as himself," which, as Margit Rowell points out, meant three things: using scrap metal as a medium in its own right, putting sculptures together like iron collages of existing parts, and translating "conventional subject matter [a nude, a face, a harlequin] into expressive ciphers or signs." Apparently, Picasso was flattered to agree. For the next decade, until his death in 1942, González went on to create a body of terse, harsh work that would inspire most iron sculpture to come.



Angel

Harlequin: **images to be stripped, pared, stripped again**

There is no doubt that Picasso was the inventor of planar and then linear iron sculpture in the 20th century. But through González, this fundamental addition to the sculptor's repertory was given a syntax. The friction of Picasso's urgency made González forget the need for "finish" in metalwork, endowing his iron sculptures in the 1930s with an extraordinary rawness, directness, vitality and self-sufficiency.

González did not leap into abstraction, and at first his sculpture was permeated with cubist devices acquired from Picasso. *Harlequin, Pierrot*, 1930-31, makes no attempt to conceal its Picassoan borrowings: the grille of lozenges quoting a harlequin's costume, the whimsical shield-mask of a face. Gradually these images were stripped and pared and stripped again. Inside the maker of art nouveau necklaces, a master of formal reduction was signaling to be let out. By the mid-1930s González had got his sign for a human figure down to a mere gesture of forged bar-iron, surmounted by a spiky quiff of metal hair; a metal plate with two cuts and a couple of bends would both evoke a face and suggest a "primitive" African mask.

If his work touched constructivism at one end, it encountered sur-

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How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

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Weight	1½ ozs. 86° Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer											
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120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

BE CAREFUL DRIVING BAC TO .05% | **DRIVING IMPAIRED .05-.09%** | **DO NOT DRIVE .10% & UP**

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

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Art

realism at the other in its liking for metamorphosis. *The Angel. The Insect. Dancer*, circa 1935, belongs to the surrealist vein of hallucinatory insect life—praying mantises, grasshoppers and the like—and its springing rods and vanes achieve a taut, predatory balance between grace and threat.

Yet although González could invest his abstract use of iron with the deepest and most complex layers of formal sensation, he refused to become programmatic about abstraction. If meaning required it, he could turn back to the figure—and did, in *The Montserrat*, commissioned by the Spanish Republican government in 1937 for its exhibition pavilion in Paris. *The Montserrat* is the kind of sculpture that can no longer convincingly be done, or so it seems: images of the Enduring Peasant,

***Portrait of González* by Picasso, 1902**

A long time to peck his way out of the egg.

sickle in one hand and baby on shoulder, are apt to look very condescending and nostalgic today. But to González, a Catalan living half a century ago, this was a natural figure from experience. He was able to invest its stance—legs planted like olive trunks, lifted face scanning the sky—with an archaic alertness; *The Montserrat* also derives some of its meaning from the same history that provoked Picasso's *Guernica*. (The sickle is a weapon against Franco, an emblem of Communism, not just an agricultural tool.)

But what carries the image is González's unerring sense of sculptural form: the massive rotundities of the skirt and the baby's hood, the way the literal folding of the hammered sheet iron parallels the folds of the cloth it depicts, the difficult rendering of nuances in a stiff, intractable substance. That González should have moved between this and abstraction is not proof of his indecisiveness. Rather, it shows what protean abilities lay beneath his work, when feeling was strong enough to roll back even the hard-won data of his own style. —*By Robert Hughes*

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Cinema

Woolley and Katis in *Privileged:* from Oxford, a sense of intelligent life

Scheming Under the Spires

PRIVILEGED *Directed by Michael Hoffman*
Screenplay by Michael Hoffman, David Woolcombe and Rupert Walters

Intellectual intensity, social arrogance, psychological self-absorption, sexual confusion and, above all, a ferocious literacy: if *Privileged* is to be believed, student life at Oxford appears to be as immutable in its ways as the university's famously dreaming spires are in theirs. It would seem from this movie that Evelyn Waugh and all the other novelists who made the world aware of what it was like to be young, gifted and absolutely tops in an elitist society could safely drop in for tea at Oriel or Balliol or any of their formative haunts and feel utterly at home. And this despite the decades of welfarism and general leveling that have wrought so many changes in the rest of British life.

Or perhaps not. Perhaps the manner of the movie's making says more about the quality of undergraduate ambitions these days than the film's rather conventional view of its subject admits. For *Privileged*, written with assurance, acted with panache and technically quite smooth and knowing (despite a murky blowup from 16 mm to 35 mm), is, of all things, a student film. It was conceived, created and hustled into the world's film markets by a cooperative of Oxonians in the same age bracket, 20 to 27, as the students they have conspired to place on the screen. The chief difference between creators and creations is that the former apparently have a more vaulting sense of what young people can accomplish if they devote their nerve, energy and talents to doing something of more general interest than merely finding themselves or turning up someone suitable to sleep with.

This does not mean the group, which raised much of the picture's minuscule $60,000 budget from family and friends (with the aid of an Oxford alumnus, Director John Schlesinger, who helped get production equipment at a discount), has achieved a perfectly glittering surprise on its first try. Indeed the film is flawed at its center by an unattractive protagonist named Edward, an oversmart, oversmug womanizer and all-around user of people, who is supposed to summarize all that is wrong with traditional Oxford attitudes. In this role Robert Woolley does the nasty bits well, but mostly leaves out those moments of charm and vulnerability that might have evoked real sympathy.

Even so, *Privileged* offers many pleasures. As Anne, the young woman who does not know quite what to do about Edward, Diana Katis, the cast's one professional, is very fine. There is a sweet reserve to her playing, and a sense that despite her temporary befuddlements, her Anne is on the way to becoming a woman of genuine, and entrancing, character. Having her conduct her relationship with Edward while they are involved in a drama club production of *The Duchess of Malfi* puts them in logical touch with a group of eccentrically orbiting minor characters and imparts a resonance, narrative richness and a range of human interest extraordinary to find in a film by young people.

Privileged's profits will go to the Oxford Film Foundation, which the movie's producer, Richard Stevenson, a 27-year-old American, helped establish. It will provide professional movie training, which has never existed at Oxford. This might be a mistake. The film, whatever its miscues, already has what no trade school can teach: a sense of how intelligent people think, talk and act within a cultivated society. It is hard to find that in any movie today, rare indeed to find it in the typical academic product. —*By Richard Schickel*

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Trading Up

BABY, IT'S YOU
Directed and Written by John Sayles

John Sayles is ambling toward Hollywood legitimacy. Author of award-winning short stories, screenwriter of such intelligent exploitation movies as *The Lady in Red* and *Alligator*, gifted writer-director of the no-budget *Return of the Secaucus 7* and the low-budget *Lianna*, Sayles has traded up. His new film is being released by Paramount Pictures, was shot with a union crew, and is the first Sayles movie he has not edited on the kitchen table of his home in Hoboken, N.J. But *Baby, It's You* is not the traditional calling-card film of an ambitious young talent, shaping its dexterity to the restrictive demands of the horror or sci-fi genre. This movie, set in Trenton, N.J., in 1967 and loosely based on the teen-age experiences of Producer Amy Robinson, has the same Sayles eye for offbeat casting and off-the-shoulder comedy, the same ability to infiltrate the minds of characters from widely different social strata. Nothing has changed but the budget.

Jill Rosen (Rosanna Arquette) is bright, Jewish and just pretty enough to be told she has that Audrey Hepburn quality. "Sheik" Capadilupo (Vincent Spano) is Italian and shiftless, with Vaseline-lined hair and a wardrobe that Giorgio Armani might have designed for Jimmy ("the Weasel") Fratianno. She loves rock 'n' roll, he loves Sinatra. She's going to Sarah Lawrence, he's going nowhere. They have nothing in common but an overwhelming love for her. But something in Jill thrills to the troubles Sheik gets himself into and to the threat he poses to her middle-class dreams. So she allows this Romeo-and-Coquette dalliance to ripen into an attachment that is foolish, masochistic, elemental.

Arquette

The story and milieu are familiar enough, in movies from *The Graduate* to *Diner*, to constitute a new American genre. But whenever *Baby, It's You* starts to become rambling or folkloric, Sayles and his charming young actors find a way to twist or energize the clichés. You can catch a glisten of moisture in the eye of an "easy," misused girl who's too proud to cry; or contemplate Jill's half-embarrassed smile when she goes dancing cheek to Sheik; or fall in with the gliding camera that circles the young lovers during their first sexy kiss. Sayles is, as always, wise and fair to his mismatched characters. His movies look as if they were made by a fly on the wall that had an advanced degree in psychology.

—*By Richard Corliss*

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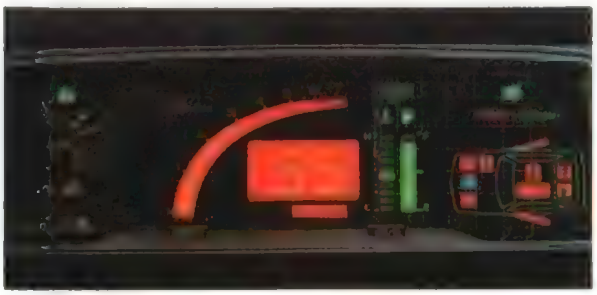

Cordia LS Liquid Crystal Display Instrumentation

struts—for agile road handling—lets you know you're driving a sporty car. And Cordia's 4+4 Transmission, on L & LS, gives you your choice of two driving modes.

Cordia also comes with Mitsubishi's advanced ELC (Electronic Control) automatic transmission available on both the L and LS models.

Cordia L interior

Under the hood, Cordia's engine is a single overhead cam MCA-Jet engine that produces a minimum of engine vibration thanks to Mitsubishi Motors' patented Dual Engine Stabilizers that damp out the noise and vibrations usually found in smaller engines. It makes 4-cylinders feel almost as smooth as a six.

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$7,849* CORDIA L

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Cordia L. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features may vary.

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Under its 1983 Limited Warranty Mitsubishi Motors will replace or repair most components of the Power Train which prove to be defective, for 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first. See your Mitsubishi Motors Dealer for details.

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It tastes expensive...and is.

MAKER'S MARK DISTILLERY, LORETTO, KY. 45% 90 PROOF

Theater

Loony Bin

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman

The screwball as saint is a national fantasy figure cherished by U.S. playgoers. In *Harvey*, the pixilated hero is the only one who can see his imaginary 6-ft. rabbit of the same name. The play's message appears to be that all would be right with the world if more people could emulate happy drunks with benign hallucinations. In Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*, the bar's sugar daddy dispenses intellectual chewing gum, yet the play's credo—"In the time of your life, live"—is a wistful tenet of U.S. workaday philosophy.

While less well crafted, *You Can't Take It with You* is a charter member of the same club. The current revival at Broadway's Plymouth Theater is amiable, but the tang of merriment goes flat. The cast is star-blessed but gives erratic performances. Director Ellis Rabb's pacing is arthritic. The comedy is only fitfully funny, and its characters are not zany enough for the absurdist logic of bedlam farce.

Coco and Androsky go into a spin
Entrechats *of a berserk ostrich*

The Sycamores are a clan of 1936 dropouts. Grandpa, played by Jason Robards with a fixed, toothy grin, quit business 35 years ago, and turned his home into the Kingdom of Whim. His daughter (Elizabeth Wilson) writes gamy playscripts simply because a typewriter was accidentally delivered eight years earlier.

Her husband (Jack Dodson) and his helper (Bill McCutcheon), a man who once came to deliver the ice and forgot to leave, fashion fireworks in the cellar and could double as pyromaniacs. Add a son-in-law (Christopher Foster) who handprints Trotskyite slogans, his wife (Carol Androsky), a balletomaniac who could trade *entrechats* with a berserk ostrich, and her Russian émigré instructor, played by James Coco, who pounces on his role with the coarse ardor of a ham in heat.

The only Sycamore with access to the outside world is the younger daughter (Maureen Anderman). She works in a Wall Street banking firm and falls in love with the boss's son (Nicolas Surovy). Anderman is fetchingly good-looking, but she is a bundle of jitters in the part, and Surovy, approximating a somnambule in a Brooks Brothers shirt, scarcely kindles the fire of first love. When the suitor's stuffy parents (Richard Woods and Meg Mundy) appear on the wrong night for dinner, class warfare breaks loose, but don't bet on any unhappy endings.

Well into Act III, Colleen Dewhurst sweeps onstage imperiously in the cameo role of a Russian grand duchess in exile who works as a waitress at an automat. Her comic zest is infectious, and when she heads for the kitchen to whip up a batch of blintzes one knows instinctively that they will be more richly flavorsome than anything else in the play. —*By T.E. Kalem*

Mad House

BABY WITH THE BATH WATER
by Christopher Durang

Father sits, catatonic, beside the refrigerator or guzzles hooch that he hides inside a big toy duck. Mother bitterly complains that she has sacrificed a literary career to have a family. A baby sitter reads aloud a parody of *Mommie Dearest*. A German shepherd eats an infant whole and barks for more. Is it any wonder that this family's little girl (or boy: the parents are too polite to peek) grows up confused?

Christopher Durang's comedies have the flavor of Freud filtered through Groucho. In *Beyond Therapy* and *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You*, Durang, like so many writers of the TV generation, found it easier to crack neurotic one-liners than to tell a story. But in *Baby with the Bath Water*, at the American Repertory Theater at Harvard, he wobbles toward a narrative. The play follows Daisy (impersonated first by a girl doll, then by a hairy young man) from terrifying infancy, mute childhood and promiscuous adolescence to touchingly optimistic parenthood.

Though he manages to tell a tale without diminishing his allusive humor, Durang still needs to work on rounding his characters. The actors in Harvard's production, giddily directed by Actor Mark Linn-Baker (*My Favorite Year*), are adept, but only Daisy (Stephen Rowe) is given a moment of credible self-awareness. If Durang could bring a touch of the play's final forgiveness to its early scenes, *Baby with the Bath Water* would mark a major advance in an already noteworthy career. —*By William A. Henry III*

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The Male Response to Rape

Between the book reviews and the science notes, the third gang rape of the past two months. This one occurred in the Charlestown section of Boston, where seven young men have been charged with kidnaping a 17-year-old girl and raping her repeatedly for seven hours in an apartment belonging to one of the men. The incident followed the more widely publicized attack in New Bedford, Mass., some weeks earlier, in which four men raped and tormented a woman for two hours on a pool table in Big Dan's bar, while onlookers cheered. That one was preceded by yet another at the University of Pennsylvania; there a young woman has charged that she was gang-raped by five to eight fraternity brothers during a party. Class distinctions need not apply. If one is tempted to construct a hypothesis around shiftless young Irishmen in a poor city neighborhood or the unemployed Portuguese in a depressed fishing port, sociology is obliterated by the party boys from the U. of P., no different in kind or action, just privilege. All subhumans are created equal.

Reading of such incidents, women are horrified because inevitably they identify both with the victims in particular and with the entire condition of victimization, of which gang rape may be the harshest instance. But why do men recoil so strongly? The straightforward answer is that the vast majority of men disapprove of rape, and their disapproval is intensified when a gang is involved. Yet the idea of gang rape is repugnant to men for reasons of identification as well. Few men would associate themselves with those who actually "did it to her." But quite more than a few know what it is to be caught in the middle of an all-male show of power and coercion, and thus to be complicit, even at the fringes, in something their consciences abhor.

Gang rape is war. It is the war of men against women for reasons easy to guess at, or for no reasons whatever, for the sheer mindless display of physical mastery of the stronger over the weaker. In the wake of the reports from Charlestown, New Bedford and the University of Pennsylvania, conjectures are bound to arise about the frustration of contemporary man at the growing independence of women, and there may be some truth to that. But men have never needed excuses to commit rape in gangs. The Japanese in China, the Russians in Germany, the Pakistanis in Bangladesh. Read accounts of what some American soldiers did to Vietnamese village girls of 13 and 14 in places like My Lai, and it seems clear that the subject of gang rape goes a good deal deeper than modern man's humiliation.

One psychological theory has it that these acts are homosexual rituals: men in groups desire each other, yet are ashamed of their urges, and so they satisfy themselves by convening at a common target. Another theory holds that there are situations where men so seek to prove their masculinity to one another that they will do anything, including murder. An American soldier in Viet Nam described how, for no other reason than that a comrade led the way, he shot to death a girl he had raped. Sex and violence have an eerily close kinship as it is. Rape itself may be a form of murder, the destruction of someone's will and spirit. No wonder those same soldiers in Viet Nam spoke of dragging girls into the woods "for a little boom-boom." To "bang" a woman remains part of the idiom. The sound is a gun, the body a weapon. In a "gang bang," murder becomes a massacre.

Upon learning of such things at a distance, most men feel not only revulsion, but also a proper urge to enact society's revenge. Lock the bums away forever. At the same time, they can still imagine what it feels like to be present at the atrocities, even for the briefest instance; every life has analogues of its own. The essential circumstance is that of the mob, always a terrifying entity, whatever its goal. One thinks of lynch mobs before rape mobs, but all mobs have the same appearances and patterns, the same compulsion to tear things down or apart. The object of passion is sighted and pursued. The mob rises to a peak of pure hate, does what it does, then slinks away, its energy spent. Perhaps every mob commits rape in a way. Anybody who has ever seen a mob in action senses its latent sexuality—the collective panting, the empty ecstasy. Even at the outskirts, the voyeur participates. Eventually he may run or protest, but for at least one long moment he is helpless to move.

It is that moment of seemingly hypnotized attention most men know and dread. It is a moment in which they are out of control as individuals—not merely outside the law, but out of biological order. Something stirs, an ancient reflex, as if they are dragged back through history to a starting point in evolution. The mob is a pack, its prey the female. Her difference is the instigator, her frailty the goad. Rape what you cannot have. Plunder what you can never know. Mystery equals fear equals rage equals death. It is she who stands for all life's threats, she who released animal instinct in the first place. Once aroused, why stop to reason or sympathize? The savage surfaces, prevails.

Of course, this happens only occasionally, in the heat of battle or Big Dan's bar or Charlestown or the Alpha Tau Omega house, where boys were boys. But gang rape does not need to recur frequently to remind men of their own peculiar frailty. And that reminder brings terror, not the terror of the victim, to be sure, but one as benumbing in its way: that of acknowledging one's natural potential for violence and destruction. Rape need not be involved. Was not that you, so many years ago, standing on the sidelines while that other boy was bullied in the playground? Or you in the crowd that razzed the old drunk in the park? Or you in the rear when they set fire to the cat? Child's play, possibly, but boy's play primarily; and the child becomes the man. If you have cast off most of the cruelty of boyhood, still some of the fascination with cruelty remains. The fascination is a form of cruelty itself, expressionless, primeval, a fisheye in the dark.

No, that is not you boozing it up in the Charlestown apartment, or you, college boy, or you, Portuguese sailor. But isn't that *you,* propped neatly behind the desk, growling ever so faintly under your no-starch-in-the collar, reading intently of all the shocking gang rapes?

At the beginning of *Julius Caesar,* before Caesar's assassination, Casca has a premonition of disaster that he reports to Cicero: "Against the Capitol I met a lion, who glared at me, and went surly by." The implication is that in every civilization, however lofty, a lion always roams the streets; the jungle never entirely disappears. What most men fear is a lion in the soul. Women, too, perhaps, but not in the matter of rape. That is male terrain, the masculine jungle. And no man can glimpse it, even at a distance, without fury and bewilderment at his monstrous capabilities.

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Illustration for TIME by Vivienne Flesher

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